THE WAR
Illustrated
ALBUM-DE-LUXE

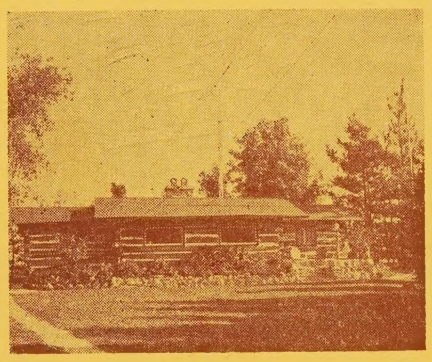
Volume III

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN

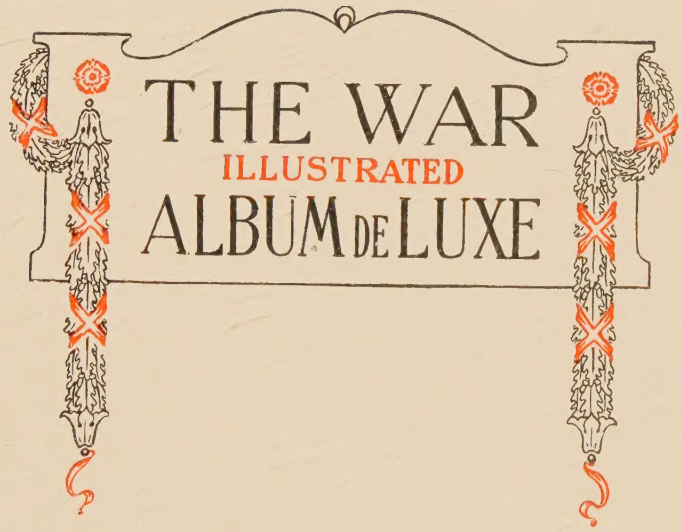
NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

THOMAS J. BATA LIBRARY
TRENT UNIVERSITY

Ex Libris



Leslie Miscampbell Frost


THE WAR
ILLUSTRATED
ALBUM DE LUXE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/warillustratedal0003jaha

By permission of George Pulman & Sons, Ltd.

Copyright, Bassano, Ltd.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL KITCHENER,
Secretary of State for War.

Frontispiece

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED ALBUM DE LUXE

The Story of the Great
European War told by
Camera, Pen and Pencil

EDITED BY

J. A. HAMMERTON

CHAPTERS BY

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A., EMILE VANDERVELDE
AUSTIN HARRISON, JOHN FOSTER FRASER
MARIE CORELLI, WALTER EMANUEL

1,211 ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME III.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN—1915

PUBLISHED BY
THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LIMITED
LONDON, 1915

D522 .H25 v.3

Editor's Note to Volume III

FOR the purposes of our picture-story of the war, it is understood, of course, that the periods of time represented by the contents of each volume only approximate to the different phases of the war as these will be viewed eventually by the historian. Yet it is surprising to note how curiously the progress of events has fitted into the scheme of our work. The two preceding volumes of the series dealt respectively with "The First Phase" and "The Winter Campaign—1914-15." In the present the record is carried one clear stage further, and the title, "The Spring Campaign—1915," covers a distinct and important period of the war—a period of high hopes and of deep disappointment.

NOT all the hopes that helped to steel the courage of the soldiers during the dreadful winter campaign were cherished by the British. Nor were the chief disappointments of the spring suffered by them. Still, it is needless to deny that the careless optimism, which is at once the strength and weakness of British character, had led our people too confidently to expect "The Great Push" to come with the spring, and when it did not come—not even in the later summer months—it was not surprising that, for a time, undue optimism gave way to undue pessimism, until eventually a mean of sober confidence, fortified with stern determination and application, properly readjusted the national temperament. This, however, takes us somewhat beyond the period covered by the present volume, to whose contents I must confine my observations.

IT was a period packed with exciting events, and some day it may be thought that the fate of the World War was really decided in these spring months of 1915, although at the time it may not have seemed so. The Second Battle of Ypres and the wonderful stand of the British at "Hill 60" were events of the very highest importance. They demonstrated to the world that the Kaiser's fevered dream of blasting a way through to Calais had ended in "such stuff as dreams are made on." And this, notwithstanding that the Germans in their mad and reckless efforts to plant themselves on the nearest Continental point to the shores of hated Albion, had descended to depths of infamy in warfare which hitherto had been imagined only by the writers of horrific fiction. Yet, their use of poison gases, whereby they came near to piercing the British front, the spraying of liquid fire on the defenders of the allied trenches, and their shameful submarine piracy against innocent and helpless seafarers, culminating in the demoniac murder of 1,134 men, women, and children of many nationalities on board the Lusitania, availed the enemy nothing, and did but further outlaw the German peoples from the civilised world.

WHILE our second volume concluded with the opening of the pirate "blockade," on which the deluded and criminal German people—for I would urge on every reader of these lines the need of associating the whole German people with the infamy of their Army and Navy, in whose atrocities they have gloated and rejoiced—counted so much, it is seen in the present volume to have brought them no military advantage whatever, and only to have more deeply stained their national character for all time. The small proportion of British shipping that suffered affected the life of Great Britain hardly at all, and as submarines are meant to destroy battleships and not little coasting vessels, they were merely wearing out a formidable weapon on useless targets.

THIS period of the war also saw the opening of what was to prove the most tremendous of all the undertakings of the Allies—the Dardanelles campaign. It would be foolish to pretend that this campaign was undertaken by Great Britain and assisted by the French only after the most complete and careful preparation. It is not yet possible to determine how the initial blunders arose, but it is sufficiently clear that the British and French battleships began to thunder at the gates of the Dardanelles before the necessary land forces were ready to begin co-operating with and supplementing the work of the naval guns. Hence, what at first was thought to be an operation of some six weeks or a month or two, developed into one of the most desperate and long-drawn-out struggles of the whole war.

THE spring of 1915 was also notable for Italy's entry into the war. This, of course, came as no surprise to the observers of international affairs, and although ten months had elapsed between the outbreak of the war and Italy's participation therein, these months were utilised by Italy in perfecting her military preparations, as every national interest of the Italian people called upon them to throw themselves into the arena in support of the Triple Entente.

ALL these world events, with their innumerable subsidiary incidents, the sway of battle along the thousand-mile front of Russia, and every noteworthy feature of the world-wide activities of the war during the spring of 1915, furnish the strangely varied contents of this volume, to which Mr. Innes's brilliant historical survey of the period affords an admirable guide, while the complete and carefully compiled diary of the war provides readers with immediate reference to the date of any event. The high pictorial interest of the first two volumes is fully maintained, and I may draw the reader's attention to the fact that a large proportion of the remarkable photographs from the different war areas reproduced in these pages were expressly taken for this publication. J. A. H.

303766

Table of Contents

Principal Literary Contents

	PAGE
The Moving Drama of the Great War: III.—The Spring Campaign, 1915. *By Arthur D. Innes, M.A.*	731
The Brain of the Fighting Man. *By Bart Kennedy*	758
First Impressions Under Fire. *By an A.S.C. Sergeant*	765
Sir W. Robertson, K.C.B.	780
Neuve Chapelle's Immortal Story	783
The Extraordinary Battle for Hill 60	789
How the Canadians Saved Ypres	790
Canada's Glorious Part in the World War	799
Lt.-Gen. Alderson, C.B.	814
The Blood Bridals of France and Britain	817
The Triumph of Young France at Carency	827
General Joffre	852
How King Albert's Army Renewed its Strength. *By Emile Vandervelde,* Belgian Minister of State	855
The Real Triumph of German "Kultur"	867
The Soul of the Modern Hun. *By Austin Harrison*	871
Why Italy Ranged Herself with the Allies. *By Arthur D. Innes, M.A.*	894
Victor Emmanuel III.	910
Prasnysch and the Battles of the Masurian Lakes	912
The Siege of Przemysl	918
Constantinople. *By John Foster Fraser*	930
The Great Landing Battles of the Dardanelles	939
The Demoniacal Destruction of the Lusitania	958
Admiral Sir John Jellicoe	966
Workers and "Shirkers." *By Marie Corelli*	968
Donington Hall and Nelson's Last Prayer	976
The Humour of Mr. Thomas Atkins. *By Walter Emanuel,* of "Punch"	984

List of Maps

The West Coast of Asia Minor: The Dardanelles	738
The Gallipoli Peninsula	739
Britain's Four War Areas in Africa	750
The Persian Gulf War Area	751
Map of Italy, Illustrating the National Ideals	755
The District Around Ypres	789
The Masurian Lake Region North of Warsaw	912
The Mountain Region of the Russo-Hungarian Frontier	918
Gallipoli Peninsula and the Dardanelles	939

Special Full-Colour Plates

Field-Marshal Earl Kitchener	Frontispiece
Admiral Lord Fisher of Kilverstone	Facing page 744

Monochrome Colour Plates

The Sinking of the Lusitania, and the Murder of over 1,100 Non-combatants, off the Old Head of Kinsale, May 7th, 1915	Facing page 729
General Joffre, with Sir John French and Sir Douglas Haig, at the Front	,, ,, 760
British Officers having Tea in their Quarters in the Ypres Salient, where the German Fire was Hottest	,, ,, 777
How the Northumberland Fusiliers Met an Attack on their First-line Trenches at Ypres	,, ,, 793
The Charge of the 4th Canadian Battalion at Ypres	,, ,, 809
French Soldiers in Action with a Machine-gun at Neuville St. Vaast	,, ,, 824
Picturesque Wartime Scene in Northern France	,, ,, 840
On the Way to Monte Nero: The Italians, by Great Daring, placed Guns in Position on the Mountain	,, ,, 905
Russian Troops Moving to the Attack in the Carpathians	,, ,, 920
Destruction of the Dresden off Juan Fernandez on March 14th, 1915	,, ,, 953
"Regent Street," Franco-Belgian Frontier	,, ,, 985
The Humane Work of the Royal Army Medical Corps	,, ,, 1017

The Spring Campaign

PAGE
A Dash into Action: Bringing up the Guns 730
The Moving Drama of the Great War 731
Maps of the West Coast of Asia Minor and the Dardanelles . 738
The Gallipoli Peninsula 739
Britain's Four War Areas in Africa 750
The Persian Gulf War Area 751
Map of Italy Illustrating the National Ideals . . . 755

With the Union Jack in France

The Brain of the Fighting Man. By Bart Kennedy . . . 758
The Wily British Gunner at the Front 759
Deadly Guns in Hiding: "Dummies" in Full View . . . 761
With Our Photographer Nearest to the Huns 762
Camera Records of British First-line Activities . . . 763
German Queue of Fate: Climbing up to Death . . . 764
First Impressions under Fire. By an A.S.C. Sergeant . . 765
Incidents, Grave and Gay, along the Battle-Front . . . 766
The Tug-of-War and Some Individual Efforts 767
Atkins as "Handyman" while On Active Service . . . 768
War-worn Boots, but Confident Men, on Victory's Road . . 769
Racket and Rest along the British Firing-Front . . . 770
Realities of War as Tommy Atkins sees them 771
The Army Service Corps at Work in France 772
By Motor-'Bus to and from the Firing-Line 773
Britain's Pioneer Regiment in the Line of Fire. . . . 774
The Grim Pageant of War in Rural France 775
Britons at Cross-Roads of Honour, Glory, and Death . . 776
Simple Life in British Trench "Hotels" 777
Kitchen Utensils as Deadly Weapons of War 778
PERSONALIA OF THE WAR—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON 779-80

Neuve Chapelle and Ypres

The Fateful Moment before the Charge 782
Neuve Chapelle's Immortal Story 783
The Retaking of the Guns: Canada's Fighting Sons inscribe an Immortal Page in the Empire Story. 784
Neuve Chapelle Heroes resting on their Laurels . . . 787
Great Assault at Neuve Chapelle—Bayonet Work after the Awful Bombardment 788
The Extraordinary Battle for Hill 60 789
How the Canadians Saved Ypres 790
The Brilliant Capture and Defence of Hill 60 791
Back to Back: Canadians' Heroism Near Ypres . . . 793
"Stand to Your Arms!"—Mustering Reserves at Ypres . . 794
After the Inferno of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle. . . . 795
Up the Chimney!—An Incident at Neuve Chapelle . . . 796

The Empire in Arms

From Bengal to Belgium—A Strong Contrast 798
Canada's Glorious Part in the World War 799
East and West join hands in France 801
Here and there with the Gallant Indians in France . . . 802
Keeping the Flag Triumphant in Egypt and Nigeria . . . 803
Africa Aflame with Britain's Four Wars. 804
New Patriots from Far Parts of the Old Empire . . . 805
Britain's Fighting Forces Under Tropical Skies . . . 806
Planting the Union Jack in German Africa 807
The Campaign against Kaiserism in the Tropics . . . 808
The Empire's War against German East Africa . . . 809
Britain's Stern Struggle in the Far-away Tropics . . . 810
Victory with Britain's Forces in the Persian Gulf . . . 811
The Empire's Battle-Scarred Soldiers at Cairo 812
PERSONALIA OF THE WAR—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL E. A. H. ALDERSON 813-4

With the Fighting Forces of France

Alpine Chasseurs: The Terror of the Vosges 816
The Blood Bridals of France and Britain. 817
Wonderful Film Records of Victorious French Assault in the Vosges 818
Moments of Surcease from the Fever of War 819
French Guns and the Men who used them 820
Worthy Men and Weapons the Hope of Joffre 821
French Fort that defied Germany's Big Guns 822
Before and After a Hot Fight on the French Front . . . 823
"Necessity is the Mother of Invention" . . 824
The Ingenuity of the French in War Devices 825
PAGE
Part of the Price of the French Victory at Carency . . . 826
The Triumph of Young France at Carency 827
Carency after the Great French Victory 828
Unique Film-Records of the Daily Round of War . . . 829
Ingenuity and Courage overcome Barbed-wire Defences . . 830
Constructing Main Arteries to the Battle Area 831
Sons of the Republic under the Tricolour: 832
New French Reserves move and make Ready 833
Rallying to Succour "La Belle France". 834
Four Fierce Fights for a Blockhouse 835
An Easy Day with the French holding the Aisne. . . . 836
How the Trenches were assaulted Underground . . . 837
Some More Curiosities of Mole Warfare 838
Peeps into the Trenches in France and Flanders . . . 839
Incidents by the way in the War of Attrition 840
Scenes along France's Frontier of Trenches 841
Interludes behind the Allies' Advanced Lines 842
Joffre's Confident Soldiers "Nibbling" the Huns . . . 843
Hungry for the Hun-Lord's "Cannon-Fodder" . . . 844
The Toilet of the "75" · Other Guns in Action . . . 845
Sons of the Republic keep watch along the Aisne . . . 846
Dummies! Simple Ruse to mislead Enemy Airmen. . . . 847
Huns' Havoc and French Fortitude at Rheims 848
A Friendship Broken only by Death 849
Martial Preparations in Allied Capitals 850
PERSONALIA OF THE WAR—GENERAL JOFFRE . . 851-2

With Belgium's Dauntless Army

The Re-equipped and Re-invigorated Belgians. 854
How King Albert's Army renewed its Strength. By M. Emile Vandervelde, Belgian Minister of State 855
King Albert's Cavalrymen in Action Afoot 856
Belgian Forces hold their own along the Coast. . . . 857
War's Ebb and Flow on the Flemish Coast 858
Sheltering Belgium's War Dogs among the Dunes . . . 859
Striking War Scenes from the Belgian Dunes 860
The Flame of War along the Flemish Waterways . . . 861
Brave Belgians in Holland along the Coast 862
Belgium Resurgent on the Banks of the Yser 863
Brave Belgians Construct a Bridge over Floods under Fire. . 864

With the Austro-German Armies

Super-Huns: The Kaiser's Kings of "Kultur" 866
The Real Triumph of German "Kultur" 867
Comedy and Tragedy with the Germans in France . . . 868
The Teutonic Wave and the Wreck it Left 869
Charge of the Uhlans: Martyrdom of Rheims 870
The Soul of the Modern Hun. By Austin Harrison . . . 871
Ruin caused by a German Air Bomb in a Suburb of Paris . . 872
Hunnish Devastation in and around Historic Arras . . . 873
Enemy Scouts Working the Wooded Argonne 874
Hun Sneers at British Victims of Poison Gas 875
With the Kaiser and his Huns in Ravaged France . . . 876
The Germans as Wartime Woodlanders 877
Could they Ever be Good Friends Again? 878
Woman Spy guards secret German Telephone 879
With the "Boches" in France by Field and Stream . . . 880
"Famine" fallacies and other things in Berlin. . . . 881
Gaol-bird life for Patriotic Aliens in Germany 882
German Inhumanity to British Prisoners 883
The War as seen from the German Side 884
The Kaiser's Huns in various Moods and Places . . . 885
Austria's Broken Army in Desperate Straits 886
Some Minor Incidents in "Kultur's" Wicked War . . . 887
With Russians and Germans on the Eastern Front . . . 888
East & West with German Guns and Gunners 889
Sven Hedin with the Huns · The Lost Rider 890
The War as seen through German Eyes 891
More War Pictures drawn by Enemy Artists 892

Italy's Entry into the World-War

Why Italy ranged Herself with the Allies 894
Italians impatient to enter the European Arena . . . 896
Italy on the Brink—War Excitement at Fever Pitch . . 897
Leaders of Italy United against the Modern Huns . . . 898
Alpine Soldiers defend the Snowbound Passes 899
Bersaglieri and Dragoons—Pride of Italy's Army . . . 900
King Victor Emmanuel's Warrior-Mountaineers . . . 901
Sons of Italy move against the Hereditary Foe 902
Italy's Famous Green-Plumed Sharpshooters . 903

PAGE
Italy retaliates on the Ally of Barbarism 904
Italian Colonel's Heroic Deed on the Isonzo 905
Italy in Harness—Artillery and Infantry on the Move . . 906
Cool Work for King Victor's Fervent Defenders . . . 907
Mars' Modern Chariot and the Ancient Coliseum . . . 908
PERSONALIA OF THE WAR—KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY 909–10

With Russian and Serb

Prasnysch and the Battles of the Masurian Lakes . . . 912
With the Russian Army in Poland and Galicia . . . 913
Slav v. Teuton: Incidents Bellicose and Pacific . . . 915
The Tsar Assures Himself of Russia's Progress 916
Where Slavdom held the Central Empires at Bay . . . 917
The Siege of Przemysl 918
Victors of Przemysl in Action and at Rest 919
Scenes on the East Prussian Battle-Front 921
Peeps at Przemysl after its Surrender 922
Victory and Counter-Victory on the Eastern Front . . . 923
Scenes from the Battle-lines in Poland 924
Triumphant Russian Invaders Forcing Carpathian Passes . . 925
Serbia's Heroic Fight with Typhus and the Hun . . . 926
Typhus adds to War's Terrors in Serbia 927
Spartan Serbians still defying Austrian Huns 928

At War with Turkey

Constantinople. By John Foster Fraser 930
Prussian Plotters with their Turkish Dupes 931
Turkey's Death-Struggle with Forces of Progress . . . 933
First Blows at the Gate to Islam's Stronghold 934
Attacking the Waterway to Constantinople 935
British Marines in Islam's Forsaken Forts 936
Brave Marines at the Gallipoli Landing 937
Wonderful Photographs of Britain's War in the Levant—Reducing Turkish Forts 938
The Great Landing Battles of the Dardanelles 939
In the Shell-swept Waterway of the Dardanelles . . . 941
Britons Invade the "Impregnable" Peninsula. 942
Historic Landing on Gallipoli under Fierce Fire . . . 943
Sealing the Fate of Constantinople—The Allied Armada Forcing the Dardanelles 944
The Empire's Great War in the Dardanelles 946
"Holy" Warriors in British Safe-Keeping 947
Brothers in Empire and Arms under Egypt's Sun . . . 948
Sunburnt Lancashire "Terriers" and Australians . . . 949
The Entente Cordiale in the Land of former Feuds . . . 950
French Soldiers leaving Alexandria for the Dardanelles . . 951
Egypt Wide-awake for any Turkish Trickery 952

Events by Sea and Air

Britain's Watch-Dogs of the Deep: H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth . 954
The Dresden's Doom off Robinson Crusoe's Island . . . 955
The Dogger Bank Battle—Sir David Beatty on the Bridge of the Torpedo-Boat Destroyer Attack 956
British Sailors Rescue Drowning Enemies 957
The Demoniacal Destruction of the Lusitania 958
"My Handiwork!" By the Pirate Emperor 959
Wartime Life on the Rolling Main 960
Destructive Power of British Naval Gunnery 961
Italy's Watch-dogs of the Adriatic: The Dreadnought Leonardo da Vinci and the Battleship Roma 962
Allied Sea Men and Piratical Sea Huns 963
The Great Air-Fleet Raids on the Belgian Coasts . . . 964
German Airman's Fate after Battle of the Skies . . . 965
PERSONALIA OF THE WAR—ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE 966

Britain in Wartime

Workers and "Shirkers." By Marie Corelli 968
"His Majesty's Dockers"—Workers in Khaki 969
English Homes after a Visit from Aerial Ghouls . . . 971
Building Up Britain's Great Military Machine 972
The Royal Horse Artillery Training at Woolwich . . . 973
Guardsmen in the Making—Recruits to Famous Regiments . 974
New Garden City for Woolwich War Workers 975
Donington Hall and Nelson's Last Prayer . 976
Wily Wheeled Warriors: Cyclists in Training. 977
PAGE
The H.A.C. in Training for the Front: 978
New Members of London's Venerable Corps 979
Four Branches of the New Army in Training 980
Getting Fit for the Front at Breezy Brighton 981
The Modern Coastguard Goes Awheel 982

The Lighter Side of the War

The Humour of Mr. Thomas Atkins 984
Britain's Soldier Sons always "Merry and Bright" . . . 985
"Tommy" endears himself to the Frenchwoman . . . 986
Sports and Pastimes near the Firing-Line 987
The Sentimental Note in the European Discord . . . 988
A Kitchen in the Wilds • The Frolicsome War-Horse . . 989
Impromptu Music at the Theatre of War 990
French Warriors at Ease in Spite of the Huns 991
Players in the "Grand International Final" 992
Fun and Frolic among Frenchmen at Leisure 993
While Joffre's War-Scarred Heroes Rest and Make Merry— . 994
The Next Generation prepares with Keen Enthusiasm . . 995
British Officers on Leave in the French Capital. . . . 996
Photographic Idylls of "La Belle Alliance"—1915 . . . 997
Specimens in the Army's Mascot Menagerie 998

Golden Deeds of Heroism

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross 1000
Heroic Son of Erin wins Immortal Fame 1001
Heroes of the Distinguished Conduct Medal 1002
Some heroes of Lord Kitchener's old regiment. . . . 1003
Hard-Won Battle Honours for British Heroes 1004
Dying Officer's Pride in his Regiment 1005
For God and King—the Cross and the Sword 1006
French Soldier's Devotion to his Fallen Colonel . . . 1007
A Stirring Feat of Mountain Warfare 1008

Women and Works of Mercy

Worn and Broken in War: Allies in Adversity. . . . 1010
Hygienic War Devices to Kill the Deadly Microbe . . . 1011
Some Minor Marvels of Wartime Science 1012
The Incessant Roll of the Caravan of Agony 1013
While Men are Fighting, Women must Work 1014
War's Diverse Effects on Feminine Temperament . . . 1015
Women serve the Country in Munition Factories . . . 1016
Women fill Gaps that Men may fill Trenches 1017
Woman variously Mobilised in Wartime Work. . . . 1018
Work for Blinded Soldiers—War's Saddest Victims . . . 1019
New Wartime Inventions to safeguard Soldiers . . . 1020

World-wide Echoes of the War

Barbed-Wire adds to the Barbarism of War 1022
Ancient Weapons revived for Modern Warfare. . . . 1023
Trains of War—Dealing Death by Rail 1024
The Automobile as Life-saver and Death-dealer . . . 1025
Petrol—the Life-blood of an Army on the Move . . . 1026
Mending the Allies' War-worn Motors 1027
The Little 75's Big Brother, and the Historic 4·7 . . . 1028
The Dreadful Thunder of the Big Guns 1029
Flotsam and Jetsam on the Tide of Battle 1030
Diverse Incidents in the "No Man's Land" of War . . . 1031
On and off Duty in the First-line Trenches 1032
Soldier Troglodytes at home in the Underground . . . 1033
Peace and War Contrasts in the Lands of Conflict . . . 1034
Far-Flung Episodes in Freedom's World-wide War . . . 1035
Some Equine Recruits and Veterans 1036
Some Mascots and Trifles that Saved Lives 1037
Friends and Foes pay Tribute to their Fallen 1038
The Soldiers' Postbag links Home and Battlefield . . . 1039
Ever-prying Eyes of Friend and Foe 1040
The Tramp of Hun and Turk in Belgium and Gallipoli . . 1041
Friends and Foes at Worship on the Field 1042
German Prisoner "Colonies" in Four Continents . . . 1043
Tragic Humility of the Prisoner Expression 1044
War Prisoners made to toil for their Captors 1045
Unofficial Additions to Rations at the Front 1046
A Day's Diverse Impressions Behind the Battle-Line . . 1047
Soldiers of Freedom and Tyranny on the Move. . . . 1048
Royal Academy Pictures of the Great War . . . 1049
Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead . . . 1065
Diary of the War 1076

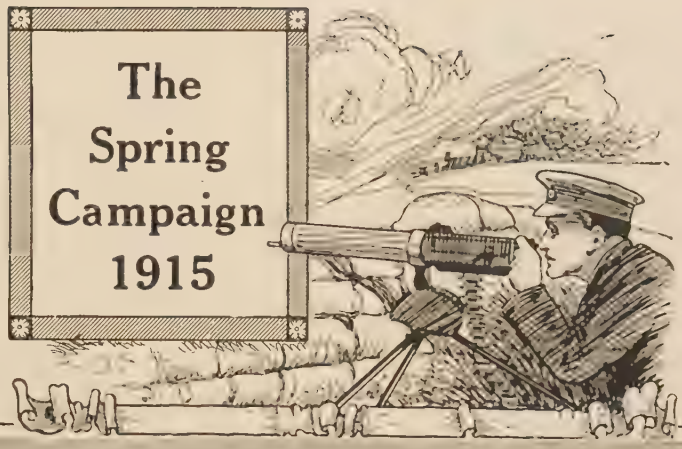
To face page 728

THE SINKING OF THE LUSITANIA AND THE MURDER OF OVER 1,100 NON-COMBATANTS OFF THE OLD HEAD OF KINSALE, MAY 7TH, 1915.

From dim retreat amid the stars
The wild, red planet rides,
And, gazing on the face of Mars,
We read in his repulsive scars
The hideous tragedy of wars,
That glory vainly hides.

—A. W.

The Spring Campaign 1915



Fighting fumes and fiends—a bayonet charge through poison gas.

A Dash into Action: Bringing up the Guns

The glorious pageantry associated with past wars and immortalised by romantic pictures and poems is seldom apparent to-day. Science has robbed human strife of much of its picturesqueness. There is one sight, however, which still stirs the imagination and quickens the pulse—viz.: the coming into action of a heavy gun. Eight powerful horses are seen in this photograph straining every nerve and muscle to bring a 4·7 in. gun into position during training manœuvres.

The Moving Drama of the Great War

III.—The Spring Campaign, 1915

The Progress of the Great War by Land, Sea, and Air, from the Opening of the Submarine "Blockade" to the Entry of Italy into the Arena of Conflict

Written by

ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.,

Author of "A History of the British Nation," etc.

THE first act of the great drama had closed early in November, 1914, when the British line established itself securely, and the whole front was made good from Nieuport on the north to Belfort on the south. The German rush upon Paris had been stemmed almost at the gates of the city, and rolled back again. The attempt of either army to turn the flank of the other had failed, and both lines had stretched nearer and nearer to the coast till at last both were in touch with the sea. Then the Germans had made their mighty effort to snap the Allied line where it was held together by a mere thread of khaki. But the thread had not given way. The piercing movement failed; and the failure rang down the curtain on the first act—at least, on the western front.

During the winter campaign, sober-minded people refused to expect decisive events, which were precluded by the physical conditions. Sodden trenches and seas of mud were restraining influences more irresistible than hostile shells. Neither side indeed remained inactive, but there was always a feeling that time was on the side of the Allies, that the strength of their reserves in proportion to their fighting-line was much greater than that of the enemy, who had begun the fray fully armed, bent on a swift and overwhelming victory. It was generally understood that the Allies would not attempt any great forward movement until they had accumulated the men and the munitions, without which no stroke however brilliant in itself could be turned to the best account. For the Germans, however, early success was urgent, success before the Allies should be able to accumulate their reserves. Therefore, in spite of the difficulties of sodden trenches and seas of mud, fierce onslaughts continued to be made by the Germans during the next three months; onslaughts always having it for their object to snap the Allied line, the one method of bringing a decisive victory within reach. On the part of the Allies, on the other hand, the motive of any offensive was not the hope of immediate and decisive victory, but primarily of strengthening the position for present defence and for future attack, of snatching points of vantage from the enemy and gaining them for themselves.

The Need for Swift German Action

But besides this it was recognised that the war was a war of attrition, a war which might have to be fought out till the life-blood of one of the combatants was drained; a war which, unless shortened by some decisive victory, would have to be so fought out. Therefore, from the Allies' point of view, every engagement which cost them less than it cost Germany was necessarily a gain. But from the German point of view the bringing off of a decisive stroke was worth almost any sacrifice of life. Consequently the Allies were fighting on the broad principle that it was seldom worth while to take the offensive unless there was a presumption that the enemy's losses would be the heavier; whereas the Germans were fighting on the broad principle that where it was worth while to develop an offensive, its success was worth almost any sacrifice of life.

Thus the general effect of this period of the campaign on the western line was a very slight and almost imperceptible movement forward of the Allies, and heavier engagements initiated by the Germans which brought them slightly more visible gains locally, but at immense cost to them, and without the achievement of the purpose they had in view; while the forces holding the lines of the Allies were at the end of the period stronger in comparison with the forces facing them than they had been at the beginning.

There is no doubt that in February the belief in England at least was general that the great forward movement was very close at hand, that the reserves were on the point of being flung into the battle line and giving a decisive preponderance to the Allies in the West. Those expectations were to be disappointed; during the next three months the situation remained substantially unchanged, and it was only on maps of considerable size that the variation between the line in the middle of February and the line in the middle of May could be appreciated. The reserves of the Allies were not yet flung into the fighting line, and there was still no obvious sign that the German reserves were exhausted.

Hindenburg's Campaign in the East

In the East, too, there was a curious resemblance between the conditions at those two moments. In the middle of February the Russian advance on the north had been stopped; Hindenburg had concentrated a powerful army, and was driving the Russians back, threatening to succeed in piercing them. In the middle of May the Russian advance in the south over the Carpathians had been driven back by a German onslaught in the direction of Przemsyl. But although the situation seemed once more to be supremely critical, there was the same presumption that the Russians were falling back upon positions where they would make their stand good and the attack would again be rolled back; and the positions where it was supposed that they would turn to bay were appreciably in advance of the positions which they had held three months before.

Certain events during the spring campaign aroused a spirit of premature elation. Some remarkable achievements were popularly interpreted as immediate precursors of an irresistible advance. When they proved to be nothing of the kind, a certain note of resentment rather than disappointment became discernible in the Press. Public men were charged with having misled their less-informed neighbours by an undue optimism in their utterances. But the actual fact was that these well-informed persons had spoken with a cheerful confidence, because they found matters going as well as they had ever expected them to go, or better. The public took them to mean that early victory was in sight, which was a very different thing. When successes were followed by reverses, in which there was nothing surprising, the public felt that it had been misled. It would have had no such feeling if it had preserved a sense of proportion in estimating the importance of successes and reverses, and had kept steadily in mind what was assumed as a matter of course by the well-informed—that there never had been any sort of reason to anticipate a sudden collapse on the part of the enemy, and that if there were no sudden collapse every ounce of energy that the Allies could bring to bear would have to be brought to bear before the German Army could be crushed in the prolonged contest. It was well for the nation that it should at last realise, as a part of it had failed to do, that every ounce of energy was needed

to bring the war to a successful termination; but there was neither more nor less reason (apart from a single point) for either optimism or pessimism in the middle of May than in the middle of February. Only in February the need for patience had not been realised, and therefore the failure to make substantial and visible progress before May was more disappointing than it ought to have been.

The one point above referred to was that before May was over Italy had at last definitely ranged herself with the Allies.

Beginning of the German "Blockade"

On February 18th, according to German boasts before the event, the sceptre of the seas, the familiar trident, dropped from the nerveless hand of Britannia. "The Day" had arrived. Britannia had brought it on herself. She could not say that the Olympian cloud-compeller of Berlin had not given her due warning of the fate that was in store for her if she declined to mend her ways. Yet she continued in her ways, apparently prepared to take the consequences; and the Olympian thunderbolt was duly launched. Some qualms, however, were apparently felt on Olympus, since at the last moment the German people were warned that they must not expect too much to happen in the first day or two. Curiously enough the "annihilation" of the British sea-power had no noticeable effect upon the war. The German Fleet still remained in its ports. The British Fleet still remained not in its ports. The presence of German shipping upon the high seas was not more conspicuous after the launching of the thunderbolt than before it, while the amount of shipping which entered and left British ports increased steadily instead of falling off.

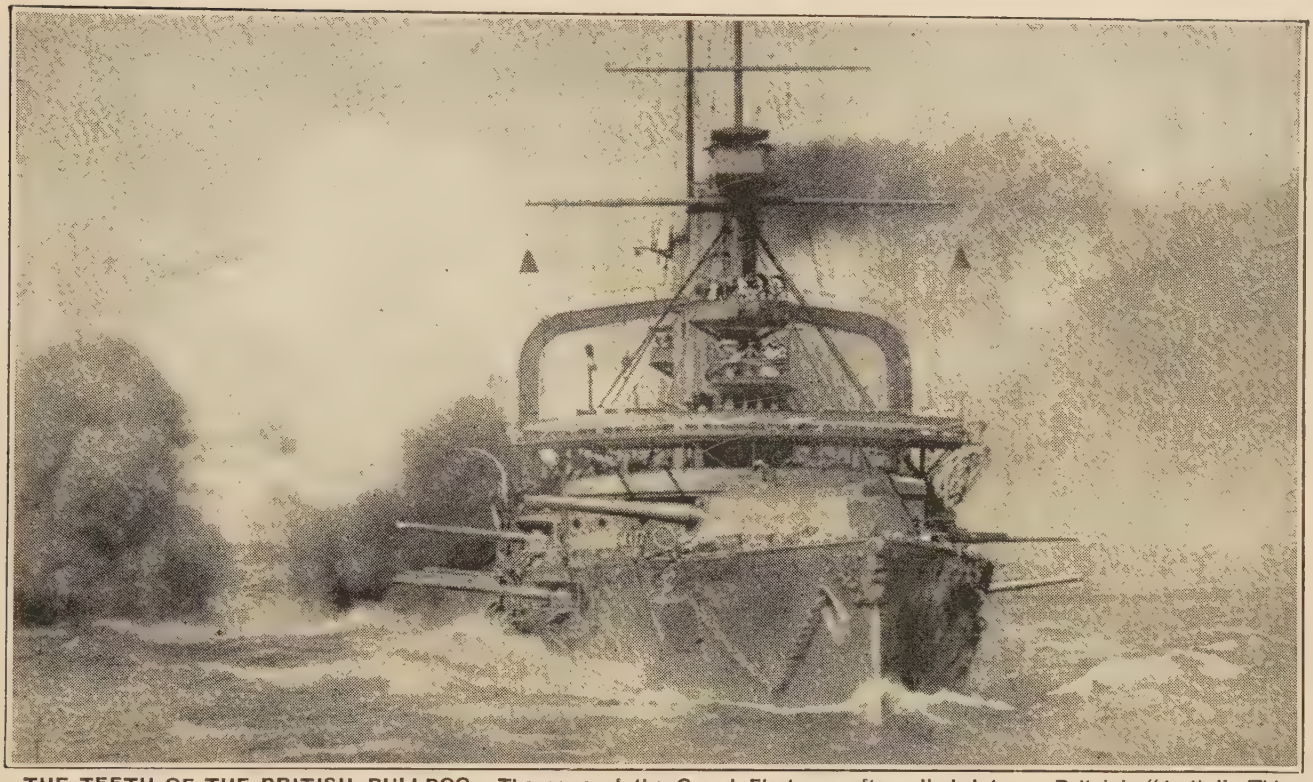
The Kaiser and his advisers were apparently unable to escape from the illusion, which had possessed them throughout, that the Allies are degenerates who can be cowed into submission by big words and bullying acts. The Allies, being by no means degenerates, instead of adopting the rôle assigned to them, were quite unmoved by big words, and were not in the least frightened by the bullying acts, which only aroused an increasing indignation, an increasing intensity of conviction that there could be no peace until they were able to dictate their own terms, and an increasing doubt whether it would be possible to abstain from retributory measures. No terror whatever was inspired by the German threat or by the attempts to execute it. If the object was to inspire panic or to impress neutrals, it failed ignominiously. If the object was to destroy British commerce, it failed ignominiously. If there was any naval or military object in view at all, it failed ignominiously.

Two conceivable objects remain, the merely vindictive murder of British civilians, an object entirely repudiated by all recognised rules of warfare for several centuries, and the heartening of the German people. Both these objects were to some extent achieved. The language at least of the German Press would indicate that intense satisfaction was created in Germany; and, in the course of three months, some hundreds of British civilians and innocent neutrals, including a substantial proportion of women and children, were killed. One more possible object has been suggested: that neutrals who suffered would lay the responsibility for their sufferings not upon Germany but upon England. The effect, however, upon neutrals may be gauged by the fact that at the end of three months, the United States of America, the neutral most of all affected, seemed to be on the verge of breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, while there was no sign of anything like an equivalent irritation against England.

German Policy of Sea War on Non-combatants

The German thunderbolt was the announcement that on and after February 18th neutral vessels entering what the Germans were pleased to call the war zone would do so at their own risk, and were liable to be torpedoed without inquiry on the hypothesis that they might be disguised British vessels. In practice, the new departure from the rules of civilised warfare meant that German submarines were instructed to torpedo at sight any vessels, from trawlers to Atlantic liners, with an option of granting to crews and passengers a few minutes for taking to their boats. Hitherto it had been the recognised law that enemy ships, not being ships of war, and even blockade runners, were not to be wilfully sunk except where that measure was necessary to the safety of the attacking vessel, and when provision

French cavalrymen searching a battlefield for aluminium shell-heads to be sent home as souvenirs of war and used for pencil-cases. The kneeling soldiers and their mounts have made a composition that might have come from a painter's brush.



THE TEETH OF THE BRITISH BULLDOG.—The guns of the Grand Fleet are often alluded to as Britain's "teeth." This remarkably striking photograph is of a British battleship firing a broadside in a naval action. The guns have just "spoken"; the "bite" of the British bulldog has just been felt by some of Britannia's enemies.

had been made for the safety of the lives of crews and passengers. But now, since German submarines could not capture prizes, having no ports to which they could carry them, they were authorised by the German Government, and apparently even ordered, to commit wholesale murders on the high seas. It was obvious that neutrals, whose people were murdered under this order, would protest; whether they would content themselves with protest was a question to which the answer was not quite so obvious.

The definite organisation of piracy by a Government heretofore reckoned as civilised gave rise to a curious controversy. Were the naval officers who acted upon the authorisation pirates or not? Apparently not, in a strictly technical sense, because the definition of piracy implies that it has no official sanction. Less technically it was argued that naval and military officers are bound to obey the order of their government without regard to their own personal feelings as to the wisdom or morality of those orders. On the other hand, it was obvious that the sinking of a ship with civilians on board was an act of piracy in the ordinary sense of the term. Thus the German naval officer who refused to commit such an act would be guilty of an act of mutiny, if not of treason; he would have to choose between mutiny or treason and piracy.

Treatment of Captured Submarine "Pirates"

An official compromise was generally approved. The sailors on German submarines were engaged in a form of warfare forbidden by the canons of all civilised states; therefore they were not entitled to the courtesies extended by all civilised peoples to enemies engaged in honourable warfare. Yet they were only doing what they conceived to be their duty, and therefore were not to be simply treated as outlaws. If, therefore, they were taken prisoners, they were to be treated decently as prisoners, but on a different footing from sailors captured in honourable combat. This decision was received with great indignation in Germany, since its justice naturally appeals only to those who regard methods of piracy as discreditable; and when occasion arose, the German Government retaliated by penalising British officers who had been taken prisoners in the regular course of straightforward fighting.

The authorisation of piracy was claimed by the Germans to be a legitimate reply to the British determination to treat foodstuffs as contraband of war—a decision which had only been arrived at definitely when the German Government itself requisitioned all foodstuffs. There was no desire to cut off the food supplies of the civilian population of Germany; but when it was obvious that imported food must mean food supplies for the German Army, the argument that such supplies could not be legitimately regarded as contraband of war fell to the ground.

Britain's Reply to the German "Blockade"

The British reply to the new German doctrine was not long delayed. Since German torpedoes, to the best of their power, were to prevent neutral commerce with England, the British Navy would to the best of its power prevent neutral commerce with Germany, only with the important difference that neutral ships would not be sunk, or neutral crews and passengers sent to the bottom. Henceforth Germany's power and endurance were to be limited to the extent of her capacity for producing all the necessaries of life for herself. That limitation would certainly, in course of time, reduce her to a condition of very material discomfort, but was not at all likely to bring her to the brink of starvation, or to cause any man, woman, or child to die of want. Still the British policy was curiously enough denounced in Germany as an inhuman attempt to starve German babies to death—justifying, as it would seem, not only the German effort to cut off the food supplies of Great Britain, but also bomb-dropping and shelling on undefended seaside resorts.

Germany's new departure, instead of depriving Britain of her maritime supremacy, merely emphasised the fact that German maritime activities were limited absolutely to the operations of her submarines, just as after Quiberon, in 1759, and after Trafalgar, in 1805, French maritime activities were limited to the operation of privateers. British losses at sea during the next three months were probably smaller in relation to the

Heroes seldom in the limelight. Some of the crew of a mine-sweeper firing with rifles to explode a floating mine. These men daily risked their lives searching the seas for these infernal machines. They did good work in the Dardanelles.

aggregate of her shipping than in any period of corresponding length during the Napoleonic Wars, even when her maritime supremacy was most completely established, except in a single quarter where the British Navy was engaged in wholly unprecedented operations, exposing her ships to wholly unprecedented risks. It was only at rare intervals that a German submarine succeeded in destroying anything bigger than a trawler; whereas sundry submarines were themselves sent to the bottom. Some of these losses were notified by the British Admiralty and admitted in Germany; but it was very generally believed, not without reason, that several more submarines were accounted for, without notification either by the British or by the German authorities. In the course of time it became apparent that the system of submarine warfare might involve complications with at least one neutral power; but it had no effect whatever upon military operations, or upon the disposition of the Allied Fleets, or upon the movements of the German battle fleet.

Naval Operations Against Turkey

The day after the opening of the much-vaunted blockade of the British Isles, active fleet operations began in an entirely new area. The public learnt, for the first time, that a combined Anglo-French Fleet was occupied in the Eastern Mediterranean upon something more than patrol duty. British ships on February 19th were shelling the forts of the Dardanelles. Precisely what the new move meant, no one knew; but it was quite certain that the capture of Constantinople would open up immense possibilities.. It would establish direct communication between Russia and her Allies—that much was obvious. It was obvious, too, that politically it would exercise tremendous influence upon the states of the Balkan peninsula which were maintaining their neutrality. It would certainly signify also that the mutual distrust of Russia and England, which throughout the nineteenth century was a dominant factor in all international politics, had been brought to an end. It might mean the development of an attack upon Austria from this quarter, which would force the Central Empires to bring every man and every gun available to the defence of the Eastern frontier. On the other hand, once the enterprise was begun, decisive defeat or withdrawal would be a political disaster of the first magnitude for the Allies. They were irrevocably committed to carrying the thing through. The scheme, involving enormous difficulties, was one of those brilliant conceptions which, if successfully carried out, rank as supreme strokes of genius; but if they fail are eternally stigmatised as incredible blunders.

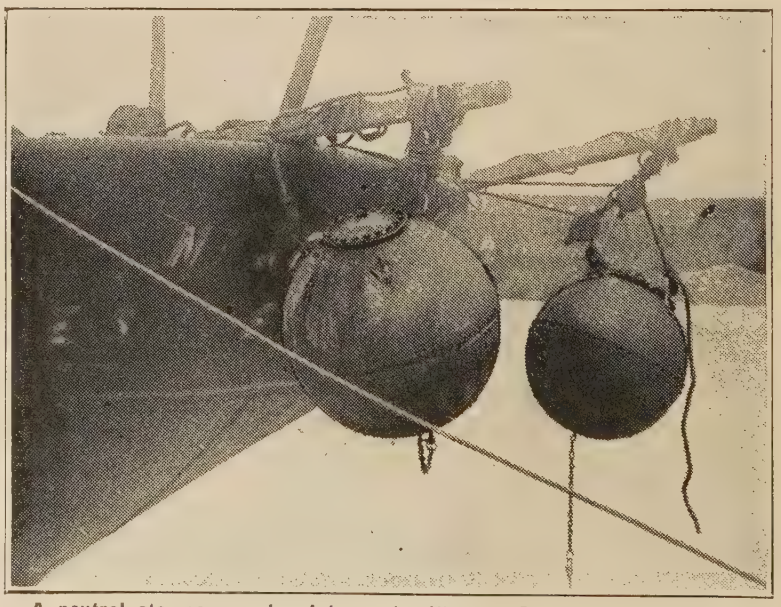
Such in its inception and its triumphant conclusion had been Wolfe's plan for the capture of Quebec; and such in the opposite sense had been in its inception, in its woeful mismanagement and in its disastrous conclusion the Walcheran expedition of 1809.

The attack on the Dardanelles was neither a minor offensive operation comparable to the seizure of Basra or the attack on German East Africa, nor a containing movement like the closure of the Adriatic, nor a diversion like the Antwerp expedition, which had been intended to hold up the German advance in Northern Belgium until the Allies had made good their line from Arras to the North Sea. It was definitely the commencement of a new major operation in addition to those upon the Russian front in the east and upon the allied front in the west. By the public at large its magnitude and its difficulty were by no means appreciated. Had there been any reason to believe that the forcing of the Dardanelles would present no serious difficulties, the thing would have been done in the first weeks after the declaration of war with Turkey.

The Problem of the Dardanelles

There were indeed differences of expert opinion, but it had been generally held that the Straits could be made impregnable at least to a purely naval attack if the old maxim still held good that forts are stronger than ships. On the other hand, there was reason to believe that the Turkish Government had neglected the business of perfecting the defences, while it was doubtful whether the changes in naval construction had not rendered obsolete the maxim concerning the relative strength of forts and ships. It was, therefore, conceivable that the attack of a naval squadron might render the Dardanelles forts untenable and open the Sea of Marmora. If that could be accomplished, the immediate moral effect would be enormous, and free communication between Russia and the western Allies would also be established forthwith.

But the operation had not been undertaken, as was popularly supposed, on the assumption that its immediate success was a foregone conclusion, but only with a confident anticipation of ultimate success after a long and costly struggle, coupled with a lively sense of the immense immediate advantage which would accrue



A neutral steamer coming into port with two German floating mines, picked up en route. Numerous neutral vessels were sunk by these infernal and cowardly machines, sown broadcast by the Sea Huns.

in the possible, but not very probable, event of an immediate Turkish collapse.

The initial operations encouraged the optimistic view, creating undue elation. The outer forts were soon bombarded out of action, and the squadron entered the southern extremity of the Straits. The ships, British and French, were mainly of the type which had just ceased to be the most formidable, and were not in demand for the work of the Grand Fleet in the North Sea; but the first news of the last completed and most powerful battleship in the British Navy—the Queen Elizabeth—was that she had joined the Dardanelles squadron, and was engaged in pounding the forts from the Ægean Sea, at a distance of some fifteen miles, her fire being directed by aircraft with extreme accuracy and precision.

To terrorise Britannia and violate the rights of neutrals! Striking drawing by a well-known German artist of a German submarine full speed awash.

But the problem of forcing the Dardanelles was primarily the problem of forcing the particular section called the Narrows, protected by mines as well as by forts. The Allied Fleet could push up to a certain point, but no farther. Forts might be "silenced," but that did not necessarily mean that their guns were incapable of speaking, still less that they had been damaged beyond repair.

Slow Progress in the Fortified Strait

Adverse weather suspended the activity of the ships and rendered aircraft useless for the purpose of observation and fire direction. No definite progress was reported, though an incidental operation was carried out against the port of Smyrna, on the coast of Asia Minor. Then, just a month after the first attack had opened, came the news that in renewing the attack upon the Narrows, two British ships—the Majestic and the Goliath—and one French ship—the Bouvet—had been sunk by mines, though with small loss of life for the British. The event seemed to show that the risks taken were greater than had been anticipated. Audacity is the true and traditional policy of the British Navy, for which now and then the penalty has to be paid. The incident practically dissipated the popular impression that the Dardanelles were going to be rushed by the Navy. But the design remained unaltered, though for a time the movements in this region occupied the public mind less prominently.

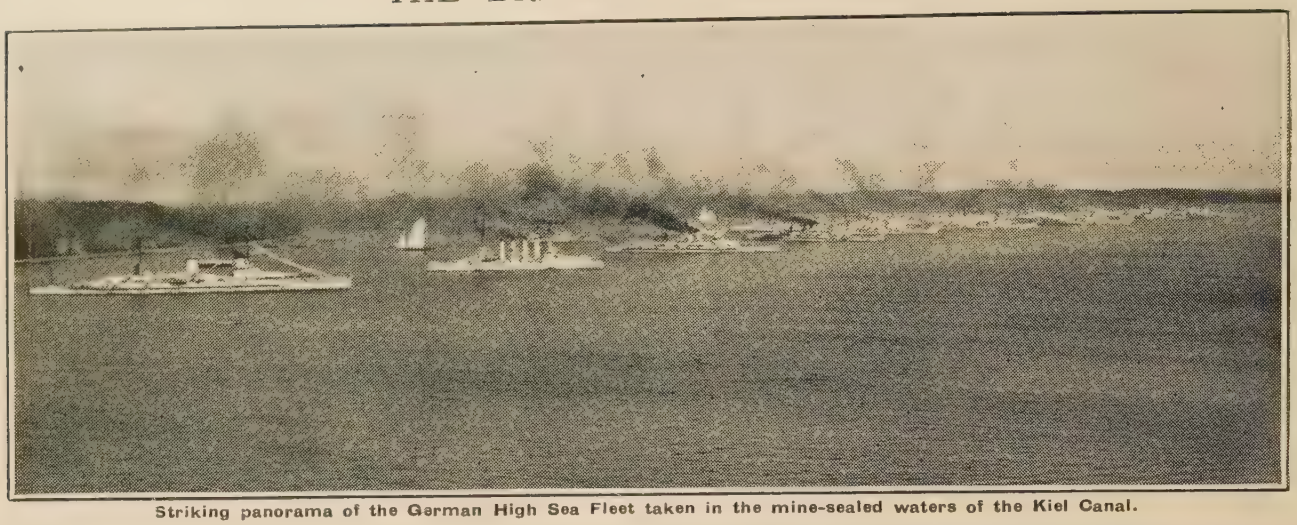
Dutch precautions against submarine "frightfulness." The Rotterdam steamship Laura, among other neutral vessels, exhibited her name and town in large white letters.

At the beginning of February a German rush upon Warsaw had been held up and rolled back. In the middle of the month a fresh German offensive was being pressed on each of the Russian flanks, from East Prussia on the north and in the Bukovina in the south-east. The whole Russian line ran, approximately, from north to south, from the neighbourhood of the Baltic to a point between Cracow and Przemysl; where it turned eastward, following the direction of the Carpathians.

Political Reasons for Galician Operations

During January there had been much confident talk of the immediate intervention of Rumania in alliance with the Entente Powers. But Rumanian intervention was certainly in part conditioned by the effective occupation of the Bukovina, which on its eastern side marches with Rumania. If the Central Powers were in possession of the Bukovina, it became a wedge driven in between the Rumanians and the Russians, and while that was the case Rumania would be inclined to reckon that her time had not arrived. To establish such a wedge was the primary object of the attack on the Russian left, with the secondary object of gaining command of the railways at the back of Przemysl. In the north the object was to break through and envelop the Russian left flank, and so to get on to the all-important railway between Warsaw and Petrograd, since it had become tolerably evident that the central attack upon Warsaw was doomed to failure.

When the German rush of the first week of February was driven back the Russians farther north were again pushing over the East Prussian frontier. It would seem to be a point of honour with the Prussians to expel the invader. Hindenburg, having got back to the strategic railways, was able at once to effect a very powerful



Striking panorama of the German High Sea Fleet taken in the mine-sealed waters of the Kiel Canal.

concentration, and to hurl an immensely superior force against the Russians in Prussia, who were thereby compelled to fall back upon their main defensive line, corresponding with the courses of the River Niemen and the River Narew, or Nareff.

Roughly speaking, the Niemen flows due north for a hundred miles from Grodno to Kovno, and then due west for a hundred miles past Tilsit into the Baltic. From a point about fifty miles from the south-west of Grodno the Narew and its tributary, the Bobr, flow in a south-westerly direction till the Narew joins the Vistula at Novo Georgievsk, some twenty miles from Warsaw. The great railway from Warsaw to Petrograd runs in a straight line behind the Narew. The Russians' four army corps, with ten German army corps attacking them, were driven back, two of them swinging on to the Narew-Grodno line, one falling back northwards towards Kovno, while the fourth, which was between these corps and lost touch of both, narrowly escaped annihilation.

The main efforts of the Germans, however, were directed not to the passage of the Niemen above Grodno, where the Russian line was actually pierced, but to the passage of the Narew, where the Russian line was not pierced at all, on the left, not on the right, of the Russian retirement, the heaviest fighting taking place at Przasnysch. It was when the Prussians had forced their way into Przasnysch and occupied it that the Russians were able to resume the offensive. Three days later, after furious fighting, the Germans at this point were again in retreat, leaving 10,000 prisoners in the hands of the Russians. This was decisive. The force on the German left, which had broken through the Russian line and was passing the Niemen on the north of Grodno, was obliged to fall back, lest it should be isolated and annihilated, and the whole Russian line was again consolidated.

On the southern front, too, the situation had appeared to be critical, though the published information never enabled the student of the war to feel confident as to the positions which were positively held by either of the combatants. The Russian line in Galicia ran approximately in a curve from the neighbourhood of Przemysl along the slopes of the Carpathians to the neighbourhood of Czernovitz. How far it controlled the Carpathian passes was a matter of doubt; but it seemed to be the main object of the Austro-Hungarians to get a grip on the railways west of Czernovitz, which would cut off the Russian supplies in the event of any attempt on their part to move through the Carpathians. There was heavy fighting towards Przemysl, but, as it seemed, with the object of drawing troops from the Russian left as much as with any idea of effecting the relief of Przemysl itself, where 120,000 Austrians were holding out.

At one time considerable success attended the efforts of the Austrians to push in the Russian left flank. We use the term Austrian in the inclusive sense, very much as the term English is popularly applied to the troops of the British Army, though with more justification, since for the Austro-Hungarians with German supports there is no single general term corresponding to "British" which can properly be applied. The Austrians then pushed up from Czernovitz as far as Stanislav, nearly halfway to Przemysl, not rolling the Russians up, but pressing them back so that the convex curve became concave. But here also the Russians were able to call a halt, and to push forward again, recovering Stanislav and straightening up the line, Stanislav itself being of special importance as a railway centre.

Remarkable photograph of an incident which brands the German nation with immortal shame. After an action in the North Sea, in which a German warship was sunk, British sailors, obeying the promptings of humanity attempted to rescue their foes. The destroyers had, however, to abandon their task owing to cowardly German aviators dropping bombs on their drowning comrades and rescuers alike, with callous indifference to all laws and to all humane instincts.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1915

Just before the Canadian Division left for the front they were inspected by the King on Salisbury Plain. Our photograph shows the Canadian cavalry cheering his Majesty as the Royal train steamed away. Inset: The King and Earl Kitchener watching the march-past of the troops.

Thus, in the middle of March, only a very uncertain impression could be formed of the situation in the east. It had, however, become clear that the rush from East Prussia for the envelopment of Warsaw from the north had been held up on the line of the Niemen and the Narew, as the earlier onslaught had been held up in front of the Vistula. Warsaw was no longer threatened. But in Galicia the convex line from west to east had been pressed back almost into a straight line; the Austrians had gained ground outside of the Bukovina, while in the Bukovina their position was not being threatened.

Meanwhile there had been definite progress on the west on the part of the Allies, not however differing in kind from such progress as had been made during the last three months. About the middle of February the French began an offensive on the right centre of the long line the whole of which falls into three sections —between Nieuport and Compiègne, between Compiègne and Verdun, and between Verdun and Belfort, Rheims being in the middle of the centre section. Let it be observed that the allied centre and the allied left from Verdun to Nieuport formed something like a semicircle, with the Allies outside and the Germans inside, the Germans holding what were called the interior lines, so that, given equal railway facilities, troops could be moved more rapidly from one point to another. The French offensive was about Perthes and in the Argonne region, between Rheims and Verdun.

It was obvious that whenever the great offensive of the Allies should take place it must have the object which the Germans habitually set before themselves of breaking through the enemy's line and seeking to effect an envelopment. Possibly, there may have been an intention of leading the enemy to believe that this was the meaning of the movement after the middle of February; but there was never anything in the position of the Allies to bear out that view. It might, indeed, have been taken for granted that until Britain's new armies were in France a piercing and enveloping movement could not be followed up to the best advantage. The allied commanders and the military control in England alone knew how much of those armies was in France, so that their intentions could not be gauged at the time; but with a later knowledge of the facts it became possible to declare with certainty

Lord Kitchener arriving at a station "somewhere in France" on his way to visit the French headquarters.

that in February there was no thought of making the great movement at once. The offensive was directed to the gaining of improved positions for defence and offence at a greater cost to the enemy than to the Allies. The forward movement at Perthes meant in the first place that it was expected that the Germans would suffer heavier losses than the French; in the second place that if an advance of three or four miles could be effected the Germans would lose a railway which was of the highest service to them; and in the third place, the threat of a dangerously successful offensive in this quarter might be counted upon to compel the enemy to bring up reinforcements, either troops drawn away from other parts of the line on the west, or troops intended for the eastern front.

The first and third of these objects were achieved, but not the second. The French, though they progressed, did not push up to the railway; but heavy reinforcements were brought up to the German front, which were used on the German method of disregarding life in hurling forward masses of men for the carrying of a particular point. Hence it was certain that the casualties among the Germans were heavier than among the French. And to supply those reinforcements the forces in the north were weakened.

The Battle of Neuve Chapelle

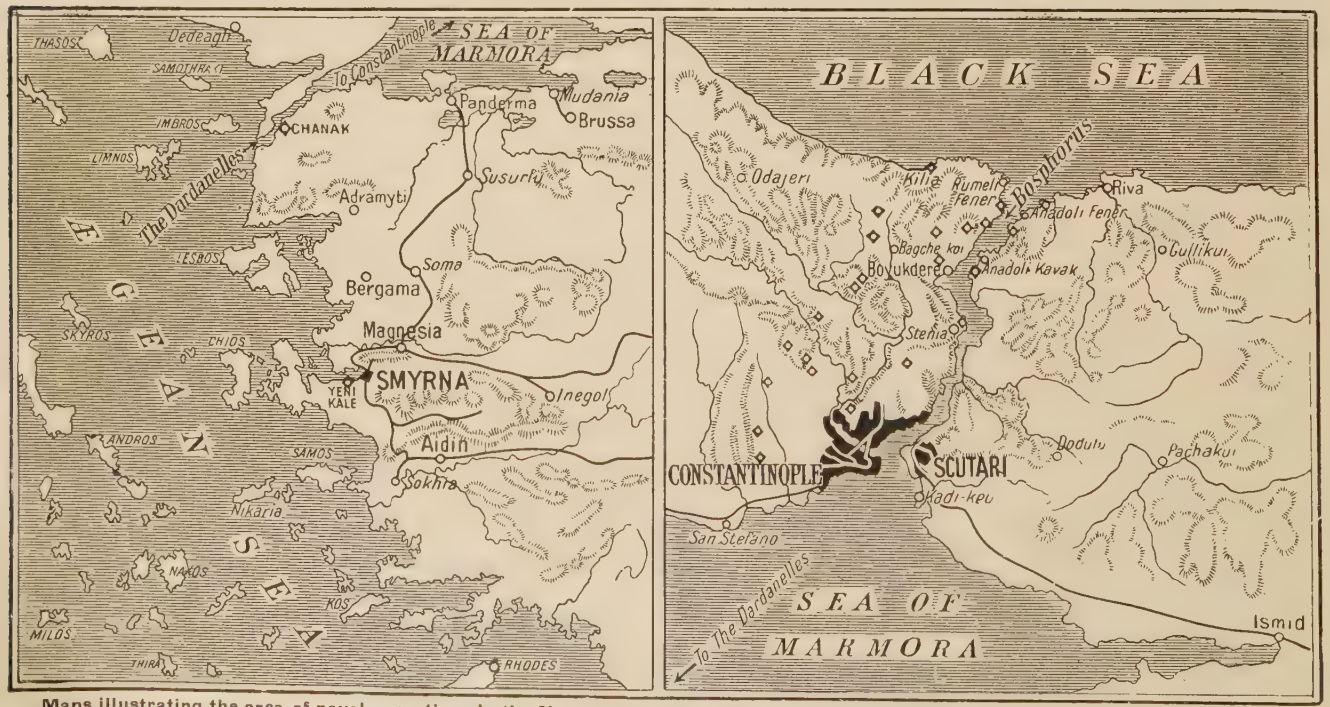
This gave the British a long-desired opportunity for an offensive movement. West of La Bassée, which the Germans held, the French left linked up with the British right, while a little north of Ypres, held by the British, the British left linked up with the Franco-Belgian forces which held the line from that point up to the sea. The British attack was directed upon Neuve Chapelle, some five miles to the north of La Bassée. Neuve Chapelle had been the scene of some stubborn fighting at an earlier stage, but had remained in German hands. The effect of the fighting, which began in the early morning of Wednesday, March 10th, was that at the end of three days, what had been a concave line of nearly four miles passing behind Neuve Chapelle became a convex line passing in front of it, a mile or so further forward. It may be conjectured that, if the movement had achieved the maximum result which could possibly have been hoped for, the line would have been carried so far forward as to endanger gravely the whole German position from La Bassée to Lille. The ground actually gained materially strengthened the British position, but not so as to necessitate any further withdrawal of the German lines.

The Cost in Human Life

The engagement was exceptionally sanguinary, the casualty list exceptionally heavy, amounting to 13,000 on the British side. In spite of German denials, however, it was impossible to doubt that the British estimate, placing the German casualties at something over 17,000, was rather below than above the mark. Of the British losses, 2,500 of all ranks were killed; it was quite clear that fully twice that number of Germans were killed; the British missing numbered slightly less than the German prisoners taken; so that it was a perfectly safe inference that the German wounded were not less than twenty-five per cent. more than the British wounded, a calculation which precisely accords with Sir John French's estimate.

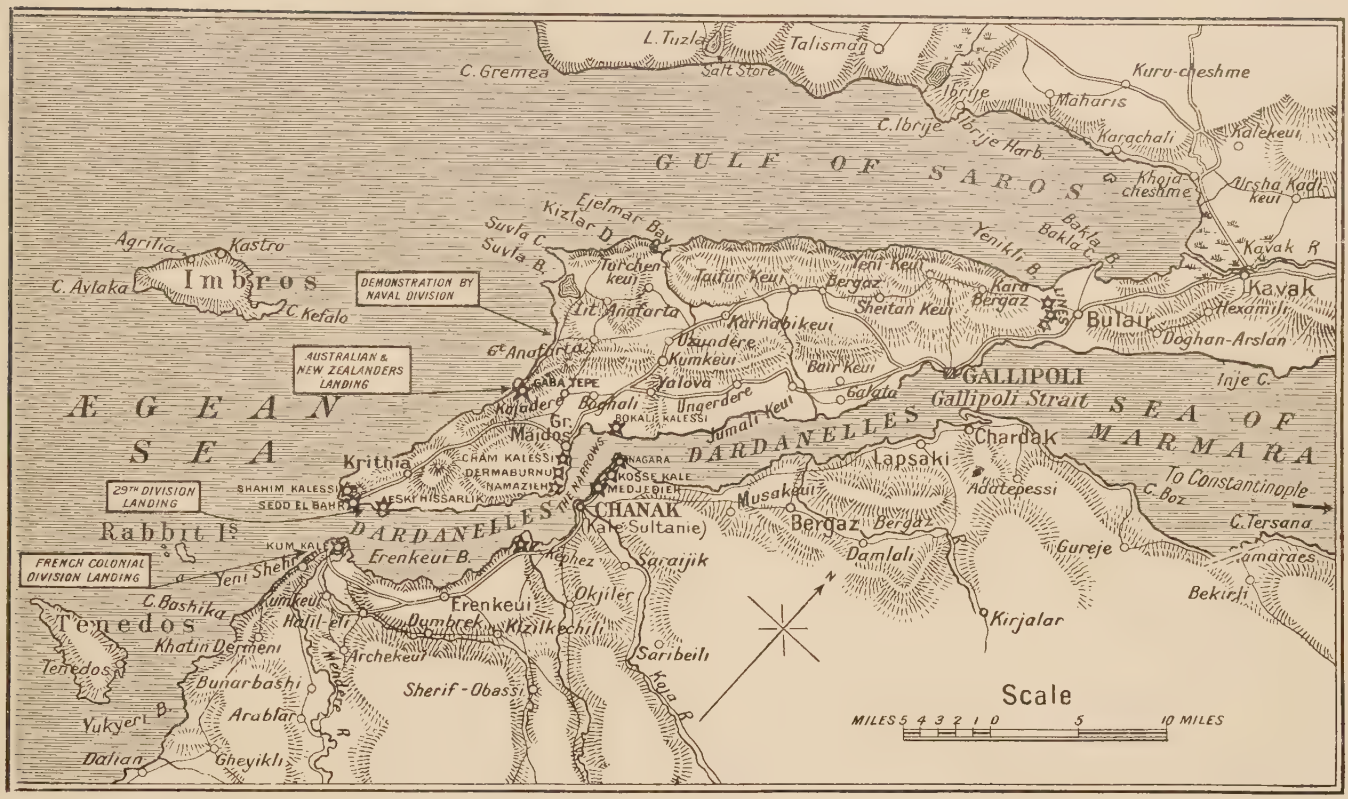
The Germans, however, acknowledged the loss of only 6,000. As there were 1,800 prisoners, this would give little more than 4,000 killed and wounded together, a total considerably less than that of those known to have been killed. It is unnecessary to emphasise the inference which must be drawn as to the trustworthiness of German statements regarding their losses on other portions of the line. The natural tendency in all general statements is for each side to minimise its own losses and to exaggerate those of the enemy, which cannot be ascertained with accuracy. But here we have a clear case in which the British casualties were ascertained to a man and published as soon as the figures were available. At the same time the British report gave as a moderate estimate of the German losses what was demonstrably not higher than the minimum possible, a minimum which the German report divided by three. It may be remarked in this connection that the proportion of killed to wounded among the British at Neuve Chapelle, which was about two to seven, was unusually high. Generally speaking, in a casualty list the killed may be taken as from one-sixth to one-fifth of the total.

The Battle of Neuve Chapelle was the first active



Maps illustrating the area of naval operations in the Near East. The extreme difficulties of the Allied Fleets may be gauged by the narrowness of the Dardanelles Straits. The bombardment of Smyrna was carried on in conjunction with the forcing of the Straits. Fort Yenikale was severely damaged on March 5th. and several subsidiary batteries silenced. The relative position of Constantinople will be seen from the second map. The Russian Fleet was active in the Bosphorus, but as it had not the superior gun-power of the British Squadron, the Russian ships could not be expected to progress so rapidly.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1915



Explanatory map of the opening operations in the fight for the Dardanelles.

offensive undertaken by the British troops on a substantial scale since the establishment of the line between Ypres and La Bassée. The long, wearing business of holding trenches in the rain and mud was proved to have done nothing whatever in the way of damping the dash and vigour of the men. Their self-confidence, too, was strengthened by the demonstration that man for man the enemy, though obstinately brave, could not stand against them; and that the new British troops in morale and discipline in no wise fell short of the highest traditions of the service. Much satisfaction, too, was caused by the admirable conduct of the Indians, who had, naturally, found more difficulty than the Europeans in adapting themselves to the conditions of winter warfare in the trenches. Incidentally, the British public began to wake up to the fact that Indian troops are not all Sikhs and Gurkhas, an impression which had probably been derived from the prominence of those admirable soldiers in the occasional warfare upon the Indian frontier.

The Lessons of Neuve Chapelle

Neuve Chapelle also, both because it was a brilliant success, and because it might have been a still more telling blow had the lessons which were taught by it been known beforehand, revealed a new feature in the warfare of to-day—the enormous importance of high explosives in the attack. Hitherto it had appeared—as the problem presents itself to the lay mind—that shrapnel was the type of ammunition primarily in demand. But shrapnel, however murderous, does not annihilate concrete entrenchments and barbed-wire entanglements. The high explosives are needed to enable the attacking force to get to close quarters with the enemy. If the British and German troops got to close quarters on anything like even terms and in even numbers, the results were tolerably certain to be satisfactory from the British point of view; but without an enormous expenditure of high explosives, the process of getting to close quarters was enormously costly in lives.

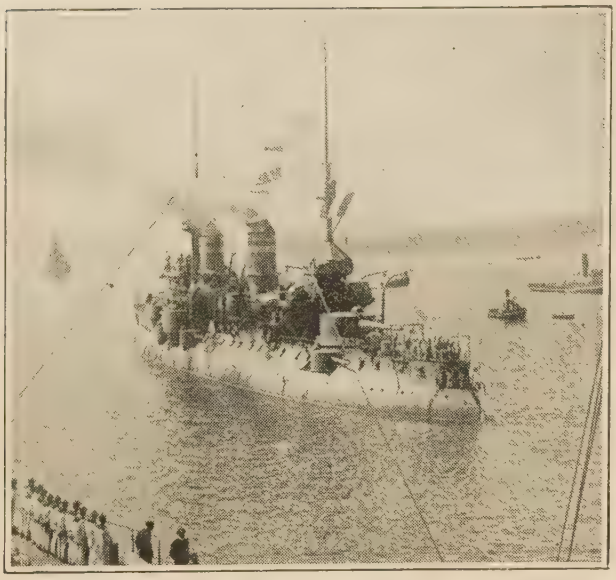
These conditions had not revealed themselves in the first stages of the struggle while the German line was swinging the allied line back upon Paris, or when the allied line was swinging the German line back upon the Franco-Belgian frontier. Nor was it revealed in the second stage when the two opposing lines were locked, and when it was the Germans who were taking the offensive. But it did manifest itself when the British took the offensive, opened the way for attack with a storm of high explosives, drove the enemy before them at close quarters, and were then checked, though not prevented, from making good the ground they had won by the shortage of this particular form of ammunition, the need of which in such unprecedented quantities had only been revealed by the event. Historically minded persons who have studied Sir J. K. Laughton's authoritative account of the Spanish Armada will perceive how on that famous occasion, also, there was a shortage of ammunition, due, not to any want of reasonable foresight, but to the total annihilation of all precedents in the method of fighting.

The attack upon Neuve Chapelle took the Germans by surprise. Reinforcements were hurried up, and desperate efforts were made during the next few days to recover the ground which had been lost, though without success.

The French action at Perthes and the sudden attack on the part of the British were an unpleasant warning to the enemy that they could no longer expect to have the offensive to themselves in the west or afford to diminish their strength on that side.

The Actual Gain in Terrain

In England the first news had been presented to the public in a manner which raised exaggerated anticipations. The extent of the losses, though soon rumoured, was not immediately known, and it was only gradually understood that the effective gain of ground might be described as an advance of one mile on a front of four miles out of the thirty odd miles held by the British in a line of ten times the length. At first there had been a tendency to imagine that the great offensive was fairly under way, and that in a few days the news might come that the German line was pierced. When the facts became known, pride in the amazing valour of the British troops was enhanced, but in other respects there was something



The "entente" in the Dardanelles. The French battleship Bouvet, which, with two other ships of the Republic, assisted in the joint attack on the Dardanelles forts.

of a reaction. A long time was still to pass before the public would realise either the moral or the material value attaching to an effort so costly for a gain so small when measured in acres, and longer still before it was likely to understand how many similar efforts would be needed before any decision could be achieved.

The End of the Dresden

While Neuve Chapelle was still the subject that most absorbed public attention, there came another piece of news from the sea. Only three German cruisers were still at large—the Dresden, which had succeeded in making its escape from the Battle off the Falklands, and two others. The Dresden was caught by a British squadron off the coast of Chili, and surrendered after a very brief engagement, in the course of which she was set on fire. Her crew were rescued, but the Dresden herself blew up. Shortly afterwards both the other vessels—the Prinz Eitel Friedrich and the Kronprinz Wilhelm—were successively driven to take refuge in American ports, where they were ultimately interned.

The British advance and the failure of the Germans to recover ground, both in the immediate neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle and at St. Eloi, on the south of Ypres, where they had attempted a counterstroke, afforded a demonstration that the balance of strength was turning in favour of the Allies, but not much more. In the east, however, the highest hopes were excited by Russian successes. Throughout the eastern area the perpetual swings of the pendulum afford a marked contrast to the small vibrations on the west. It was duly announced, after Hindenburg found it necessary to fall back and to recall the forces which had penetrated across the Niemen, that the purpose of the great onslaught, in which perhaps half a million men had been brought into action, had been duly accomplished, and that the field-marshal's strategical aims only required the withdrawal of the said forces in order that they might be completely achieved.

It is not altogether credible that the great rush had been actuated by a strategical motive of no greater importance than the mere desire to eject the invader from the soil of East Prussia. Yet the psychology of the German nation is peculiar; it is conceivable that the sentiment concerning German soil may have a moral weight greater than the corresponding sentiment in France and Belgium. The German grip on Belgium has done nothing whatever to diminish the tenacity of the Belgian determination to maintain the struggle to the end. Conceivably, the tenacity hitherto shown by the Germans could only be relied upon so long as they were convinced that they were winning, and this conviction would remain unshaken until the invader had manifestly a tight grip on German territory. While the German saw that his armies along one entire front were holding Belgian or French territory, except in a small fragment of Alsace, which was only German in the sense that it was annexed in 1871, while on the other front he saw German armies in Polish territory, and while on neither front were there any hostile troops on German territory, the German remained satisfied that he was winning—as was natural. The presence of Russians in Galicia did not trouble him, since Galicia was in the Austrian, not in the German, Empire. But if the Russian thrust his way into East Prussia, the preservation of the conviction of victory demanded his immediate expulsion at all costs.

Hence the Russian command appeared to attach a considerable value, not to the conquest of East Prussia, but to incursions in that region; not so much with a view to shaking German confidence immediately, as from the certainty that German troops would be drawn into East Prussia, away from other theatres of conflict, in sufficient force to ensure the retirement of the invader.

Object of the Russian Offensive in the North

Galicia was the region where the Russians hoped to accomplish the successful stroke. Therefore, though Hindenburg's last blow had been parried, it was still necessary to keep German forces engaged in the north without absorbing Russian forces which were wanted elsewhere. Therefore another East Prussian incursion was organised, and a small force raided up to the port of Memel at its north-eastern corner. Memel was duly entered and occupied on March 18th, and was shortly afterwards again evacuated. No very obvious purpose was served beyond a temporary perturbation in certain German quarters and the despatch to East Prussia of troops which might otherwise have found employment

H.M.S. Goliath, torpedoed on the night of May 12th, 1915, just inside the Dardanelles Straits, while protecting the French flank. She sank with the loss of five hundred men. The Goliath was an old British 13,000 ton battleship, laid down in 1897 and completed in 1900.

This impressive photograph shows the ill-fated Irresistible, after having been shattered by the explosion of a floating mine in the Dardanelles during an attack on the Narrows' forts on March 18th, 1915. Mines let loose in the Sea of Marmora were carried down by the strong current to the allied ships.

After the knock-out blow, the leviathan, listing heavily, drifted towards the beach, the helpless target of Turkish 6in. shells. The crew were transferred to the Ocean, and the Irresistible foundered in deep water. Subsequently the Ocean struck a mine and sank; but nearly all the crews of both ships were saved.

in the direction of Przemysl. It was of immediate importance to the Russians that the relief of Przemysl should not be effected, and it was not effected. On March 22nd the great fortress fell.

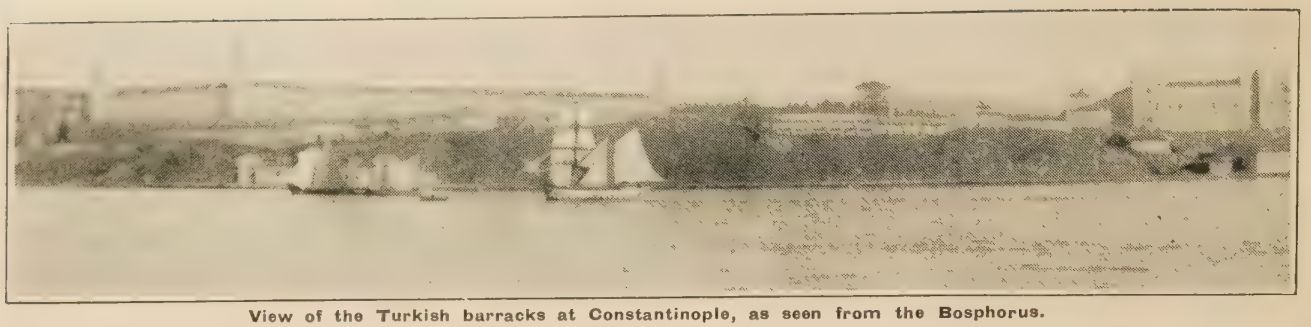
Now, Przemysl was of very great importance. It was held by an Austrian army of unknown numbers, and so long as it held out, a forward movement of the Russians either upon Cracow or over the Carpathians would not be practicable. The impression that its fall would be immediately followed by an irresistible advance was an exaggeration of the kind which still seemed to mislead intelligent critics; but the vital fact was that there could be no such advance until Przemysl fell. As it turned out, there were in it 120,000 Austrian and Hungarian troops, who became prisoners of war—an appreciable reduction in the fighting forces of the enemy. Its investment had tied up a corresponding mass of Russian troops, whose release formed an appreciable addition to the Russian fighting forces.

Probably three-fourths of the guns were destroyed before the surrender, yet seven hundred fell into the hands of the victors. The point to be emphasised in relation to subsequent events is that this was not an evacuation, a retirement from a position left in the enemy's hands, but the surrender of a whole army, with its stores, on the same sort of scale as the surrenders at Sedan and Metz in 1870—except that the armies of this great war were many times larger than those engaged in any previous war; so that, in a sense, the capture of Przemysl was the equivalent of the capture of a fortress with a garrison of 20,000 in the Franco-Prussian War.

At the same time, the Russian achievement set free the railway communications which were cut off while the fortress was in the hands of the enemy. But it did not provide the Russians themselves with a powerful fortress, for the simple reason that the fortifications had been for the most part battered to pieces in the course of the siege. The thing that really mattered was the fall of the fortress and capture of the garrison, not its subsequent retention.

The investment had lasted for four months, the place having received relief for the last time in the previous November. No Prussian or Austrian onslaught, whether north or south of the Vistula, whether on the Carpathian Passes or on the eastern flank, had beguiled the Russians into relaxing their grip upon the beleaguered town. The defence had been conducted with a stubborn resolution deserving very high praise, and a surrender was necessitated by sheer exhaustion. The credit, however, was due more to the obstinate endurance of the rank and file than to the command, for it was ascertained that the officers had by no means shared the privations of the soldiery, to say nothing of the civil population. So diverse are national traditions that British, French, and Russians, among whom it is a matter of course for officers to think more of their men than of themselves, were amazed to learn that the Austrian officers, as a matter of course, had continued to enjoy all the available luxuries while their men were famishing.

During the last days of March a variety of minor incidents were recorded. By the destruction of the German submarine U29 the enemy lost one of the most



View of the Turkish barracks at Constantinople, as seen from the Bosphorus.

skilful and efficient commanders engaged in the submarine warfare. Captain Weddigen had at an earlier stage distinguished himself by sinking successively four ships of the Royal Navy—the Hogue, the Cressy, the Aboukir, and the Hawke. Since the development of the new principle of destroying merchantmen, passenger ships, and fishing boats, Captain Weddigen had scored several successes; but, like the commander of the Emden, he had done his utmost to observe the principles of humanity and the rules of chivalry by fully safeguarding the lives of passengers and crews. He was an honourable foe, whose fate inspired a generous regret, as well as a certain feeling of relief. How the destruction of the U29 was wrought the Admiralty did not make known, and the fact was seized upon by the Germans as a proof that she must have been destroyed under circumstances and by methods contrary to that international law which they themselves observe with such anxious scrupulosity.

The Strange German Mentality

A similar righteous indignation was apparently aroused by the raid upon Memel, which the Russians had evacuated the day after the fall of Przemysl. In the course of the fighting the Russians had committed the unparalleled atrocity of destroying or allowing to be destroyed a certain amount of civilian property, civilians having taken part in the active resistance. It was accordingly proclaimed that stern reprisals were to be exacted. For each German village or farm destroyed by the Russians three Russian villages or farms were to be destroyed, and for damage done by fire in Memel itself public buildings were to be destroyed in the Russian towns occupied by the Germans. The theory, of course, was that destruction wrought by the Germans in Belgium or elsewhere had been only the painful outcome of military necessities, whereas it was incredible that destruction of German property by Russians could be the outcome of anything but the monstrous barbarity of the Slav.

A similar exposition of German scrupulosity was exhibited on the sinking of the Falaba, a British liner, carrying some two hundred and fifty persons, of whom little more than half survived. It was made perfectly clear by the independent evidence of several survivors that wholly insufficient time was given to allow of the launching of the ship's boats before she was blown up, that the German submarine watched the unfortunate passengers struggling in the water without attempting to save a single life, and that the officers and crew were seen to be laughing and jeering at their victims. From the German papers it would appear that, since the officers and crew were Germans, no attention need be paid to any evidence that they had behaved with brutality—a view which was not endorsed by neutral critics of the performance, or strictly warranted by previous experience. The difference between British and German methods at sea had recently been emphasised by Sir Edward Grey's observation that whereas more than a thousand officers and seamen of the German Navy had been rescued from the sea by the British, and were prisoners of war, not one officer or seaman of the British Navy had been similarly rescued by the Germans.

French Progress in Alsace

These, however, were all matters having no direct influence on the campaigns; the torpedoing of liners and the burning of public buildings in occupied towns do not fall within the category of military operations, though they provide an incentive to recruiting, like bomb-dropping on seaside resorts. More notable, as an example of the Allies' persistent pressure upon the German lines in the west, was the advance of the French, this time far away to the right, in that fragment of Alsace which they had succeeded in occupying. In the face of extraordinary difficulties the French drove the Germans out of a dominating ridge called the Hartmannsweiler Kopf, thrust over the crest, and pushed slightly down the slopes beyond. The whole of the ground gained was not permanently retained; trenches won were lost again and won again at intervals in a series of attacks and counter-attacks; but in effect from the end of March the kopf formed a part of the French, not of the German

British bluejackets hauling a big gun ashore. They carry out the strenuous operation with wonderful quickness.

line. Material gain had been made, though hardly measurable on a map, at greater cost to the enemy than to the Allies, and marking the general fact that the ascendency, the presumption of victory, which at first had been with the Germans, had now passed to the Allies.

In the air a notable raid was carried out against Hoboken, near Antwerp, where works were established for the construction of submarines. It is not often that anything but the very roughest idea can be obtained of the effect actually accomplished by air raids. There are explosions and conflagrations, but the extent of the damage done can only be guessed at. In this case, however, it was possible to declare that five submarines had been observed, and that two had been set on fire.

In the east, where progress in the Dardanelles was checked by gales, the Russian Black Sea Fleet introduced a fresh feature in the campaign by bombarding the entrance of the Bosphorus. As compared with the Dardanelles fleet, the Russians enjoyed the advantage that the current sets from the Black Sea into the Sea of Marmora, whereas it sets from the Sea of Marmora into the Ægean. Consequently, a fleet attacking from the Black Sea is in no danger from the floating mines, which in the Dardanelles come down with the current. On the other hand, the Black Sea Fleet, being completely isolated, could not make good any losses it might suffer; whereas fresh ships had immediately taken the places of the three belonging to the Allies which had been mined in the Dardanelles. Any serious losses might give a preponderance to the Turkish Fleet, so that no grave risks could be taken. Little, in fact, could be gained beyond the possible demoralisation which might be caused in Constantinople—a demoralisation which would certainly not affect the German masters of that city, though it might increase the difficulty of maintaining order.

No great importance then was to be attached to the bombardment of the Bosphorus forts. A very different matter was the commencement of the Russian operations directed to the invasion of Hungary across the Carpathians.

Russian Activity in Galicia

The fall of Przemysl released for the purposes of an advance the masses of troops which had been locked up by its investment. The invasion of Hungary would involve the containing of the Austrian army on the left flank of the Russian line in the Bukovina and the eastern corner of Galicia, for if the Russian left were forced the enemy would threaten the whole railway line feeding the Russian line from Stanislav to Przemysl, and might still further threaten the rear of that line and the communications of Przemysl and Lwow. On the other hand, if the Russians succeeded in penetrating the series of the Carpathian Passes and reaching the Hungarian plain, there would be an immediate prospect both of a movement upon Budapest and of isolating the Austrian force in the Bukovina, offering a strong inducement to Rumania to seize the opportunity for joining the Allies and helping to wipe out the isolated force.

The Forward Movement Against Hungary

The Russian line, as was previously pointed out, lay almost due north and south between a point some thirty miles to the west of Warsaw and a point between Cracow and Przemysl. North of this it curved away north-eastwards along the Narew and Niemen line; south it curved away south-eastwards and eastwards to Stanislav. At one point, the Dukla Pass, south-west of Przemysl, it touched the crest of the Carpathians, curving back thence to Stanislav along the northern slope of the Carpathians, to the foothills, and finally to the Galician Plain. For the invasion of Hungary the Dukla Pass would presumably be the main striking point, but it would be necessary also to control the next passes eastwards, at least, the Lupkow and the Uzsok, both being fed by railways, and both at the close of March actually held by the Austrians.

The forward movement began immediately after the fall of Przemysl, and was directed to securing the Lupkow Pass and the descent into Hungary by the Dukla, leaving the Uzsok alone for the time being, presumably on the hypothesis that a descent through the Lupkow would compel the enemy to evacuate the Uzsok lest they should be cut off there. The direct attack upon the Uzsok also presented grave difficulties. The details of the advance remained obscure. As the days passed it was clear that the Russians were crushing their way forward; that they mastered the Lupkow and the Rostoki Pass between the Lupkow and the Uzsok. There were immense captures of prisoners, reported by the Russians in the second week of April as amounting to 70,000 men, besides many guns; but this announcement was promptly followed by the report that the Germans were coming to the rescue of the Austrians. At the same time there came hints of a check to the Russian advance at the Rostoki, and then of the movement towards the Uzsok having been held up, together with ominous references to fighting near Stry. Now Stry is between Stanislav and Przemysl. It appeared extremely improbable that Austrians and Russians should be fighting each other at Stry if the Russians were still in possession of Stanislav. Evidently all was not going well. Were the Austrians carrying out a successful offensive on the Russian left flank? Were they after all not being contained?

When the middle of April was reached the meaning of the situation was becoming a little clearer. It

Impressive scene on a highway of Northern France. A troop of French colonial soldiers—known as the Goumiers—from Algeria, mounted on their beautiful Arab steeds, are riding off to the firing-line. On the left of the picture an old French peasant salutes admiringly these fearless warriors from the hot plains of Northern Africa.

French warriors of the skies taking aboard their load of bombs before setting out to harass "Les Boches." The machine-gun is also being trimmed, in preparation for a possible duel.

appeared that the Russians were fighting obstinately, and on the whole gaining ground along their line of advance between the Dukla and the Uzsok, while the Austrians were developing a vigorous offensive in Eastern Galicia. Unless the latter movement were held up, the Russian armies advancing through the Carpathians would have to fall back. On the other hand, if the Austrians were securely held, the Russian advance through the Carpathians would threaten their communications, just as their own success would threaten the Russian communications. The position, therefore, was full of anxiety.

The Russian command had hitherto completely justified confidence in its capacity for so dealing with any situation as to avoid a crushing disaster and to maintain the line unbroken; but, owing to the insufficiency of the railway system, Russian advances followed by Russian retreats were a familiar feature of the whole war on the eastern front, though they might equally well be described as German advances followed by German retreats. Long before the end of April it appeared more than probable that the old story was on the point of repetition—that the anticipations of a sweeping advance in Hungary were premature. If the Germans, held in check all along the Polish front, were concentrating on a desperate effort against Galicia, it was more than probable that the Russians would be rolled back to the line from which they had started, or perhaps behind it. Everything would seem to depend upon the will and the power of the Germans to turn the scale in favour of their allies.

Captive balloon of the Parseval-Siegsfeld type. Its curious tubular construction secures stability in the wind.

The whole character of the struggle in the east differed essentially from that of the struggle in the west. In the east there was a great debatable ground between the Russian defensive line of the Niemen and the Narew, passing south only a few miles west of Warsaw, and the German defensive line upon or within the Prussian frontier. Over that debatable ground the battle swung, now backward and now forward, though for a long time the position remained stationary from the front of Warsaw to the front of Cracow, where the enemy territory was no longer Prussian but Austrian. Similarly, where the Russian line swept eastwards through Galicia, the ground in front of it was debatable. After, but not before, the fall of Przemysl a great advance along this whole southern line was possible, but with a prospect, which was actually fulfilled, of a great check and a great retreat due to pressure on the flanks. In the west, on the contrary, there was no debatable ground. The trenches

Another war trophy for the courtyard of Napoleon's sepulchre. A German Taube attracts considerable public interest at the Invalides, Paris.

of the Allies ran continuously from the sea to Alsace, with the German trenches facing them at a distance of a few scores of yards. A battle and a victory hardly ever meant anything more than the carrying of some of the enemy's trenches, forcing them back to other trenches immediately in the rear. Furious actions such as that at Neuve Chapelle meant only a gain or loss of a few hundred yards of ground along a short front; Neuve Chapelle itself meant only an advance of one mile on a front of four miles, though the losses there on both sides were hardly less than the losses at the great Battle of Gravelotte, the most sanguinary engagement, and one of the most decisive, in the war of 1870. Only in one of two ways, or in a combination of them, could this character of the western war be changed, and a great advance or a great retreat be brought about: through the snapping of the enemy's line by an overwhelming force, strong enough to follow it up by an enveloping movement rolling up the enemy from the flank, or cutting off the communications in their rear; or else by the sheer exhaustion of the enemy, reducing them as in a siege to such a condition from lack of men, food, or munitions that they could resist no longer. Neither the Allies nor the Germans were, at this period, able to bring into the field the additional masses of men and munitions necessary to the first process. Neither the Allies nor the Germans showed any sign that the second process was near accomplishment, though in

By permission of George Pulman & Sons, Ltd *Photo by G. Russell & Sons*

ADMIRAL LORD FISHER OF KILVERSTONE.

To face page 744

ill-informed quarters both in England and in Germany grotesquely optimistic views were prevalent as to the enemy's incapacity for maintaining the struggle. On the other hand, there was the palpable fact that while newspapers announced British or French successes in attractive headlines, these appeared to be merely the preliminaries to the publication of a huge casualty list, without tangible appearance of an equivalent gain.

Patience is the most difficult of all virtues to practise in war time. Perhaps the best aid to its cultivation is to be found in the study of past wars. Wellington fought Napoleon's generals for five years in the Peninsula before he dealt the decisive blow at Vittoria. Year after year was marked by some "decisive" victory, in which a series of the most brilliant generals were routed; yet every victory, however apparently decisive, was followed by the retirement of the British behind the Portuguese frontier. So long as men and munitions are tolerably matched and treasuries are unexhausted, when nations are locked in a life-and-death struggle, a decision is not to be reached, however confident either side may be that the other side will be first exhausted. The war, so far, had proved to demonstration the futility of the economists' hypothesis that in a modern war exhaustion must supervene within a very few months.

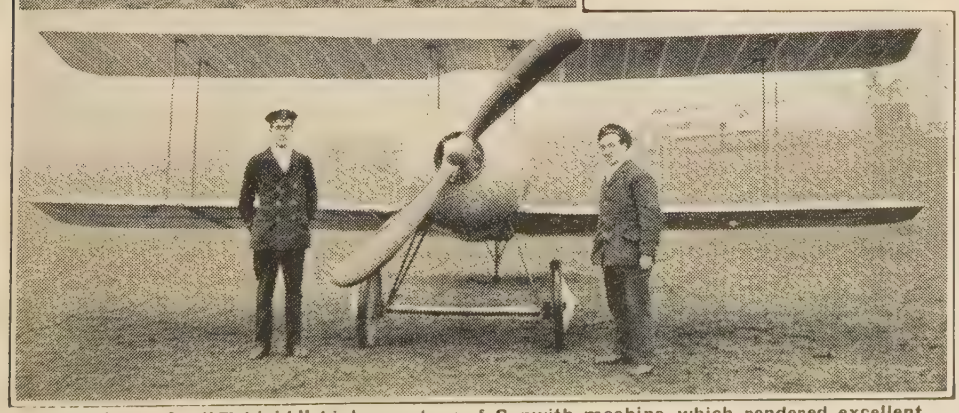
Novel method of "snapping" the enemy in his trenches. French soldiers about to photograph the German position from above with a camera attached to a kite. At the requisite height the camera is worked by a wire.

The Battle of Neuve Chapelle was not followed by the immediate advance which the over-sanguine had anticipated. After a series of fierce but unavailing counter-attacks had been repelled, the British front again became comparatively quiet for a time. The process of attrition, however, was continuing perhaps rather more actively on the French left and left-centre. The capture of Hartmannsweiler Kopf on the extreme left was a striking and effective piece of work. Like Neuve Chapelle, it roused the Germans to fresh efforts for recovery of the lost ground. More than once, if the German reports were to be credited, the French were driven out; but such announcements were always followed by indications that the French were still in effective possession. It was not till nearly the end of the month that there was a correspondence between the German claim to victory and the French admission of defeat; but even this was followed forthwith by a reversal of the position and the definite recovery of the crest by the French.

Thrust and Counter-thrust on the French Front

Of similar interest and importance was the conflict on the left centre. The pressure of the French at Perthes had caused the transfer of troops from the north which facilitated the British attack upon Neuve Chapelle. The line ran eastward from Rheims by Perthes to Verdun, where it turned to the southward. Where it turned, a German salient had at an early stage been thrust forward with its apex at St. Mihiel. That is to say, there was a German loop passing from the Argonne Forest very nearly due west of Verdun, curving in a semicircle round the north and east of it, then sloping forward again till it reached St. Mihiel, nearly due south, and then bending sharply back to near Pont à Mousson. The German grip on St. Mihiel was a standing threat for the complete encirclement of Verdun and the straightening out of the German line on its west and south. On the other hand, a salient is always a danger-point, because it may be attacked on two sides. If the Germans were driven from St. Mihiel they would be forced back to their own frontier almost under the walls of the great fortress of Metz.

Fighting in the Forest of Argonne was a continued series of alternating thrusts on either side, in which there was no apparent advantage to either. The St. Mihiel salient was the area frequently referred to in reports as the district "between the Meuse and the Moselle"; the Meuse flows through St. Mihiel to Verdun and the Moselle through Pont à Mousson to Metz. Here in the early days of April definite progress was made by the French on two sides of the triangle of which



Two views of a "Tabloid" biplane, a type of Sopwith machine, which rendered excellent service in the war. The "Tabloid's" supreme value lies in its speed and climbing power. It can travel over a hundred miles an hour.

Fully equipped against the poison-gas "frightfulness." One of the first photographs received from the fighting-line, showing how British "Tommies" looked while wearing their respirators.

St. Mihiel is the south-western apex. The points of attack were Les Eparges on the north and Regnieville towards Pont à Mousson on the east. Both the positions were mastered. The struggle at Les Eparges had been fierce and prolonged, costly to the French, but still more costly to the enemy. The position was a commanding one on high ground, overlooking the plain of the Moselle, and desperate efforts were made to recover the lost ground by the enemy, who made no less than fifteen attacks, all of which were repulsed.

A Military Policy Dictated by Sentiment

The retention of St. Mihiel by the enemy appeared to be with him a point of honour or sentiment rather than of strategy, since the prospect of linking up the line west of Verdun from St. Mihiel to the Argonne, the object with which the salient was originally thrust forward, had long ceased to be practicable. To drive him out of St. Mihiel was also, perhaps, to the French an object rather of sentiment than of strategy; but the expulsion would shorten up the French line, which would be a gain; while there was a very definite object in inducing him to fight, and to fight hard, for its retention if the cost of the defensive in lives was greater than the cost of the attack. And the Allies were well satisfied that this was the case. For, apart from other reasons, the ground for attack was systematically cleared by an expenditure of ammunition much greater than that of the enemy, and directed with far more precision owing to the superiority of the French aircraft—and the direction of artillery by aircraft is an essential feature of a war in which concealed batteries are engaged in shelling positions invisible to the gunners. The French did not force the Germans to evacuate St. Mihiel; they did not reach a position from which they could actually cut the railway-line which supplied St. Mihiel; but they were in a better position to threaten that line, and they inflicted very heavy casualties on the Germans, and compelled them, as the only means of retaining their position, to bring up a disproportionate quantity of reinforcements.

The lull in the north was not long maintained. The left of the French line extended from Arras north to the point in the immediate neighbourhood of La Bassée, where it linked up with the British line. Exactly in the middle of this sector the French gained ground at Notre Dame de Lorette. Almost simultaneously the British gained ground immediately south of Ypres, close to the often disputed position of St. Eloi. The British line, linking up with the Franco-Belgian line on its left due north of Ypres, curved forward to the east between Ypres and the enemy, and so backward again to St. Eloi due south. In a sharp and costly engagement this lower curve was carried forward by the capture of the elevation known as Hill 60. The importance of the gain was emphasised by the fury of the counter-attack, which was only beaten off by very hard fighting, the report of which was accompanied by the official intimation that the enemy had made use of asphyxiating gases.

Some official German announcements had falsely charged the Allies with using such gases, and with setting at nought the Hague Convention, adopted by all parties concerned. The accusation was doubtless made by the Germans by way of providing a warrant to satisfy uneasy consciences among their own people; and neutral sentiment for their own intended use of this forbidden engine of war.

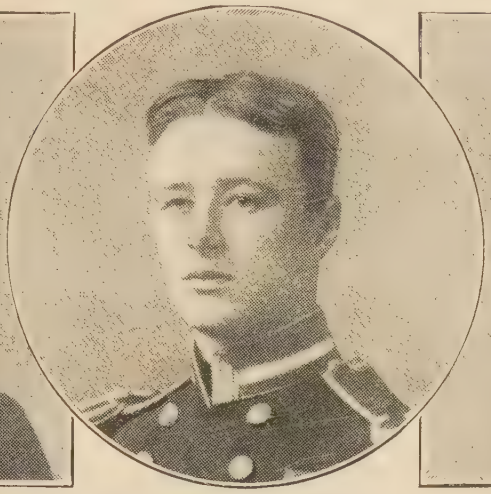
The Campaign of Poison Gas

How they intended to use it was soon afterwards made clear. All along the line, in the Vosges, in the St. Mihiel neighbourhood, in Champagne, between Arras and La Bassée, at Neuve Chapelle, at Ypres, and farther north on the Yser, it had become evident that in straightforward fighting the ascendency was with the Allies. No great advance had indeed been made, but everywhere the Allies had gained some ground, while the Germans had never done more than recover fragments of what had been torn from them. Something had to be done, and it was done. But the manner of the doing of it only convinced the Allies the more of the reality of their ascendency. The Germans gained ground, but only by the adoption of methods from which they and the Allies alike had pledged themselves to abstain.

Temporary foil to the Huns' poisonous gases. The bottom of the three layers of cotton gauze, of which the respirator is made, was left open so that the wool pad could easily be taken out and a fresh one put in.

Hill 60 was taken upon April 17th. Throughout the four following days desperate but always unsuccessful efforts to recover it were made continuously. Foiled at Hill 60, the Germans on April 22nd delivered their successful blow farther to the north, where French and Belgian troops linked up with the Canadians near St. Julien on the British left. The attack was made with clouds of asphyxiating gas, which rendered the trenches of the Allies absolutely untenable. Against the poison fumes there was no defence. Men could only stay to be smothered in the trenches, or,

Commander Arthur Brooke Webb, R.N.R.



Commander Eric G. Robinson.

Lieutenant Claude Godwin.

The officers in command of the two picket boats from H.M.S. Triumph and Majestic that undertook the dangerous work of destroying E15, which had grounded and was in danger of falling into the Turks' hands. Under heavy gun fire these officers and their crews daringly set out during the night of April 18th and rendered the E15 useless.

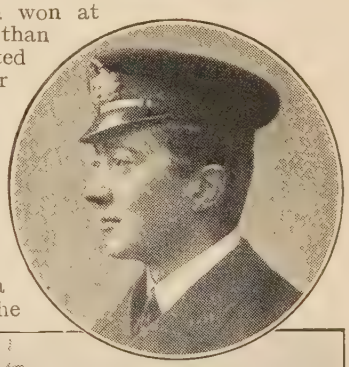
already half poisoned, flee for their lives to the rear. There was no enemy to fight, no hope of living through the death-fog which rolled westward in pursuit before the north-easterly breeze, slowly dissipating itself, but effectively preventing any return. When the trenches themselves had ceased to be a death-trap the death-trap still lay between them and the men who had evacuated them; and they were occupied without resistance by the Germans, who still pushed forward past Bixschoote, crossed the Yser Canal at Steenstraate, and seized Lizerne on its western side, making an advance of four miles at this point, the whole forward movement extending along a front of five miles.

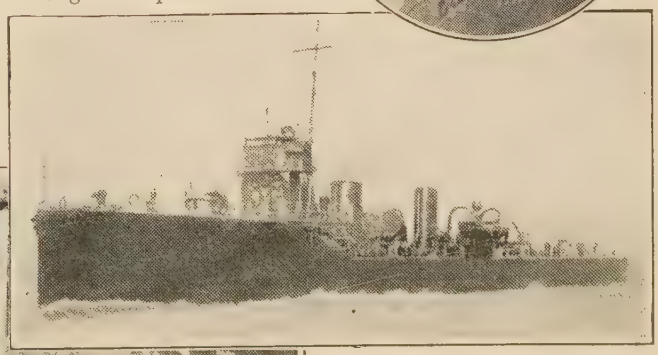
How the Canadians Saved the Situation

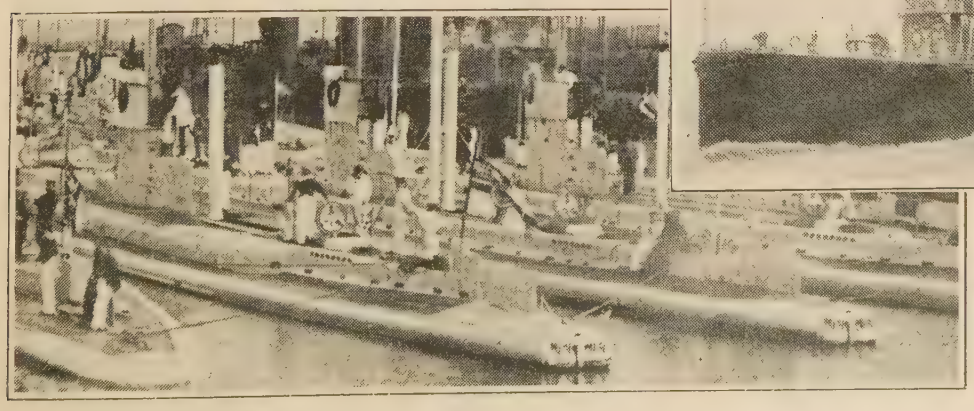
The attack was not delivered directly against the British, but against the Franco-Belgian troops on their left, whose retreat, however, uncovered the Canadians on the British flank, making a great gap in the allied line. There was only one thing for the Canadians to do—to swing back till they recovered touch with the Allies, otherwise the Germans would have penetrated the gap and taken them in the rear. The Canadians effected the retirement, displaying in the process a magnificent courage and skill which saved the situation and restored the continuity of the broken allied line. In falling back they were necessarily compelled to abandon four great guns, the capture of which was loudly trumpeted in the German reports of their victory. Those reports, however, neglected to mention that the Canadians, having recovered touch with the French, again dashed forward and succeeded in also recovering the abandoned guns. In the course of the next three days St. Julien was abandoned; though, on the other hand, the Germans were driven out of Lizerne and thrust back again across the canal, though not to any great distance.

This general effect, however, was produced. The Franco-Belgian line, before the German attack, passed well in front of the canal, curving forwards so as to form a shallow arc round Ypres—a salient but not an acute one. The Germans had bent back the northern half of the arc, so that the cord joining its extremities was shorter and lay farther to the west, so that the salient had become very much more acute, a sharper projection, almost a wedge, with its northern limb much nearer to Ypres itself than before.

Measured by the ground, the German success at this point was greater than the gain of the Allies at any one point of the line for many months past, though not greater than their gains in the aggregate. Also it had the effect of making the Ypres salient somewhat more difficult to hold. At the same time it appeared to have been won at greater cost to the attack than to the defence; it tempted the enemy also to further violent efforts directed against Hill 60 and the reconstructed British front, which efforts were successfully repelled. Naturally, the victory was acclaimed as the most important gain on either side for a long time past. But the







The German submarine U12, sunk by H.M.S. Ariel, on March 10th, was one of the most formidable submarines in the German Navy. Our photograph shows the U12 in dock (third from right) with her sister craft. Insets: The Ariel, and Lieut.-Commander James V. Creagh, in command of the avenging destroyer.

A humorous note in a serious profession. The smallest member of the French aviation corps walking with two confreres, each six feet high.

German papers were notably reticent as to the character and effects of the new weapon. The use of asphyxiating gases was admitted; it was also justified as being a comparatively painless method of killing, and as avoiding mutilation. If it was a breach of the pledges at the Hague Convention, no complaint could justly be made by a foe who, according to German journalists and German professors, had habitually throughout her history, and especially in the present war, ignored every international rule—although the evidence of this lawlessness was non-existent.

It was, in fact, possible to make out a quite tenable case in the abstract for killing an enemy by asphyxiation. It is not easy to see why it should be permissible to blow your enemy to pieces, to break him up with bits of metal, to thrust him through with a bayonet, but not to smother him. The plea, however, fails when the particular weapon has been formally abjured by common consent. And the German argument also ignored the fact that smothering is one thing and poisoning is another. The aim of the Hague Convention in this particular field was to preclude so far as possible methods of slaughter which inflict superfluous pain. The gases used by the Germans were of a kind which inflicted horrible tortures upon those who were not immediately killed by them. The moral effect became overwhelming as soon as the physical effect was understood. Until this time British soldiers, at least, had been disposed to give the Germans benefit of the doubt, and to fight them as honourable foes. The sight of comrades who escaped alive from the gas fumes only to die after prolonged and hideous agonies inspired a sentiment of burning indignation and bitter enmity which hitherto had hardly been known. And it roused the feeling that now at last the time had come when it was no longer possible for one side to abstain from using the weapons which the other side did not hesitate to employ. It would not be enough to introduce merely defensive measures which would minimise the effect of the poison gases; the enemy must be paid back in their own coin. And that feeling was incidentally intensified by reports from South Africa, where the German commander admitted in plain terms that official orders had been given for the poisoning of wells, a practice absolutely prohibited in the warfare of any peoples pretending to be civilised.

The advance of the Germans on the north of Ypres gave rise to a rumour that Ypres itself might be abandoned. In fact, there was good reason for considering that, unless the line could be straightened up to something like its old position, it would be stronger if straightened up behind Ypres than if the salient were maintained. The tenacity of the British soon showed that such a straightening would not be forced upon them, as they would not be driven out of their positions—that if they withdrew it would only be because it had been judged that withdrawal would make the whole position stronger. But it was also certain that retirement would have a discouraging effect on the British troops, and would give heart to the enemy. Whatever doubts the general may have had—if he ever had any—he decided to hold on, whereas the Germans were again moved to desperate efforts to reach the long-coveted remnants of the once-flourishing city. Again additional troops were brought up from other parts of the line, again their attacks were beaten off, and again French and British pressed forward at the points where German troops had been withdrawn to reinforce the attack on Ypres.

The British attack was again made at the right of the line near La Bassée. A British forward movement from Neuve Chapelle would have had the same sort of effect on the German position at La Bassée as the German forward movement on the north had upon the allied position at Ypres. At this point, however, no effective progress was made, but immediately below, at the extreme end of the British line immediately west of La Bassée, from Festubert, an advance was made, definite but not great. More marked was the progress of the French attack upon Notre Dame de Lorette, about half-way between La Bassée and Arras. Notre Dame de Lorette, it may be remarked, was itself nothing

L'Entente Cordiale humour. A delightful snapshot of Tommy and Jean seeing the point of an Anglo-French joke.

A simple but impressive ceremony took place on the sands of Flanders when Prince Leopold, eldest son of King Albert of the Belgians, and heir to the throne, was enrolled as a private soldier in the 12th Regiment of the Line. The princely private is seen in the centre of our photograph.

but a ruined chapel marking a slight eminence of considerable tactical value in the neighbourhood of the group of villages over which there was to be much hard fighting—Ablain, Carency, Souchez, and Neuville St. Vaast. Trenches were won, lost, and won again, but there was a very definite gain of ground, at a place where every gain of ground threatened the security of the railway running along the rear of the German position and feeding the German line.

The Crime of the Lusitania

At the moment when this movement was commencing the Germans struck one of these blows which, while of no military value whatever, are presumably intended to inspire panic in an enemy in whom they never fail to arouse not the anticipated panic but a fresh access of anger and a stiffening of determination. The great Cunard liner, the Lusitania, with about two thousand civilians, including some hundreds of neutral passengers, on board, was torpedoed without warning and sent to the bottom with a loss of the lives of two-thirds of the passengers and crew. To dwell upon the enormity of the crime is superfluous. It was defended by the German authorities, first on the ground that the passengers were travelling at their own risk, having had warning of the fate prepared for the great liner. Secondly, it was claimed that the Lusitania was armed with guns, and, therefore, was legitimately to be treated as a ship of war. Thirdly, it was asserted that she was carrying munitions of war and was, therefore, a proper object of destruction. The answers to each of the three excuses are clear. Murder is not transmuted into justifiable homicide by a warning that it will be committed if chance offers. The Lusitania did not mount guns, and had she done so would not have been converted thereby into a ship of war. If she was carrying contraband of war, of which no proof was adduced, the seizure or destruction of such contraband was legitimate, but not the slaughter of passengers who had no knowledge of or concern with the ship's cargo. The sinking of the Lusitania was simply a fresh assertion of the principle that Germans (but not their enemies) have a right to ignore all recognised usages of war and all recognised principles of humanity if it suits their convenience to do so.

The sinking of the Lusitania was distinguished from other similar iniquities merely by its magnitude. The presence, known or possible, of neutrals on British ships, even the fact that ships were themselves neutrals, had on sundry previous occasions provided no protection. But on this occasion the victims were counted not by dozens or scores but by hundreds, and the operation had avowedly been deliberately planned. By it Germany had declared herself the enemy not only of the belligerents but of humanity. And specifically she had forced upon the Government of the United States the necessity of challenging the position which she had taken up. Of the moral effect upon America, and upon nearly all neutrals, there was no doubt at all. The sinking of the Lusitania frightened no one, but it brought appreciably nearer the prospect of a conversion of neutrals into belligerents on the side of the Allies. It intensified the tide of feeling already running high both in Italy and in America. It was the most conspicuous of Germany's numerous psychological blunders since her invasion of Belgium.

Long-distance Shelling of Dunkirk

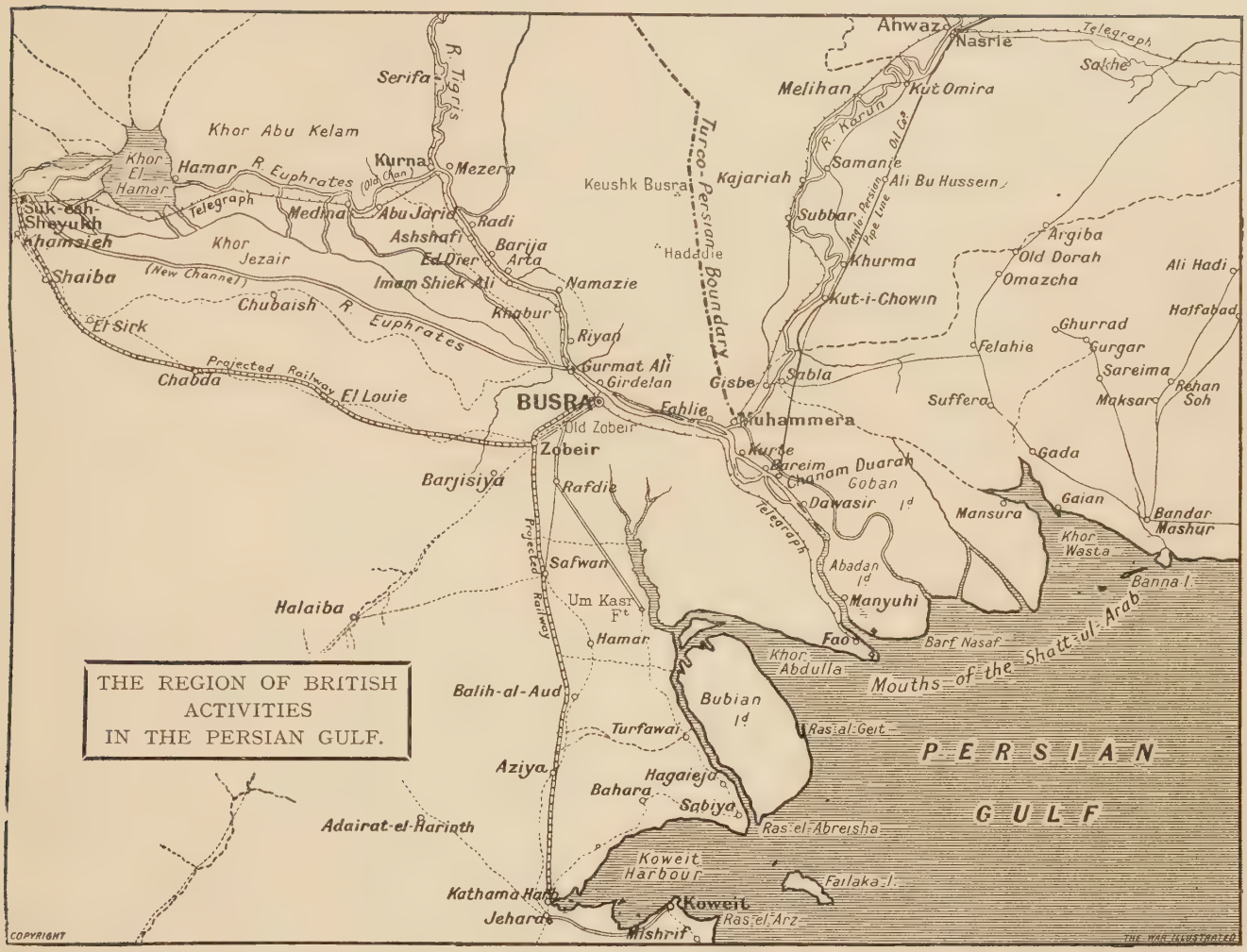
A brief temporary excitement was caused by the falling of shells in Dunkirk. For a moment it was supposed that some German ships had ventured out to sea, but this was a misapprehension. Only submarines ventured forth. The shells had come from one or two big guns behind the German lines fifteen miles away. Dunkirk was a sufficiently big target to be hit from that distance, but for hitting it effectively aircraft direction was needed, which was not forthcoming. After a day or two the experiment was not repeated, and it is at least probable that it cost the Germans one of their big guns, a loss much more serious than any which it had succeeded in inflicting.

Copyright

Map of Britain's Four War Areas in Africa.

The War Illustrated

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1915



This map shows the area of the fighting by the Indian Expeditionary Force that operated from the Persian Gulf and attacked the Turkish Empire on its eastern frontiers. The enemy's plan was to advance through Kurna, and to take possession of the Anglo-Persian pipe line, an important source of petroleum supply for the British Navy.

On the whole in the west the enemy had achieved one success more notable in respect of the amount of ground gained than any achieved by the Allies. That success had been won by the use of the poison gas which the Allies presently found means to counteract; it carried with it no promise of future advantage. The gains of the Allies on the other hand from Alsace up to Ypres had substantially strengthened their positions, and were significant of a general ascendency sufficiently satisfactory to those who neither demanded nor expected the immediate development of a great offensive. For it had become evident that that offensive could not be undertaken with full effect until more men, more guns, and more high explosives should be in the field.

On the eastern front, however, affairs since the middle of April had not been going well. At that time, along the whole Carpathian front the Russians were pressing stubbornly forward along the line of the passes from the Dukla to the Uzsok, while the Austrians had developed an offensive in Eastern Galicia. The question appeared to be which of the two offensives would take effect so as to compel the relaxation or retirement of the other. Both were progressing slowly during the latter part of April. No material importance attached to a German raid in the far north which resulted in the capture of the port of Libau, and no important events were taking place along the Polish front. But the great and serious check for the Russians came from a new offensive of the Central Powers not on the eastern but on the western flank of the southern line on the front running north and south through Tarnow between Cracow and Przemysl.

It may here be remarked that to anyone who is not careful to use maps when reading of the Russian operations much confusion of mind is caused by the ubiquity of the River Vistula. It appears in the south, because it flows from west to east through Cracow with a north-easterly bend for some seventy or eighty miles. Then it flows approximately north till it passes through Warsaw, and then it turns north-westwards, crossing the Prussian frontier at Thorn, whence it flows north to Dantzic and the Baltic Sea. Consequently, in the south it forms a sort of boundary between the Galician and South Polish territories, where it flows from west to east; while to the north it again forms a boundary between the northern and southern Polish areas, where it flows from east to west. This is the region generally meant when there is talk of "fighting on the Vistula." But now we have to do with the Upper Vistula in the southern region.

The River San, of which we hear much, passing through Przemysl, flows north-west into the Vistula at the point where the direction of the greater river definitely takes the northward course. More confusion, too, is caused by the name of two other streams, the Wisloka, which flows behind the Tarnow line northward into the Vistula above its junction with the San, and the Wislok, which flows between the Wisloka and Przemysl into the San above its junction with the Vistula.

Now when the Germans determined to take upon themselves the leading part in attacking the Russians who were pushing over the Carpathians, their plan was not the reinforcement either of the Austrian defensive in the passes or of the Austrian offensive in East Galicia,

which would have involved sending troops under difficult conditions to great distances, but an onslaught upon the western or right flank of the Russian southern line. The immediate but hardly the ultimate object of such an attack was to paralyse the Russian offensive in the Carpathians, and to postpone indefinitely the threatened Russian invasion of Hungary by compelling the whole Russian line to fall back lest it should be broken in two and enveloped. It may, however, be confidently claimed that the ultimate aim and expectation, like that of each of the previous onslaughts in turn, was the actual breaking of the Russian line and its envelopment.

In the east as in the west no decision could be reached by either side until the enemy's line could be broken or turned. On the assumption that time would give to the Allies a greater possibility of mobilising reserves and multiplying munitions than to the Germans, who had devoted their energies to developing the maximum striking power at the beginning of the war, it was evidently of the first importance that the Germans should break through the line before the reserves of the Allies could come into play. On the other hand, a corresponding stroke on the part of the Allies could not, presumably, be delivered with full effect until those reserves were ready to bring into play. The German onslaught delivered at the end of April on the Tarnow line was perhaps the most alarming effort that had been made since the stopping of the rush for Calais in October. Yet one rush after another on the eastern front had borne precisely the same character. Would the Russian troops, following the same rule of action as before, be able to preserve their line unbroken again by swaying back before the onslaught ?

Debris of a French aeroplane which fell while on a reconnaissance. The two occupants had a miraculous escape from death. Neither was seriously injured. One sustained some bruises, which necessitated a few days' rest.

The Great Russian Retreat

The Russian line was first thrust back between Tarnow and the Carpathian slopes. The Carpathian advance was stopped, and the line along the passes had to be drawn back. Then the whole line for some distance north as well as south of the Vistula began falling back lest it should be snapped. The retreat was fought stubbornly ; it was necessarily accompanied by heavy losses, and the capture by the Germans of large numbers of prisoners. Overwhelming victories were proclaimed by the Austro-German authorities ; and still the Austro-German army was pushed forward, pressing nearer and nearer to Przemysl.

It was clear that the Teutonic advance was largely due to the failure of the Russian supply of munitions. Information as to the actual situation from Russian sources was hardly to be had. Information from German sources almost implied that the Russian power of resistance was crushed. The advertisement of the German triumphs had the direct political object of preventing Italian intervention. Yet, as time passed, two definite facts began to emerge. Though the Russian retreat left the Teutons in possession of a great territory which had long been held by Russian troops, the Russian line was not broken. And Italy was no longer to be restrained by German successes. Not in the hour of defeat of the Central Powers, but at the very moment when they were most loudly proclaiming the certainty of their triumph, Italy declared perself on the side of right against might. Once again German psychology was at fault. And to these facts it is to be added that in Eastern Galicia towards the Bukovina the Austrian offensive had been held, and the Russians had, in fact, recovered a good deal of ground in advance of Stanislav.

Second Stage of the Dardanelles Offensive

At the moment when the Germans were beginning to develop their new offensive on the Tarnow line began the second stage of the allied offensive on the Dardanelles, " amphibious " operations by sea and land taking the place of the attempt to carry the Strait by naval operations alone. On April 25th French and British military forces were successfully landed on both shores of the Dardanelles.

The north-west side of the Dardanelles Strait, joining the Sea of Marmora and the Ægean Sea, the Hellespont of ancient history, is the shore of the Gallipoli Peninsula, the neck of which is the Isthmus of Bulair. The crucial section of the Strait is that which is called the Narrows, strongly fortified on both sides and completely commanded by the forts on the Gallipoli side. Until those forts are out of action a fleet cannot get through the Dardanelles, and merely courts destruction if it attempts to enter the Narrows. It was doubtful whether the forts could be put out of action by fleet operations alone ; and it had been definitely decided that the work was to be

Debris of Zeppelin L3, wrecked on Fanoe Island, off the coast of Denmark, on February 17th, 1915. The aluminium framework, the metal of which was worth £2,000, was melted down by the Danish authorities. A few hours afterwards Zeppelin L4 met a similar fate in the same locality.

Brief respite from war's grim reality for some of Serbia's brave fighters. Passes being issued to Serbian soldiers to enable them to leave Nish for their homes on a few days' leave.

done by landing a military force on the Gallipoli Peninsula with which the fleet was to co-operate. The Peninsula is in effect isolated by the fact that the Bulair Isthmus is commanded by guns from the sea.

The troops, British and French, being assembled, the first problem was to get them landed. This would have to be done at Morto Bay, at the extreme tip of the Peninsula, though there was also another possible landing-place on its northern side at Gaba Tepe, opposite the Narrows. Only a small force, however, could be disembarked here, a force which could remain in security under the ships' guns, but could not undertake the main attack.

A force landed at Morto Bay would find an exceedingly strong fortified position on the Achi Baba facing it, stretching straight across the Peninsula. If and when the Achi Baba should be carried, another and still stronger fortified position, the Pasha Dagh, would still stand between it and the shore fortresses commanding the Narrows. Thus there were three necessary stages for the mastery of the Dardanelles—the landing of a force at Morto Bay, the carrying of the Achi Baba, and the carrying of the Pasha Dagh position. When the third of these objects should be accomplished, the forts would have no chance; their doom would be sealed, and the fleet would be able to make its way into the Sea of Marmora. The forts on the southern side were little more than supports for the Gallipoli garrison. Opposite Morto Bay is the point of Kum Kale commanding the landing.

The Dardanelles Landing Attack

The attack was delivered by the French troops, who landed on the Asiatic store with the apparent intention of mastering that side of the Strait. Their real objective, however, was Kum Kale. By the securing of Kum Kale the landing at Morto Bay was made possible, though still difficult and dangerous. The capture of Kum Kale itself revealed the immense difficulty of destroying such forts, and also of judging how far they really have been destroyed. Kum Kale had been subjected a couple of months before to a terrific bombardment, which had silenced it by destroying the garrison. But it had not destroyed the guns themselves. Thus was the principle illustrated that the silencing of guns by bombardment is insufficient; they are not really put out of action permanently until troops as well as shells have gone through them. And in the same way the Narrows would not be permanently secured so long as there should be a possibility of hostile troops and guns reoccupying the Gallipoli Peninsula.

The huge Cunard liner Lusitania, torpedoed and sunk off the coast of Ireland on May 7th, 1915, was one of the fastest "greyhounds" of the Atlantic. She had a speed of 25 knots, was 790 feet long, 88 feet broad, and 80 feet deep.

Making Good a Dangerous Foothold

When the French secured Kum Kale they were able to cover the disembarkation at Morto Bay while other troops were landing at the northern position of Gaba Tepe. The business was immensely difficult, since wire entanglements had been brought down not only to the shore, but even into the water. At every point the opposing troops were driven back, but only at the cost of severe fighting and heavy losses; but it could hardly be said that the position was actually made good until after three or four days of fighting. The troops from Australia and New Zealand who had effected the Gaba Tepe landing were subjected to especially severe counter-attacks, in the course of which they particularly distinguished themselves by their impetuous valour. By May 1st it could be said that the British had secured their grip on the Peninsula, and the business began of exercising a persistent pressure and a persistent battering by which alone it would be possible to carry the Achi Baba entrenchments. No episode in the fighting was more distinguished by feats of bravery and of every soldierly quality than were these first days of the military attack on the Dardanelles. But in this respect it really seems impossible to distinguish between episodes. Every individual, every company, every battalion that has once or a dozen times or a hundred times won imperishable glory has merely been doing what almost every other individual, company, or battalion has been doing, only a shade less conspicuously, somewhere else.

From the beginning of May, then, the Franco-British army about the Dardanelles was engaged in very much the same fashion as its compatriots in the fields of France and Flanders, except that in the Near East they were of necessity more persistently on the offensive. Still, the story, so far as it was narrated, was the same in kind—a story of trenches carried, of a few yards gained day by day, rarely of a trench lost or of a few yards lost.

The fleet continued to do its work.

Presently it was found that British submarines had actually penetrated through the Strait and were operating in the Sea of Marmora itself. Here also it was found, as elsewhere, that enemy submarines were able to make themselves troublesome. Here and there one of the Allies' warships was torpedoed—not, however, vessels of the first class.

Submarine Activity at the Dardanelles

It was the general impression that a new type of submarine, capable of long-distance travelling, had been constructed by the Germans, and that some of the new submarines had made their way to the Mediterranean, constituting a new danger, though one with which the naval authorities might be trusted soon to grapple effectively. It was tolerably certain, however, that British submarines in the Sea of Marmora would have a more material effect on operations than German or Turkish submarines in the Ægean. Otherwise, there is little to be said as to the course of the warfare by sea. Although there were periodical rumours of great engagements in the North Sea, they never materialised in anything more substantial than meetings between torpedo-boats and destroyers.

The funeral of a British soldier in a French town. There is something grandly significant in the homage paid by these French people to one of Britain's unnamed hero sons.

If it is difficult to follow the vicissitudes of this greatest of all wars on the European battlefields and in European waters, it is still more difficult to follow them up in the outer area of Asia and Africa. Of the operations in the Caucasus, virtually nothing was heard beyond reports which pointed to occasional collisions between Russian and Turkish forces, with results favourable to the Russians. In the Sinaitic Peninsula Turco-Arabian troops occasionally came within reach of the troops watching the Suez Canal, and were promptly dispersed.

From the Euphrates there came about the middle of April news of an important engagement. The British forces sent to the Persian Gulf had been strengthened. On the other hand, the Turks also had increased their forces, and it became necessary to strike at them. The attack was completely successful. The enemy were entrenched in force, to the number of not less than 15,000, towards Zobeir. After sharp fighting the Turks were driven completely from the position on April 13th and 14th, and the next reports showed that there were none of the enemy left within fifty miles of Basra. The total of the British casualties amounted to seven hundred. Of the Turks more than five hundred were taken prisoners, and their casualties were estimated at not less than 2,500. It is an interesting commentary on the position that a British casualty list of seven hundred hardly attracted public attention. There has been a considerable change in the sense of proportion since the last war in which the British were engaged.

The position of the Euphrates, then, was satisfactory. Whether it could be called satisfactory in British and German East Africa was not equally clear, since information from that region was of the most meagre description. The only news which reached the public was published towards the end of April, and dealt with events which had occurred some time before. German East Africa is that block of territory which lies between the Zanzibar coast on the east and, on the west, the Belgian Congo, from which it is separated by the long Lake Tanganyika. On the north of it lie British East Africa and Uganda, and on the south, Portuguese East Africa and Rhodesia. It is, in short, the section which cuts off British territories in North Africa from British territories in South Africa, according to the scheme of partition agreed upon between Germany and Great Britain under the régime of Lord Salisbury—to the great displeasure, at that time, of the school of Imperialists, who dreamed of an unbroken stretch of British territory from the Cape to Cairo. There was, however, even then something more than an undercurrent of suggestion that if ever the British and German Empires should be at war German East Africa was more likely to prove a British than a German asset.

Hitherto, however, this suggestion had hardly been realised. A blockade of the German East African coast was declared, but otherwise such fighting as had taken place had brought little gain to either side. The British had met with a reverse; but, on the other hand, they had occupied the German island of Mafia, and had seized Jassin, in the north-eastern corner of the German territory. The capture of Mafia, however, was countered immediately afterwards by the German recovery of Jassin, with a loss to the British, according to the German statement, of seven hundred men, chiefly African troops. According to the British statement, the recapture was effected by a greatly superior force, and only after a stubborn resistance. This, however, had taken place in January, and there was no news of events of any importance since that date.

Hitherto South Africa alone among the greater dominions had not sent contributions to the fighting line in Europe. The reason was an excellent one; South Africa had herself taken in hand the conquest of German South-West Africa. Moreover, the presence of a remnant of anti-British irreconcilables among the Dutch population had imposed special and very difficult duties upon the Union Government, treated with admirable judgment and skill by General Botha.

Operations in German South-West Africa

It was not till the insurrections of the irreconcilables had been suppressed that the Government had been able to set about active operations against German South-West Africa. The difficulties of the campaign lay not in the fighting, but in the nature of the country through which troops had to be moved, and these difficulties were materially increased by the German departure from the recognised principles of civilised warfare. Expressly and avowedly the German military authorities ordered the poisoning of the water supplies, although it was intimated to them by General Botha that the commanders would be held personally responsible, the poisoning of wells being in open contravention of specified clauses in the Hague Convention, to which Germany had been a signatory.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN, 1915

Map showing the Kingdom of Italy, including Sicily and Sardinia, and illustrating the national ideals for the realisation of which she went to war. Beyond the boundary line of the north and on the eastern shore of the Adriatic will be seen the Trentino, Istria, and Dalmatia territory, inhabited mainly by people of Italian race.

General Botha, however, triumphed over all difficulties, and it was clear before the end of May that in the strictly military sense the conquest of German South-West Africa was practically completed.

The War in the Air

Hardly anything has been said regarding one element of the war for which no previous wars gave any precedent. It had been absolutely impossible to guess beforehand the part that it would be possible for aircraft to play. The popular impression was that Germany intended aerial navies to perform the military functions of maritime navies in the past. Zeppelins were to hover over British fleets and to send them to the bottom with bombs; also, they were to bombard British towns. The equanimity with which the British authorities regarded this menace was entirely justified. Aircraft were employed for bomb-dropping; raids were accomplished by occasional airships and aeroplanes; but the whole damage done by the bomb-dropping of the German aircraft was absolutely negligible in a military sense. Whether more was accomplished by bomb-dropping from the aircraft of the Allies it was impossible to say, for the simple reason that no aircraft could possibly judge of the actual extent of the damage done by its bombs. There was, however, a general impression that there was a very considerable wreckage of Zeppelin sheds, submarine works, railway-stations, and depots.

The second recognised function of aircraft was scouting and collecting information as to the movement of troops behind the enemy's lines; while the third, the direction of artillery fire by signal from the air, had not presented itself to the popular mind at all. It was one of the surprises of the war that, as time passed, the superiority of the allied aircraft in discharging both these functions became definitely and decisively marked —most of all, perhaps, in the case of the British, who at the start were supposed to be far behind both the Germans and the French. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the enormous importance of individual initiative in the control of aircraft, a quality which cannot be engendered by organisation and discipline.

Public Dissatisfaction in England

During April and May a certain dissatisfaction was gaining ground in England. There was a sense of disappointment when it was found that Neuve Chapelle was not merely the preliminary to a great forward movement; disappointment, also, when it was discovered that the Dardanelles were not to be carried with a rush—that the operations in the Near East demanded an army which it seemed was much wanted in the west, and which in any case would have a very stiff task to accomplish before the fall of Constantinople would be in sight. There was a disposition to lose sight of the amazing achievements of the Admiralty and the War Office under the direction of Mr. Churchill and Lord Kitchener; to complain that the nation, instead of being roused to a full sense of the tremendous task before it, had been lulled by official optimism into an easy confidence of victory; a suspicion that somehow things ought to have been brought to a triumphant conclusion—or at least within sight of it; that somebody must be to blame. Attacks upon individual Ministers were rife, while it appeared from the newspapers that each section of the community considered that while it was doing its own duty, and nothing more could be reasonably demanded of it, other sections of the community were less alive to their responsibilities, and were thinking much more of their own separate interests than of the public advantage.

The National Government in Great Britain

The leaders of the Government came to the conclusion that the direction of affairs by members of a single party was no longer practicable; that freedom of action on the part of the Government, the silencing of captious, hampering, and even dangerous criticism, could only be attained by the formation of a National Government, in which all parties were represented. On May 19th the Prime Minister announced the intention of reconstructing the Government, not upon party but upon national lines; and before a week had passed a new Ministry was formed, in which all parties were associated, with the exception of the Irish Nationalists, who, while giving whole-hearted support to the war, were still of opinion that they could not themselves contribute members to the new Ministry.

The Entry of Italy into the War

Of the hitherto neutral States, one, and only one, was now added to the number of the belligerents. War was declared between Italy and Austria on May 23rd, in circumstances discussed elsewhere. For all the States of Western and Northern Europe, neutrality was essential. The sympathies of Sweden, traditionally suspicious of Russian ambitions, were still on the whole rather favourable to the Germans; those of Denmark and Norway were distinctly with the Allies—apart from other reasons, Norwegian shipping had on several occasions been victimised by the new piracy. Holland had suffered similarly, and it was impossible for any Dutchman to feel confident that the annexation of Holland, practically if not technically, would not follow upon a victory of the Central Powers. But these countries were all so exposed to German attack, any one of them would suffer so frightfully if involved in the war, their power of effectively influencing the military balance, except by inviting the same fate as Belgium, was so small, that no provocation could be expected to drive them to take up arms. No one had given, or was likely to give, direct provocation to Switzerland; she would defend her own neutrality if it were threatened as stoutly as Belgium, but it was not her part to take side. Spain and Portugal were well outside the war zone, though it did not seem exactly clear whether there was war existing between Portugal and Germany.

Attitude of the United States

Different conditions, however, prevailed in the United States, and in the neutral States of the Balkan Peninsula. As to the character of American sympathies, apart from the organised German sentiment of the large German population, there could be no manner of doubt. But there were ample reasons why those sympathies should not take the form of a declaration of war on behalf of the Allies. Nevertheless, the sinking of the Lusitania brought America appreciably nearer to the brink of war, and made appreciably greater the difficulties of the Government, bent upon remaining neutral if it could do so without dishonour. It would seem to have been laid upon her to vindicate the rights of humanity in general and neutrals in particular—rights so conspicuously violated by this last development of the new piracy. It was laid upon her because so many American citizens had been victimised by the outrage. As yet, however, the President had not despaired of fulfilling the duty of protection without a resort to arms.

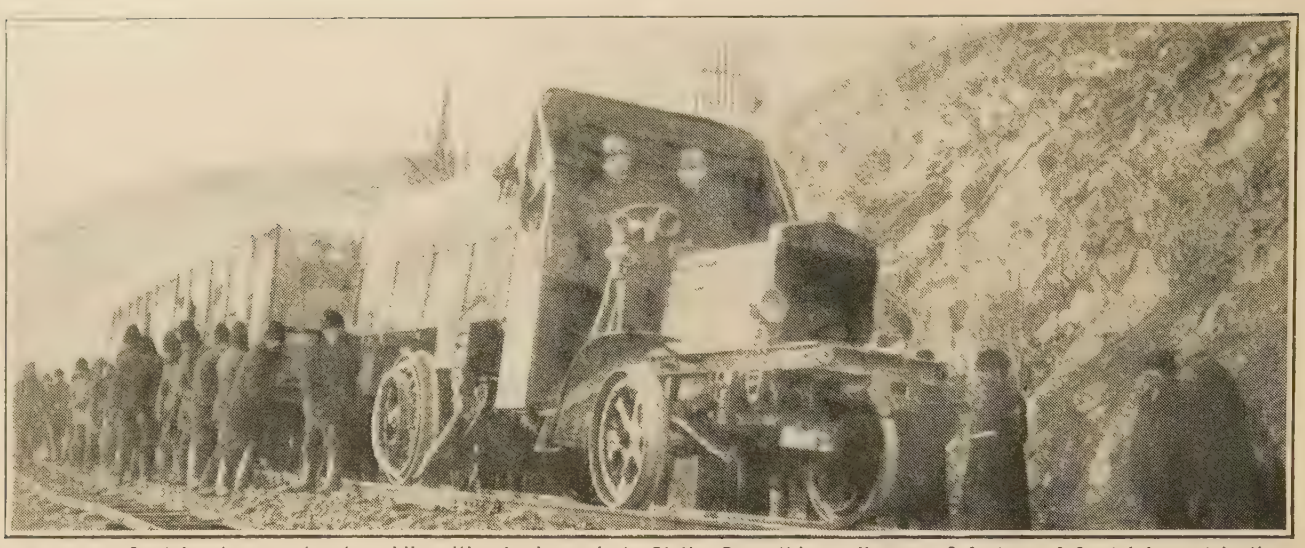
The Indecision of the Balkan States

As for the Balkan States, they were still in the balance. In Greece popular feeling was entirely with the Allies but it was not so clear that political advantage would result from intervention. For Rumania, the advantages to be gained if the Allies proved victorious with her assistance were manifest; but from the point of view of politicians, there was something to be said for taking no risks and waiting for the "psychological moment." And between Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria, not to mention Italy, there were many adjustments of interests which required tactful handling and agreement, and which as yet stood in the way both of common action and of independent action. It could only be said that the expectation of early Rumanian intervention was definitely increased by the actual intervention of Italy.

Shoulder to shoulder stand we,
Knowing our quarrel just,
Doing the thing we love not,
Fighting because we must ;
Never to sheathe the sword
Till Antichrist bite the dust
Warring with fraud and slander,
Cruelty, lust and lies,
May God, Who gave us insight,
Accept our sacrifice !
—G. M. Baillie Reynolds.

With the Union Jack in France

AN HISTORIC MEETING.—In years to come this camera record, which shows a meeting on French soil of the two most celebrated generalissimos of the western Allies, will have a peculiar value. Lord Kitchener, who stands for Britain in this greatest epoch of her history, and General Joffre, the hope and glory of France in her grand struggle for life, face to face—truly an incident worthy of permanent pictorial record. On the extreme right we see M. Millerand, the French Minister of War.



Enormous Austrian transport automobile with wheels made to fit the Carpathian railways. A feature of Austria's part in the European war was her gigantic accessories, all of which proved comparatively ineffective. For the Hapsburg realm mammoth tools of war only brought about colossal defeats.

THE BRAIN OF THE FIGHTING MAN

By Bart Kennedy

WHETHER or not it is better for soldiers to be as absolute machines when operating in the field, is a matter to be considered most carefully. It depends upon the kind of operations in which they are engaged. The trooper who forms one of the "point" of a patrol—i.e., who is one of the two men who are in advance of the main body of the patrol—must, if he is to be effective, be alert and intelligent and used to making decisions for himself. He must have the eyes and ears of a poacher. His mind must be on the stretch through the whole of the time. Though he is working with his mate, he must depend altogether upon himself. He is, so to speak, his own officer.

It is an odd statement to have to make, but the fact is that there is such a thing as soldiers possessing too much courage. I mean that their bravery may be so great that it takes away from their fighting value. This was proved not very long ago at the front. The men of a certain regiment would not obey the order to retire. They would not turn their backs to the Germans. And, in consequence, they were nearly wiped out.

It is difficult to make soldiers such as these understand that there are times in the field when a retreat may be as effective, for the purpose of winning, as an advance. If a man is fighting a duel, there are times when he must give ground to his opponent. It is the same way with an army. And if the temperament of soldiers is such that they refuse to realise this, it discounts their fighting value.

II.

Different races have different fighting qualities. The Russians are wonderful men in trenches. They can perhaps stand being shot over longer than any other soldiers. They are slow and fatalistic, and accept all happenings as a matter of course. Months may pass, and they still will be as they were. Defeats and victories are much the same to them. They go on and on till they either overwhelm, or are themselves overwhelmed.

French soldiers are at the other end of the pole from the Russians. They are quick and intelligent and full of go and fire. It must not be forgotten that with French troops Napoleon virtually conquered the whole of Europe. Granted certain mental conditions, they are unequalled for offensive operations. Like other soldiers they have, of course, the defects of their qualities. The ideal soldier would be one who possessed the Russian stubbornness, the British steadiness, and the French dash. Such a soldier does not exist.

Obviously the most effective army possible would be one of mixed races whose military qualities complemented one another. The Allies possess such an army.

And it is now facing the might of Germany in the field.

III.

Undoubtedly the German soldier is at his best when he is trained as nearly as possible to be an absolute machine. Bernhardi's ideal is that the German soldier should be at once a machine and an individual. But this is not possible. A machine cannot have individuality. A soldier who is trained to depend utterly upon his superiors gets into a set habit of mind that kills the power of initiative. He is, therefore, practically helpless when his officers are put out of action.

In this respect it is quite different in the British Army. If the captain of a company is put out of action, the command devolves upon the first lieutenant. If he goes, the second lieutenant is in command. After him the command is transferred to the non-commissioned officers in accordance with their grades. If all the officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, are put out of action, the command is transferred to the oldest soldier. Thus, whatever happens, the company is never without its officer. In addition to this, every soldier has a clear idea of the general object that has to be attained. The general in command gives out the order, which passes down through all the grades of officers till it reaches the sergeants, who explain it clearly to the men of their section. This system of explanation converts, in a sense, the whole operating force into a democracy, the individuals of which co-operate for the accomplishing of a definite end. And the system is followed as closely as possible even in the unlooked-for changes that come up during the battle. The general mental effect of it upon the soldiers is to give them a sense of responsibility and to make their minds alert.

Soldiers such as these are adapted for grappling with the unexpected.

IV.

Let it be admitted. The German Army is the most perfect fighting-machine the world has known. But the fact that it is a machine is as the spot in the heel of Achilles.

A perfect machine can only properly perform its functions under perfect conditions. If it is to attain to the fulness of its power of accomplishment, things must be just so. In fact, its very perfection gives to it a certain vulnerability. It is easier put out of gear than a machine that is more simple and has less power.

The Germans had made a perfect plan of campaign. They had mapped out with exactitude every foot of the

(*Continued on page 760.*)

The Wily British Gunner at the Front

Campaigning is really a great and glorious game of hide-and-seek. British gunners found that the most effective way of demonstrating to the Germans the presence of a gun was to hide it securely before opening fire. Hostile aircraft were continually searching for the gun positions. But in order to conceal them, shelters of brushwood were built, which from a height looked like vegetation.

The less a gun is seen the more its voice is heard to advantage. The gun in our photograph has been covered completely with white lace curtains taken from a near-by house. These decorative covers make the detection of the gun's position impossible on the snow-mantled ground. Note the artilleryman emerging from the dug-out on the left with a shell in his hand.

French officers making observation of enemy movements in the trenches.

THE BRAIN OF THE FIGHTING MAN (Continued from page 758.)

territory they intended to invade. They even went to the length of having concrete emplacements made for their guns in or near the great cities they intended to occupy. Their spy system was so effective that the countries they intended to vanquish were to them as open books. They provided for absolutely all contingencies save one.

The unexpected!

That they were unable to provide for this is not to be put against them.

For the Germans, with all their power and their prescience, are but human, after all.

V.

The soldier is often blamed because he sometimes gives expression to the feeling that his profession is the most important of all professions. But in fairness to the soldier of British nationality it must be admitted that he very rarely indeed gives offensive expression to this feeling. Whether he be a soldier of the sea or a soldier of the land, he is generally one who can be got along with.

Soldiers of all kinds, and of all nationalities, and of all times, have felt the vital importance of their profession to the existence of the State. And quite naturally. The world has always been more or less in a state of war, and the country whose soldiers could not protect it has invariably gone under. This being so, it is only human that soldiers should form a high estimate of themselves. More is asked from them than from the men of any other profession. They must be ready at all times to give their lives so that their country shall endure.

A country may be great in art and literature and science, but if it is not also great in its fighting power it will cease to exist. This is a truism, but it is a truism that cannot be too often repeated. For we have here in Britain dangerous people who either will not or cannot face the fact that we live in a world of war. These people say that war ought not to be, that it is obsolete, that it is unspeakably wicked, that even to prepare for it is wrong.

This is what they say, but the fact remains that the greatest war the world has known is raging here in Europe now. And the fact also remains that if Great Britain were unable to fight she would go under.

Say what one will, the fighting man is the man upon whom the existence of Great Britain now depends.

VI.

That the political aspect of affairs should appeal to the soldier when he is fighting in the field is more than doubtful. The stern work in which he is engaged will drive all else from his mind.

Before the soldier goes into the field the causes that have brought the war will naturally enough engage his attention. But afterwards the work at hand drives what is, in effect, non-essential from his thoughts.

It is difficult for a soldier to be fervidly patriotic when he is lying on the battlefield suffering from a wound in the stomach. Indeed, fervid patriotism is as bad for a soldier as anger would be for a pugilist who was fighting in the ring. The soldier gives it a wide berth. He is cool and self-possessed, and does not bother his head as to the righteousness, or otherwise, of the cause for which he is fighting. If he were unable to get into this mental state he would not be a good soldier.

The soldier learns things in actual battle that it is utterly impossible for a man to learn in any other way. The human imagination cannot realise the full import of certain vital experiences if it does not know of them at first-hand.

The soldier learns to respect the men against whom he is fighting. For they are as he is. They are staking their lives in the game. And such men deserve respect, it matters not on what side they may be.

Taking them in the great mass, there is about soldiers a magnanimity induced by the dreadful splendour of the game in which they are engaged. Cruelty is usually the attribute of the non-combatant.

We may not always live in a fighting world. The soldier may pass. He may become extinct.

But it is conceivable that a much worse man might take his place.

Living statues in place of a shattered effigy. Cheery British and Indian soldiers fill the space on a pedestal in a war-stricken town, caused by enemy shells.

[Photo: S. d'A.

GENERAL JOFFRE WITH SIR JOHN FRENCH AND SIR DOUGLAS HAIG AT THE FRONT.

To face page 760

Deadly Guns in Hiding: "Dummies" in full View

The Allies displayed great ingenuity in erecting "fake" batteries with a view to misleading their enemy. The above photograph illustrates a favourite ruse. The guns were really trunks of trees covered with straw. An enemy aviator, sighting them from above, would report the position, the Huns' artillery thereupon waste ammunition, and also disclose their whereabouts to the Allies' gunners.

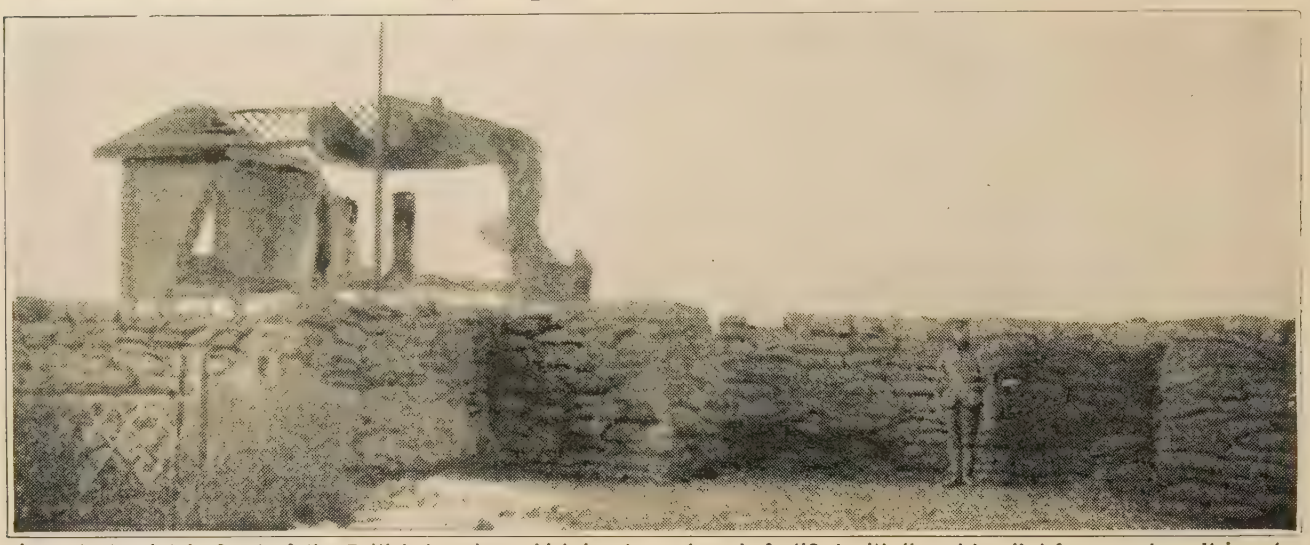
As elusive as a jigsaw puzzle. A British gun completely concealed from all sides and above by brushwood and small trees.

Another British gun in hiding, ready, however, to make its presence felt to the bewildered enemy at a favourable opportunity.

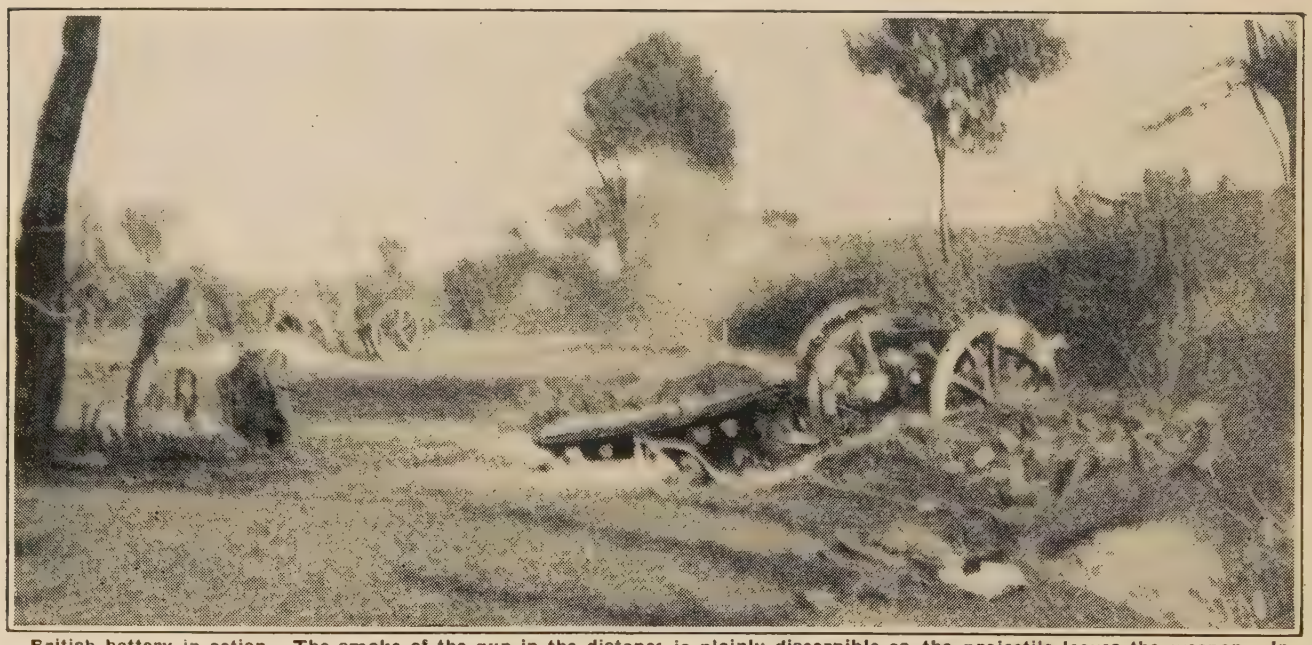
A deadly R.H.A. gun so cleverly covered that German artillery were unable to locate it, despite many aeroplane reconnaissances. The Allies always made very effective use of cover whenever possible.

Two more dummy guns which deceived the Germans during the recent Yser fighting. British officer in a hole caused by a shell.

With Our Photographer Nearest to the Huns:



Important point in front of the British trenches, which has been strongly fortified with "sand-bag" defence works. It is not generally known that these bags were sent over specially for this purpose, and were filled, not with sand, but with earth.

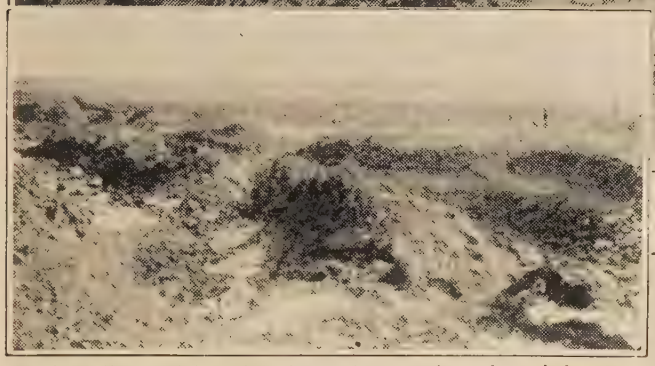


British battery in action. The smoke of the gun in the distance is plainly discernible as the projectile leaves the weapon. In the foreground a large "funk-hole" has been made, in which the gunners can just be seen.

Right on the battle-front. An entrenching party is seen resting while our photographer, at great risk, takes this snapshot. The whole place had been consistently shelled by the enemy. The neighbouring village paid the penalty of "Kultur."

Camera Records of British first-line Activities

The eternal question of "tiffin" is being energetically considered somewhere behind the fighting-line, under cover of a picturesque thatched cottage. British soldiers are preparing lunch for their comrades. Some are digging potatoes.



Bad weather and trenches, heavy transport work, and devastating shells converted the fertile land of Belgium into a desert waste similar to that seen in this photograph. It represents a position abandoned for reasons of flood.

Trenches—and still more trenches—needed. Under cover of a shattered village near Lille, a squad of British soldiers are here seen on their way, armed with pick and spade, to make further entrenchments behind the first line.

German Queue of Fate: Climbing up to Death

British troops strengthened their lines of defences on the main La Bassee-Bethune road by the construction of a keep. On January 29th the Germans, after they had been severely shelled, made a violent attack with scaling-ladders. In the keep, and to the north side of it (shown in our picture), the Sussex Regiment held the maddened Germans off, killing over two hundred of them. The German attempt to carry this keep by force of numbers again illustrates their futile method of massed fighting. One by one the queue of Huns scaled the ladders, one by one they were calmly shot or bayoneted by the handful of British soldiers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS UNDER FIRE

By an A.S.C. SERGEANT.

The following is an exceptionally interesting contribution by a member of the Army Service Corps with the Expeditionary Army. It reflects the views of one who was daily playing his part in the greatest tragedy of the world's history. His thoughts on going into action; his feelings under fire; on being wounded; his comments and criticisms on the methods of warfare—all are set forth with impressive clarity. We are listening to the voice of an individual from the wilderness of war, and its realities are brought home to us far more vividly than by the official megaphone of Headquarters.

HERE, looking from the one undamaged window of the house where we are located, war seems very far away. A few green buds here and there are bringing the promise of another spring. The almond trees are throwing out clusters of pink blossom. A decrepit and shot-scarred oak seems to regard the buffeting of foe or season alike with stolid indifference. The lately frozen earth melts and moves under the influence of the rapidly growing sun. A yellow dandelion stars the greenness at irregular intervals. Life strains and heaves expectantly. Here, war seems very far away.

There—to the north and south, for mile after mile—men, with the most diabolical instruments yet invented, are doing one another to death every second of the day. Hour after hour great shells hurtle through miles of space to fall with mathematical precision on the desired spot. Hour after hour, in snow, mud, rain, and sleet, men sit patiently waiting in a hole in the ground to rend each other to death. All day long the rifle bullets zip!—zip! The great guns vomit flames, the shells scream through the air and fall with a crash that brings all the terrors of death before the mind. One can get used to the rifle bullet, to the boom of the distant gun, but the fear of the shell remains.

The Terror of the Shell

One is always very much surprised to find oneself alive after a shell has burst. There is an indescribable feeling of relief which no words can make apparent. A modern shell gives two distinct warnings of its approach. There is the high screaming note which denotes the forward movement of the missile—a peculiarly demoralising and terrifying sound. There is, too, a kind of "zooning," humming noise—like a million mad bees—caused, I understand, by the rotating of the shell at a terrific speed from the rifled barrel of the great gun. There is a crash like thunder! One can hear the bullets and fragments of the shell casing go "phit!—phit!" among the leaves. The smoke clears. You see a huge hole in the ground some fifty yards away. Round the edge of it a few figures lie still and motionless. An officer waves his sword; a body of men rise from the ground, race madly forward for ten—twenty—thirty yards. Again the shrill scream; the "zooning" noise. The men fling themselves on the earth as the shell falls almost in their midst. Crash! The earth seems to heave at the contact.

Waiting—for What?

You have been here two days; you have not seen a German yet. You have fired when you have been ordered to fire. You have waited patiently in the mud and the rain. It has all seemed very stupid. You came here to kill Germans. If this is a war, why are you not being used? Why are you not fighting?

It appears to you at times that a terrific mistake has been made. There are no Germans near; the Belgian and British have driven them back for miles from where you are—and you, and the others with you in this particular trench have been overlooked, been forgotten! Such things have happened. Mistakes—mistakes that cost lives—are being made all the time. There appears to be no method to the unit. Men are sent aimlessly here and there. A company is ordered to leave a trench and move forward for no apparent reason. Later it is ordered back to the trench it previously occupied. No action has taken place. No useful purpose has been served. What does it all mean?

Occasionally a fusillade of well-aimed shots comes from a totally unexpected direction—later you hear that the 10th Blankshires mistook your trench for a German one!

The waste of life is prodigal to the point of madness. No time or consideration can be given to the man who falls under fire. Where he is he must lie. The R.A.M.C. performs the impossible every minute of the day, the Red Cross nurse and the Red Cross vans are ever near at hand, the little field hospital behind the firing-line deals efficiently with every case brought in.

Yet, withal, the aimless cruelty of the whole thing makes one raise one's eyes to heaven and wonder!

The wounds, too, caused by shell and shrapnel are very terrible. The bullet—the rifle bullet—fired up to a mile or two usually passes right through a man, and "stops" him, without the wound necessarily being fatal or even hurtful. It is when the bullet or fragment of shell fails to pass through the body that the worst aspect of the matter arises. The "punch" is often far worse than the actual wound. It will be readily understood that in the case of a bullet or splinter of shell remaining in the body, the blow, or "punch" is equivalent to being hit at close quarters with several hundredweights of metal. This is the reason of so many deaths from shock. One may recover from the actual wound made by the bullet, but the shock of the "punch" has completely destroyed the nerves and brain.

Impregnability of the Trench

The trench is the most effective defence in modern warfare yet invented by the mind of man; but as a country-conquering asset it is absolutely valueless. It is fairly safe to say that if the Belgians had entrenched themselves, instead of relying on useless and expensive forts, the enemy would still be outside Liège. Nothing can move men from a properly-manned and efficiently-equipped trench. Nothing, that is to say, but lack of courage. Big gun, small gun, rifle, or bayonet—the man in the trench can defend himself from all. For every move he has a counter; for every lead a trump card.

But he must stay in his trench. Therefore, for attack or invasion, he is comparatively innocuous.

One's blood boils at the insensate system and unspeakable stupidity that sends these lines of grey-blue coats against us. A mass of men suddenly appears, somewhat blurred to the eyesight at first, a mile or so away. At once hell is let loose upon the face of the earth. Big shells from the great guns fall in their midst, shrapnel from the quick-firers shower bullets over their heads, Maxims rain lead in a continuous stream, rifles from every trench and particle of cover burst into flame. The whole world has gone mad.

Exhilaration and Death

One suddenly discovers that one is yelling and swearing and howling for all one is worth. Nearer and nearer they approach, sadly depleted but unwavering. Nearer and nearer. The yelling and exhilaration of the last few minutes is replaced by something very different. Faces grow stern and set and cold. The men are taking careful aim now. Grey-coat after grey-coat pitches forward and lies still. The big guns have lost the range now, only the Maxims and the rifles are effective. The carnage is awful. One feels sick.

And then the line wavers. It turns a little, and great gaps and lanes are seen. There is much waving of arms at the back of the mass. There officers are exhorting and threatening. Again they face the bullet-swept prospect. Slowly, very slowly. It is a great stupid animal obeying the behest of one as stupid. We are afraid of this animal, but it is so stupid that we pity it.

Again the Maxims speak. Another clip of cartridges, and the bullets rattle out till the rifle grows too hot to hold.

Flesh and blood can hold out no longer. Even stupidity—and the German is very stupid—breaks down before the awful avalanche of death it must face. They break and run—what is left of them. The movement was entirely futile. Why did they come out?

What did they come out to do?

Incidents, Grave and Gay, along the Battle-Front

Striking study of some Dragoon Guards resting awhile in the trenches. Much criticism was heard as to the "levity" of Britain and Britishers. If the soldiers found it easier to fight and be happy at the same time, nobody, surely, can deny them the privilege.

The sergeants' mess in a firing-line farmhouse, which had been subjected to a severe bombardment. Breaches in the wall caused by enemy shells have been filled in with the earth sacks. Inset: Keeping the invisible eye on the enemy. British officer making observations with the aid of a periscope from behind a wall strongly barricaded with sacks of earth.

The Tug of War and Some Individual Efforts

British soldiers hauling a heavy garrison gun into position. The graphic despatches from General French and "Eye-Witness" confirmed the Allies' ascendancy in artillery. Even the Germans themselves admitted that the bombardment of Neuve Chapelle was unprecedented.

Lonely scout, surrounded by earth-sacks and hidden under the tottering shell-swept roof of a French farmhouse, keeps watch.

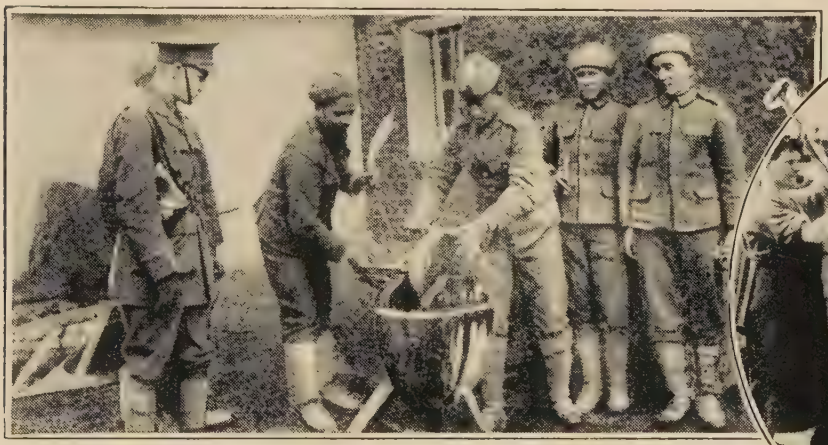
Vigil in a ruined chateau. Another sentry, rifle in hand, strains every nerve to catch sight or hear sound of the lurking foe.

Training the machine-gun on the enemy. British soldier in a first-line trench takes aim with a well-placed Maxim.

Atkins as "Handyman" while on Active Service

Giving their rifles a bath. In order to keep the barrels free from dust, boiling water is run through them.

A little ploughing was a pleasant, if poetic, relief from the sword. Tommy is apparently equally efficient with both implements.



Kukris to grind. Soul-inspiring occupation on the part of Gurkhas. Inset: Brawny British blacksmiths working at a French village forge.

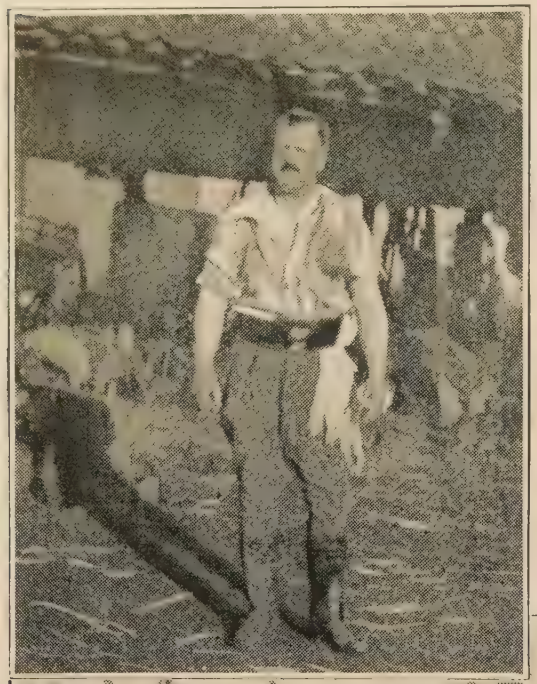
Destruction for the purpose of construction. British soldiers unroofing a house at the front, which somehow or other had escaped the inevitable bombardment, to make their dug-outs waterproof with the tiles.

War-worn Boots, but Confident Men on Victory's Road

Boots discarded by British soldiers at the front. There was pathetic romance in this pile of dilapidated footgear; a story of war attached to every pair. Many a weary mile had they tramped the roads of France, worn till it seemed to the soldier that they gripped his feet like a red-hot vice. Now in a discarded heap they lay, while the soldiers marched onwards to ultimate victory.

Here are some of those brave sons of the mighty Empire who were willing to make the supreme sacrifice that the Flag might still float proudly in all corners of the King-Emperor's domains. These few men, entrenched in a shell-wrecked building in France, are types of those virile Empire-builders to whom Britain owes her might on land and sea; they were the guardians of our homes.

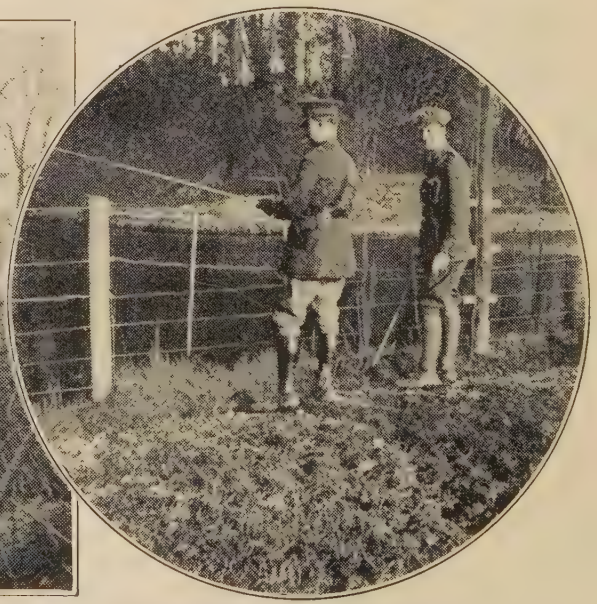
Racket and Rest along the British Firing Front



Unwelcome surprise for an officer-occupant of a house within range of the German guns. On returning from trench duty he discovered that a "Jack Johnson" had completely wrecked the "happy home." Inset: Typical British "diehard" sergeant-major completing his morning toilet.

The camera sometimes entirely fails to illustrate war actualities. This photograph is interesting by the fact that the village in the background at the moment of taking was being heavily bombarded. Not a sign of war appears on the negative, and the peasant in the foreground, going about his work with fatalistic indifference, suggests a pleasant pastoral scene by the French painter Millet.

Not a scene in the Wild West—merely a bomb-proof shelter of logs, sand-bags, and brushwood to hide it from aircraft—the temporary home of three British officers in Northern France.



Effectively to carry on the business of war, occasional relaxation was essential, even were it the patient sport of fishing.

Realities of War as Tommy Atkins saw them

This lonely farmstead stood just between the opposing armies, in "No Man's Land." Its walls and roof are seen to be perforated with bullet holes, and its chances of being demolished utterly are great.

Part of the actual battlefield of Neuve Chapelle. The earth is beaten by the feet of thousands of soldiers, marching, charging, fighting. Scarcely a blade of grass remains.

Left: Men of the Royal Horse Artillery attached to the "fodder department." They are replenishing the horses' supply-bags from the store at a farm. Right: British stores stacked by a roadside preparatory to being conveyed to the trenches.

The burning of about 5,000 gallons of petrol. The barge, with its cargo of precious spirit, was on its way to a British base when a bursting shell set the petrol afire. Nothing could stop the havoc of the flames, and our photograph was taken just as the remains of the barge were breaking up before sinking. It will be noticed that the tiller and rudder still stand.

The Army Service Corps at Work in France

Some members of the corps, which is the " universal provider " of the Army, taking stock of supplies in a town behind the firing-line. The British Army Service Corps, for efficiency, is one of the most wonderful transport and supply departments in military history.

Bringing up a tank of water. The huge responsibility of keeping the Army supplied with everything, from a battery of guns to a side of bacon, devolved upon the Quartermaster-General, Major-General Sir John Cowan, whose organising skill was beyond all praise.

Army Service men unloading sacks of provender at a base. Mechanical transport proved a great boon to the soldier in the field. With the aid of quick train service to the railhead and motor-lorries, a supply of fresh food was guaranteed over an unlimited area.

By Motor-'Bus to and from the Firing-Line

HAD it not been for the use of the motor-omnibuses taken from the streets of our cities, it would have been impossible for our generals to have maintained their forces with reinforcements as quickly as is necessary in modern warfare. Victory may depend on an army's ability to hurry fresh troops to the firing-line whenever and wherever necessary.

Our vast fleet of motor-'buses also formed an important part of the huge transport convoys that kept the men in the trenches well and regularly supplied with all necessaries. It was estimated that every hundred men in the trenches required twenty others to maintain them. This fact helps one to realise the great importance of the motor-'bus and motor-transports at the front, and emphasises the extent to which motor-driven vehicles affected the issue in this "petrol war."

Perhaps the most striking of the photographs on this page are those showing our soldiers about to take their 'bus journey to the firing-line, and the wounded warriors being brought back to hospital. There is comedy, tragedy, and pathos in these scenes. The comedy is supplied by the obvious cheerfulness of our soldiers as they climb the 'bus that is to take them into the midst of battle; the pathos is that the journey may prove a ride to death.

No indication-boards were needed on these motor-'buses, for they all went the same way—to the trenches. As light-heartedly as though he were on a pleasure jaunt, the British "Tommy" mounted the homely 'bus and set out for glory or—death.

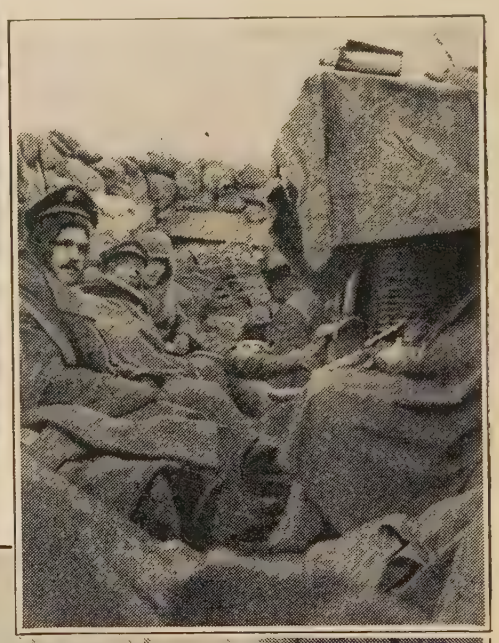
A London "Metro," though some of its windows have been shattered, is still useful for conveying wounded to the base hospital.

The once familiar scene of a motor-'bus "on strike" is not unknown at the front, for there are times when the "spirit" of the engines has as little respect for the British soldier as for the City passenger in a hurry.

Left: Fully equipped, "Tommy" climbs the steps of the 'bus that is to convey him from his comfortable billet into the firing-line. He journeys, with ever a joke on his lips, as though it were a joy-ride. Right: How different the return journey from the trenches! Yet these suffering passengers were of the merry crowd that, on the outward trip, went riding gaily to the front.

Britain's Pioneer Regiment in the Line of Fire

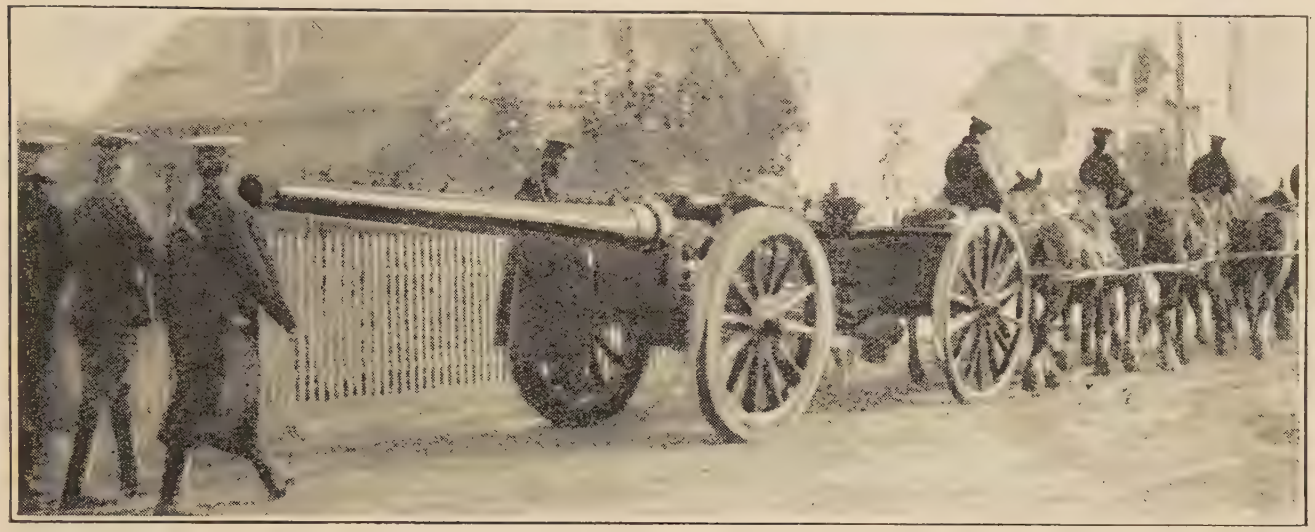
Members of the H.A.C. enjoying a dip in a cavity, flooded after a heavy rainfall, that had been made by a German shell. The Honourable Artillery Company, which is a century older than the standing Army, went out to the front in October, 1914.



A siesta in a sand-bag trench. Inset: Another peaceful scene in the firing-line. Men of the H.A.C. at rest in their sand-bag "lounge" during a lull in the fighting.

An H.A.C. gun position, carefully screened with foliage and earthworks. The H.A.C., in spite of its name, has only two or three batteries of artillery, the majority of the corps being infantrymen. In 1537—nearly five hundred years after its birth, in the reign of William II.—when Henry VIII. granted the Company its first charter, "artillery" included long-bows, cross-bows and arrows.

The Grim Pageant of War in Rural France



When the spring sun had dried the roads in France and Flanders, transport difficulties were lessened, and the heaviest guns could be moved fairly quickly from place to place. Past houses that must have reminded our soldiers of the English country-side, this heavy gun was being drawn by eight powerful horses to a new position in the fighting-line in France.

French country-folk greatly interested in a British aeroplane that has descended near their village. To the left is a "Tommy" wearing the Military Police armlet.

British big gun, drawn by a team of eight horses, rolling through the street of a small Belgian town on its way to the front. The picturesque Belgian soldiers on the right appear keenly interested in the deadly weapon.

Britons at Cross-roads of Honour, Glory & Death

At the cross-roads somewhere near the fighting-line. An infantry regiment on their way to the trenches from a rest camp in Northern France.

Hidden from marauding Taubes. Effective cover for a British gun, constructed round the weapon with tree-trunks and twigs.

Snapshot that revealed the effect of sun on an officer's map-case. This led to covering these cases with non-reflective material.

Spade-work in the fighting area. British soldiers making a parapet during a lull in the enemy's gun fire, which, judging by the ruined buildings in the background, has been very destructive.

To face page 177

BRITISH OFFICERS HAVING TEA IN THEIR QUARTERS IN THE YPRES SALIENT WHERE THE GERMAN FIRE WAS HOTTEST.

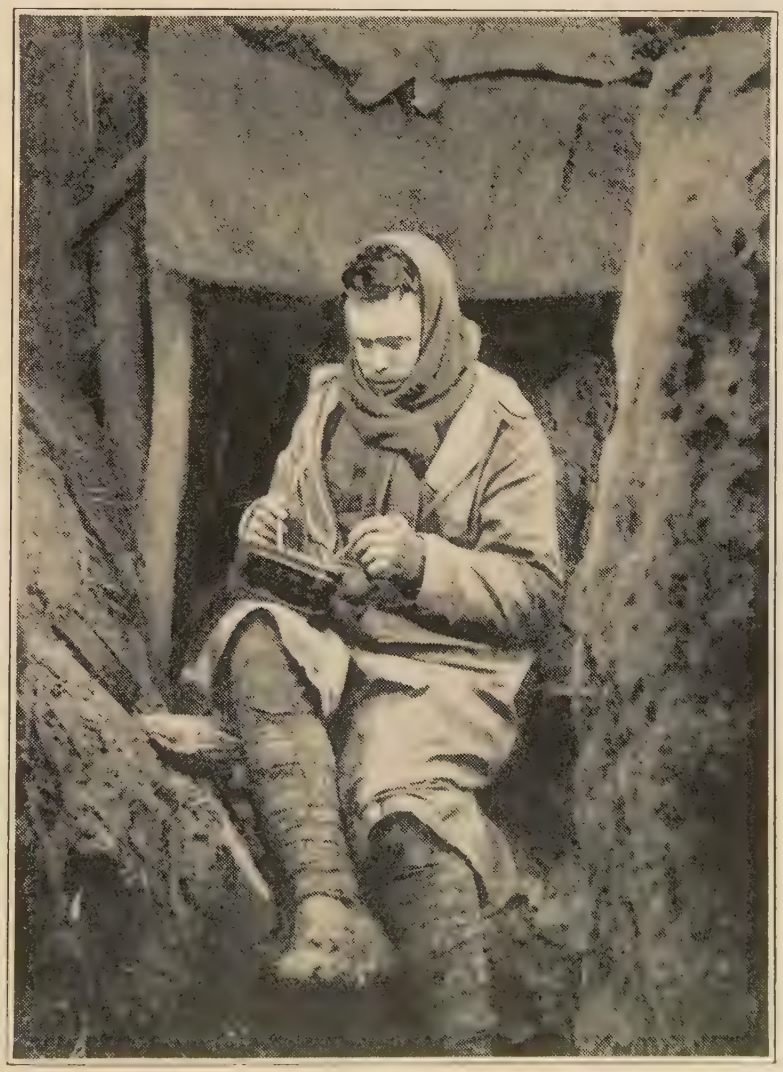
Simple Life in British Trench "Hotels"

Tommy Atkins called his dug-out the "Ritz Restaurant," or the "Carlton Hotel." A sand-bag "lounge."

After dinner in the trenches, nicknamed "Pall Mall" and "Piccadilly." A peaceful pipe round the glowing brazier during a lull in the firing.

Practically the only kind of bath that was known to the soldiers while on duty in the muddy trenches.

Novel use for soup-ladle borrowed from the camp kitchen. Baling out liquid mud from a trench.



The "Cafe de l'Europe!" Mud-caked, cold, and wet—but ever-cheerful. British soldier eating his dinner of bully-beef outside a "funk-hole."

Kitchen Utensils as Deadly Weapons of War

One great surprise of the war was the revival of hand-to-hand fighting, and the use of such old-fashioned weapons as the bayonet and the hand-grenade. Before the war, experts were of opinion that infantry fighting would be carried on at a range of 800 to 1,000 yards. Often it proved to be from 75 to 100 yards.

Above is illustrated a hand-to-hand encounter which shows the British fighting spirit at its best. Germans stumbled into the Scots Greys' camp at supper-time. Orthodox weapons not being handy, the enemy were attacked with frying-pans and dixey tins. The Huns, unable to stand such pummelling, surrendered.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

Elliott & Fry.

LT.-GEN. SIR WILLIAM ROBERT ROBERTSON, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O.

Formerly Quartermaster-General with the Forces, and made Chief of General Staff.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, K.C.B.

NO soldier has ever worked more indefatigably to achieve success, none has ever been imbued with a devotion more loyal to the profession he adorns, than Lieut.-General Sir William Robert Robertson, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., D.S.O., Chief of Staff to Field-Marshal Sir John French. None has deserved more thoroughly the favour of the gods; and to few, indeed, has success been meted out in such generous measure.

Sir William Robertson's rise from the position of trooper to rank but one degree less than the highest in the Army—that of field-marshal—is unique in our military history. To find anything approaching to a parallel to his record one has to go back to the career of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, the son of a Glasgow carpenter, or to the epic story of Sir Cloudesley Shovel and one or two other eighteenth-century seamen, to whom tribute is paid in Macaulay's History. And Sir William Robertson's popularity in all ranks of the Army adds colour and sparkle to the insignia of his professional advancement.

Beginning at the Bottom

Genius, military and other, has a traditional predilection for the humble cradle. William Robertson's case is no exception. Born in Welbourn, in Lincolnshire, in 1859, the son of Mr. Thomas C. Robertson, he was sent to a small private school, whence, it is understood, he made his first step into the workaday world as a page-boy. For a time he is stated to have been a valet, and so when, in 1877, he enlisted in the 16th Lancers, it is hardly surprising that he became an officer's servant. In those days, even more than now, the privileges attaching to this phase of Army life had great attractions for the average private. But young Robertson soon appreciated the fact that the position pointed "no whither." The result was a request to be returned to ordinary duty, followed by a strenuous attendance at the regimental school.

Ere long Trooper Robertson passed for his second-class certificate. This qualified him for any non-commissioned rank up to that of a warrant officer. There is a story to the effect that the next day he presented himself as a candidate for a first-class certificate. "But why?" the schoolmaster is reported as saying, with surprise. "What is the use? Surely you do not expect ever to become a commissioned officer?" "One never knows," was the laconic rejoinder.

Rise to Commission Rank

The way up was arduous, but difficulties lent but spring and impetus to youthful ambition. As a corporal young Robertson contrived to make a decided success when acting as orderly for his troop. At this early stage he seems to have mastered the secret that later enabled him to win such golden opinions as Quartermaster-General with the British Expeditionary Force. Time passed, and having reached the rank of troop-sergeant-major, he in 1888 obtained a commission in the 3rd Dragoon Guards.

From this point promotion, at first slow, was sure and, after awhile, became rapid. Possessing an iron constitution, a remarkably strong will, and "no nerves to speak of," Lieutenant Robertson let nothing daunt him. In 1891 he was serving in that excellent training-ground for the British soldier, the North-West Frontier of India, and did splendid work as transport officer in connection with the Miranzai and Black Mountain expeditions. In the following year, and until 1896, he was Staff Captain and D.-A.-Q.-M.-G. in the Intelligence Department at Simla, finding time, or making time, to master some half a dozen native dialects. On the occasion of the alarming outbreak at Chitral he was Intelligence Officer to the force hastily despatched to relieve the besieged British garrison in that difficult mountainous country on the borders of Kafiristan. His duties were not only onerous but perilous, as they compelled him to keep in close touch with the natives, and his life depended not a little on his quickness in reading native character.

Then occurred an incident that might have cut his career full short. One day, as dusk was falling, he was surrounded by a number of the enemy, who had been wrought up to a pitch of fanaticism by a mullah, or priest. The natives were aided by a treacherous Pathan, who had volunteered to act as his guide. The Pathan fired two shots at the British officer, and then attacked him with a sword. Robertson was severely wounded, but managed to extricate himself from his assailants. At the conclusion of the campaign, having been honourably mentioned in despatches, he was awarded the D.S.O. and medal with two clasps.

From Captain to Director of Military Training

Returning home, Captain Robertson was from 1899 to January, 1900, Staff Captain in the Intelligence Department at the War Office. During the early part of the South African War he was D.-A.-A.-G., Intelligence, at headquarters. He was present at Paardeburg, and took part in other operations in both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Mentioned in despatches, he was given the medal with four clasps, and promoted to the rank of brevet-lieutenant-colonel, when he had only been a major for a little more than six months.

Between 1901 and 1907—the C.B. was accorded him in 1905—Lieut.-Colonel Robertson was again at the old offices in Pall Mall as Assistant Director of Military Operations; and from 1907, when he was gazetted brigadier-general, to 1910, a year marked by his promotion to the rank of major-general and the bestowal upon him of the C.V.O., he filled a number of Staff appointments at Aldershot, where his work came under the direct notice of Sir John French and Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. Even more gratifying was the circumstance that in 1910 he was selected as commandant at the Staff College, Camberley, a position held by him with distinction till 1913, when he became a K.C.V.O., and then went to the War Office for a third time as Director of Military Training.

Brilliant Work with the Expeditionary Force

When the British Expeditionary Force went out to France in August, 1914, Sir William Robertson went with it as Quartermaster-General. The best commentary on his thoroughness and efficiency in this difficult command is to be found in Sir John French's famous despatch dealing with the brilliant though terrible retreat from Mons. "In such operations as I have described," wrote the British Commander-in-Chief, "the work of the Quartermaster-General is of an extremely onerous nature. Major-General Sir William Robertson has met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination, and it is largely owing to his exertions that the hardships and sufferings of the troops—inseparable from such operations—were not much greater."

Having been gazetted a temporary lieut.-general on September 13th, 1914, Sir William Robertson was, on January 25th, 1915, appointed Chief of the General Staff of the Expeditionary Force, Sir Archibald Murray, who had filled that post with great ability, having been compelled on medical advice to return home.

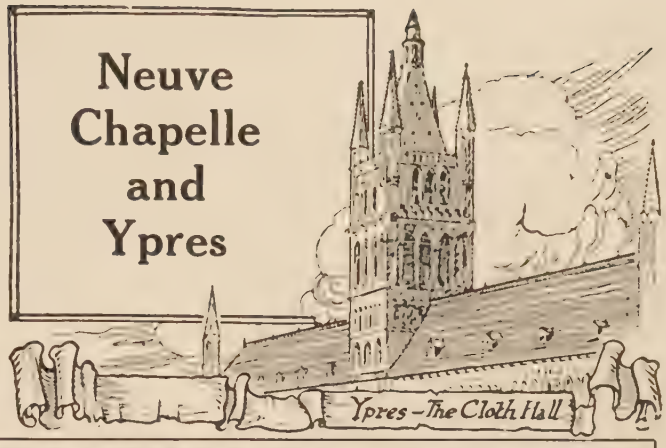
"Silent, Cool, and Clear-Headed"

Many recall with admiration Sir William Robertson in his capacity as a lecturer on military topics. He has studied foreign military organisation, as well as qualified as a first-class interpreter in a modern foreign language. An adept in handling details, he proved an ideal successor to Sir Archibald Murray. Tall and of medium build, says one well-informed writer: "General Robertson cannot fail to impress the man who meets him by the grasp which he obviously possesses of any subject which may happen to be under discussion. Silent, cool, and clear-headed, the more you know him the better you like him. Absolutely straight and genuine in character, he has reached the very top of his profession—not as the result of personal charm, but of merit, of brain power, of hard work, and of determination always to devote himself to the serious side of his Army career. He has faith in the Army, and the Army trusts him." Such men, especially in days of crisis, are national assets of incalculable value. In 1894, Sir William Robertson was married to Mildred Adelaide, daughter of the late Lieut.-General T. C. Palin.

I call to mind a gallant, growing throng
Of fellow-mortals struggling for the right,
And when I hear their cheering battle-song
I'm glad once more
Faith lives through fevered night.
For there are brave souls waging war with sorrow,
And valiant hearts that faint not in the fight,
And there are heralds of the dawning morrow,
When the world shall wake to love and light.

—H. F. F.

Neuve Chapelle and Ypres



The frightful moment after the crash.—A remarkable impression of a bursting shell at Ypres.

The Fateful Moment before the Charge

Dramatic moments just before the victorious British infantry attack at Neuve Chapelle. The soldiers, waiting anxiously to charge, were watching the bombardment. As the artillery fire grew hotter and hotter, and the time drew nearer for the men to rush forward to the bayonet assault, their excitement reached fever pitch. Some of them jumped up on the parapets, brandishing their rifles towards the Germans and shouting challenges and taunts, which were drowned in the roar of the guns.

NEUVE CHAPELLE'S IMMORTAL STORY

The Great Episodes of the War.

ON February 15th, 1915, General Joffre made his first offensive movement since the British advance on Menin was checked in the autumn of 1914. Neither the French nor the British armies were ready, in the middle of February, to resume the offensive. For though their new formations were arriving in vast numbers, the ground was still in a very bad condition between the opposing fronts. If it had been left to General Joffre there would have been no serious movement against the Germans until the March winds had dried the soil.

The Plan to Smash the Russians

But a cry for help came from Russia. All through the winter the Russians had been fighting at a heavy disadvantage. The closing of the Dardanelles and the freezing of Archangel port had interrupted the munitioning of the armies of the Tsar. Meanwhile, the German Commander-in-Chief was profiting by the condition of the ground in France and Flanders, and withdrawing army corps of first-line troops there and launching them, with new levies, against the Russians. The plan was to smash the Russians by an overwhelming concentration of force before the warm weather and the guns of the Queen Elizabeth opened the channels by which war material could be poured into Russia. When Russia was thoroughly defeated, most of the tremendous forces operating on the eastern front would be swung over against the French, British, and Belgian lines.

This was why General Joffre ordered an advance against the western German front before his armies were ready for the spring campaign. At any cost of men the first-line German army had to be tied to the French and British trenches. The German Commander-in-Chief had to be induced not to send any further reinforcements to Hindenburg. General Joffre proceeded to point out to General von Falkenhayn exactly where any further new levies that Germany had ready for action should be placed.

How Joffre Checkmated von Falkenhayn

In the chalky, absorbent soil of the heath of Champagne the winter rain and frost had not made such a bog between the opposing fronts as in other places. There was a stretch of three and a half miles of trench by the village of Perthes held by some 20,000 infantrymen of the Rhine. General Joffre resolved that a quarter of a million of the German reinforcements, destined for the grand attack against the Russians, should be brought instead to Perthes.

Very simple was the method by which the French commander imposed his will upon the German commander. He secretly collected 200,000 troops in front of Perthes, with a vast store of large howitzer shells and howitzers. On Monday, February 15th, there opened abruptly a terrific bombardment of the trenches held by the 20,000 Rhinelanders. Something like a hundred thousand high-explosive shells were pitched into the German trenches.

Under the hurricane fire of their siege ordnance the French troops charged the shaken and surprised enemy. They did not shoot. Rushing towards the German trenches, they pitched hand bombs into the ditches, and then leaped down and used the bayonet. Then they dug for their lives, to re-shape the captured, battered earthworks for protection against the fire of the German guns and the infantry counter-attack that was certain to follow.

General von Einem was the German commander in this region. He brought up his reserves, but they were defeated. He weakened his line at other places to strengthen the Perthes position, but the overpowering force of French troops and French guns continued to batter down all opposition. The struggle went on for twenty-six days.

Always the French made steady and continuous progress against the fortifications which the Germans had been constructing for five months. Despite innumerable counter-attacks, they were never forced back on any day behind the line they held in the morning. In each counter-attack the Germans lost heavily, and the spirit of their troops began to decline. Part of the re-formed Prussian Guard was brought up to recapture a small height—Hill 196—held by the French, but they broke against the defence.

The French picked up and buried ten thousand Germans as they advanced, and the German Great Staff was moved to make the extraordinary confession that they had lost more troops on the front of three and a half miles at Perthes than in the Przasnysch-Niemen campaign against the Russians.

But, at any cost of life, the French advance had to be stayed. Otherwise, the German front would be broken and a general retreat would be brought about. The entire line from the North Sea to Switzerland was therefore weakened, in order to mass 300,000 or more men, with a vast park of heavy ordnance, behind the bulge at Perthes.

As we have seen, a division of the Prussian Guard was brought up to reinforce Einem's men. Now it was known to French and British Headquarters that the Prussian Guard had been holding the trenches at Neuve Chapelle village, a hundred miles to the north of the Champagne pine waste.

The War's Most Devastating Bombardment

At Neuve Chapelle was the Fourth British Army Corps, under Sir Henry Rawlinson, and the Indian Army Corps, under Sir James Willcox. They were ordered to co-operate with the French army round Perthes by making an attack upon Neuve Chapelle. A day or two passed in stealthy preparations for this new move. Many of our heaviest pieces of ordnance were massed a few miles in front of Neuve Chapelle. A huge number of shells were collected round the guns, while our airmen constantly patrolled the sky above, and drove away any hostile aerial scout who might have discovered the vast, secret preparations.

At half-past seven in the morning of Wednesday, March 10th, the process of stopping German reinforcements to Hindenburg in East Prussia was continued at Neuve Chapelle, while the French at Perthes were still holding the enemy in increasing number. We had some four hundred guns and howitzers massed against the two and a quarter miles of German trenches round Neuve Chapelle. At half-past seven all these pieces of ordnance began raining shells on the enemy's lines. The bombardment only lasted thirty-five minutes, but it was the most devastating outburst of artillery power in the war. Earth and sky seemed to rock with the continuous, eardrum-shattering roar. Each detachment worked at extreme pressure to get as many shells as possible out of their great tubes. It was hell-fire gunnery in the British naval style rather than a military bombardment — like forty battleships working as a gigantic sort of machine-gun against little more than two miles of sodden earthworks.

The Charge of the Overseas Troops

The German front line of entrenched troops had no chance of resistance. Many of those who were not blown up, buried, or stifled by the great lyddite shells, were so dazed by the explosions that they sat half-stunned till taken prisoners. In the meantime the British and Indian infantry, with a Canadian division, rushed over the muddy space between the opposing fronts, without being shot at by the enemy, while our terrible gunfire was going on. Sir John French was directing the operations in person, and he surprised even the French by his originality.

There were no dense masses of Divisions of Death rushing out to be slaughtered in the Kluck and Hindenburg method of attack. Field-Marshal von Heeringen had recently observed that British troops were terrible when on the defensive but not powerful enough in the offensive. Every German general once thought that only by massed forma-

(*Continued on page 786.*)

The Retaking of the Guns: Canada's Fighting S

THE explosion of the mines at Hill 60, and the subsequent British capture of this important strategic point, were the signal for the second terrible struggle in Flanders, which promised to prove the decisive battle on the western front. For months the Germans made elaborate preparations, both as regards men, guns, and infernal gas-generating machines, to ensure success in a fin attempt to reach Calais, the nearest point to "Perfidious Albion

That the battle should open with an immortal chapter of Britis heroism was an inspiring and hopeful augury. On April 23rd, 191 the enemy in superior force launched a terrific attack on the Ys

nscribe an Immortal Page in the Empire Story

near Steenstraate and Hetsas, and owing to the breaking French line and the necessary withdrawal of troops, the lians were in imminent danger of being outflanked. A retreat became imperative, and four 4.7 in. guns, in their had to be abandoned to the overwhelming forces of the enemy.

The prize, however, did not remain long in German hands. A brilliant counter-attack by the Colonials was organised. Their courage, proof against every effort to shatter it—machine-gun and shell fire, the bayonet, asphyxiating gases, etc.- the Canadians made good, retook the guns, and captured a large number of prisoners.

 (Continued from page 783.)

tions could a position be stormed. They now had another lesson in the handling of infantry. Our men advanced in rushes in open order, with their reserves and supports a considerable distance behind them. But the unexcelled, unequalled power of their rifle fire—a well-aimed shot every four seconds from every man—more than compensated for the thinness of the leading fighting-line.

Indians' Prowess and Deadly Skill

Our guns and howitzers had shelled the enemy's barbed-wire entanglements as well as his trenches. This was, indeed, a most important work of preparation, and our first losses chiefly occurred in the spots where no gap had been blown in the German wire defences. Here and there the assault failed through our troops getting hung up on the wire, giving time for the Germans to bring their machine-guns into action. But while our held-up troops gallantly fought on, the German trenches were stormed through the gaps farther south by the Indians, and the Germans, working the machine-guns against our wired-out men, were taken by surprise in flank or rear and killed or captured.

The Indians were heroic. They had given ground to the Germans in this part of the front some months before, when the enemy had the advantage in the artillery power. Now that the horrible, shattering force of heavy ordnance was largely on our side, the Indians were able to display fully their prowess and deadly skill in hand-to-hand combat. Winning the trenches, they rushed with the Britons and Canadians to the ruined village, where the hottest, fiercest fighting took place. The Germans had placed machine-guns in the houses. Sometimes there were six machine-guns in one house, commanding every line of approach. A shell from our light quick-firers would have cleared them out; but this was a battle at express speed. Having bullet and bayonet at hand, our men did not wait for their guns to come up, but gave the machine-gun men the mad minute and cleared the house with the bayonet.

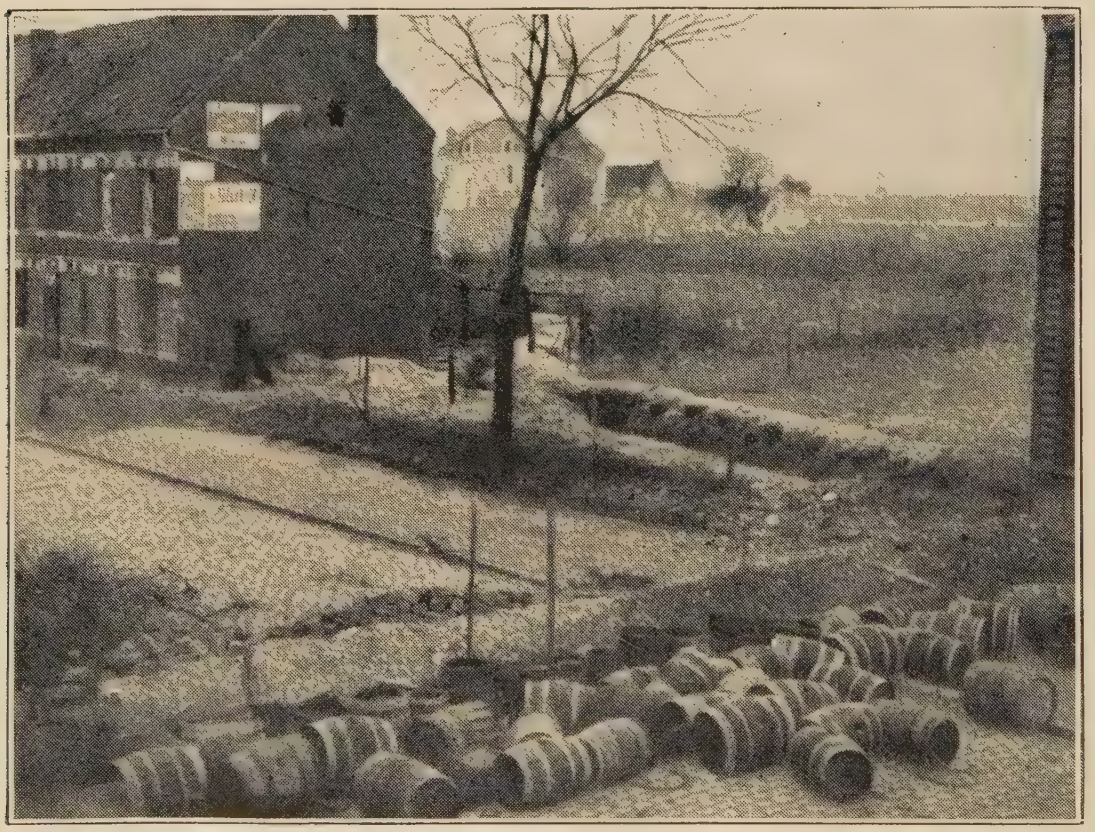
The Immortal Division—the Seventh—which had tried in October to save Antwerp, and had saved the Belgian Army and then held the trenches of Ypres for nineteen days, got back on the enemy at last at Neuve Chapelle. Since losing nearly five men out of every six, in the greatest achievement in our history, it had reorganised, and its scanty veterans filled the new drafts with their high spirit, as the division, with the other bayonets of our Fourth Army Corps, drove against the German position from the north. The German trenches were taken in an hour. Three hours afterwards the fortified village houses were captured, and by half-past five in the afternoon the last defences of the Germans, a mass of wire entanglements and pits known as Port Arthur, were carried by storm.

The British Airmen's Part

In ten hours our 48,000 infantrymen at Neuve Chapelle had won more ground than their more numerous French comrades at Perthes had gained in ten days. This, of course, was largely due to the French troops. By their tenacious attack in Champagne they had drawn away many of the Germans defending the Neuve Chapelle position, and had thus prepared for our success. Yet this is not the full explanation. Our assault was a masterpiece in tactics. The bombardment was as short as it was intense. It did not last long enough to enable the Germans to bring up reinforcements. They were blown out of their trenches and bayoneted before help could arrive. For while our infantry was attacking in overwhelming numbers our airmen were bombing the neighbouring railway centres—Menin, Courtrai, and Don—breaking down bridges, wrecking stations, and hindering transport of reinforcements to the endangered position.

Had it not been for the fog that gathered in the evening, preventing our artillerymen and their aerial scouts from blowing a longer path of advance for our infantry, the great German fortress of La Bassée might have been assailed from the rear. As it was, our men, though stopped at the height east of the village, held Neuve Chapelle against all counter-attacks, and advanced more northward towards Lille and upset the entire plans of the Kaiser and his Chief of Staff. A council of war had to be held at Lille to decide whether troops should be drawn from Russia to strengthen the German line in France and Flanders.

General Joffre had imposed his will upon his opponents, and his Staff made a most remarkable statement. "*At a given time and at a given place we can do what we will,*" they said.

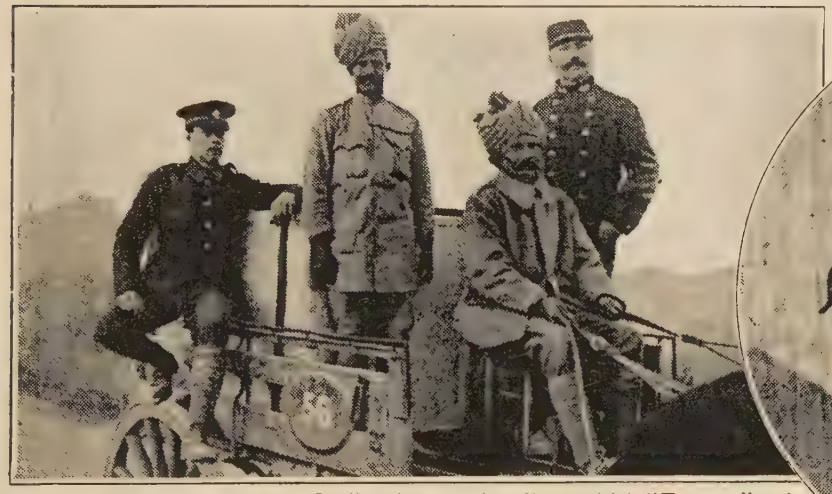


WHAT SIEGE WARFARE MEANS.—Unique photograph illustrating the amazing proximity of the conflicting forces, which was a feature of the slow siege warfare. In the foreground a trench is constructed across a village road in the French war-area simply for war purposes of communication. So near were the Germans that it would have been fatal to cross the street other than by this subterranean passage. The barrels were placed in the trench parapets by way of further protection from the enemy's shots. In front of the houses the first-line trench is discernible.

Neuve Chapelle Heroes resting on their Laurels

One of the Indian warriors at the front finds distraction in the gentler sport of fishing during a brief respite from fighting.

Anglo-Indian officers of the native troops who rendered such signal service to their King-Emperor at Neuve Chapelle.



East and West as comrades. Soldiers from India, with a British "Tommy" and a French "Piou-piou," posing for their portraits on a water-cart in France.

Resting after the charge. Two of the Indians seem anxious for another shot at the foe. Inset above: Fierce fighter from the East in happier mood. The little French child is frightened, not of her dusky friend, but of the photographer.

The Great Assault at Neuve Chapelle—Bayonet Work after the Awful Bombardment

After many weary winter weeks of comparative quiet, the order for a great advance on La Bassée was given. On March 10th, 1915, early in the morning, the British guns began to speak. For thirty-five minutes an extraordinarily severe bombardment literally pulverised the German trenches, and the morale of some of the finest German troops was shattered. They could not resist the subsequent charge of British and Indian infantry, which never before co-operated better with the artillery. The losses of the Germans during the few days' fighting amounted to between 17,000 and 18,000 killed, wounded, and prisoners, while in proportion to the importance of the success, British casualties were small.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Extraordinary Battle for Hill 60

OF all the famous episodes in the western theatre of the war the recapture of the little rise of ground south-east of Ypres was the least important in itself. The position was not occupied by the enemy's artillery; only his snipers used it for firing with telescopic-sighted rifles upon our men in the low-lying trenches. It was from the larger and more distant hill at Zandvoorde that the German batteries bombarded our lines at Ypres. In the ordinary way, the capture of the smaller hill would have been just a slight effort of pressure on the enemy's front.

Our attack upon Hill 60 was only designed to make the German commander anxious about his gun-positions at Zandvoord. Both the higher ridge and the smaller mound had been lost by our troops and their French supports in the autumn and winter of 1914, when the Germans were trying to break through to Calais. In the spring of 1915 a battalion of the Bedfords were entrenched at a distance of sixty yards west of Hill 60, and the West Kents, the heroes of many a great fight, came up to help the Midlanders when the time drew near to put pressure on the Germans and continue the work which had been carried out at Neuve Chapelle, St. Eloi, and elsewhere.

The Work of the Rival Tunnellers

On this occasion the main work was done by our sappers instead of by our artillerymen. Starting from the trenches in the valley, our engineers drove a great tunnel eastward, which branched out under the hill in three directions. Sounds were heard by the tunnellers indicating that other human moles were at work in the neighbourhood. The fact was that the Germans were busy at the same game, driving a mine under our trenches. It then became a race between the Teuton and British sappers; and by a long, magnificent, and arduous effort our men won the race by a few hours, and placed several hundredweights of dynamite under the hill.

At seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday, April 17th, our seven mines were exploded by electrical wires running from our trenches. The result was a volcano, in which all the enemy's defences disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke and dust. Swiftly, before the smoke cleared away, the leading companies of the Bedfords and West Kents rushed across the space of some fifty to sixty yards intervening between our lines and the three huge craters formed by our mines on the little hill.

Our storming parties did not use the bayonet, but dashed ahead, with the streamers of their hand-bombs fluttering around their legs like a very ragged kilt. In the trenches where the mines had exploded there was nothing left alive; but the uninjured parts of the enemy's earthworks were full of surprised, bewildered German troops working in their shirt-sleeves. On them fell the rain of grenades thrown by our modern grenadiers. No fight was left in the Saxons who had been holding the hill. The tremendous explosions and the rapid appearance of our bombing parties threw them into a panic. Like wild beasts they fought each other to get into the traverses leading to their second line of defences, some even driving their bayonets into their comrades in front.

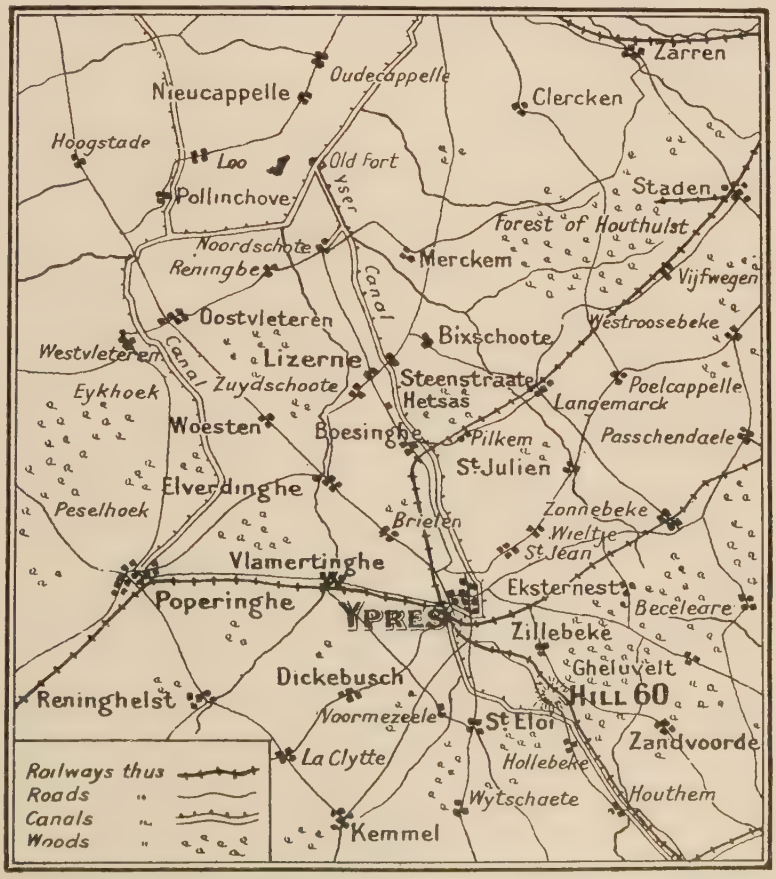
Cascades of Fire and Lanes of Flame

The trenches which we captured only extended 250 yards on the enemy's front, and with the slopes of the captured hill the position formed a wedge driven in the enemy's lines. Our storming parties suffered little loss until they came to the barricades in the German communication trenches, where they were kept back by bomb-throwers and machine-guns. It was then that our artillery took part in the fight. We had an unusual number of big guns massed in readiness behind our main position, and as soon as they received the signal that the hill was won a most terrible bombardment began. All the French and British batteries for six miles round woke in thunder and flame, and, with an uninterrupted cascade of shells, they formed a curtain of death between Hill 60 and the second and third German line of trenches running towards Zandvoorde. The object was to cut all the German supporting infantry off from their lost trenches, and thus give our men time to dig themselves in and prepare against the grand counter-attack.

Then all the German guns for miles along their line concentrated their fire in an attempt to counter our mighty bombardment. The German gunners did not try to master our batteries, but massed their fire on the captured hill and on the lines by which our supports were coming up. As a spectacle the night sky during this double bombardment was as picturesque as the grounds of the Crystal Palace on Brock's Benefit night. The heavens were arched with cascades of fire and lanes of flame, with the great shells bursting like wildly beautiful stars.

Happily the German guns missed the first line of our trenches, and our men worked at the top of their

(Continued on page 790.)



Map showing the area of the renewed battle for the key to Calais. The relative positions of Hill 60 and Ypres are indicated, and Steenstraate and Hetsas, the region of the Canadians' exploit, are further north on the Yser Canal.

THE EXTRAORDINARY BATTLE FOR HILL 60.

(Continued from page 789.)

speed building up parapets, making firing positions near the tops of the craters, and stopping up the enemy's communication trenches. And while this was going on in the darkness, bombing parties on either side harried their opponents with hand-grenades.

At last, in the darkness of early Sunday morning, the Germans gathered for the grand counter-attack. There were about three thousand of them, advancing in grey, ghostly lines towards the hill, where the West Kents and Bedfords met them only with a ragged line of rifle fire. Though falling in large numbers, the Germans bravely pressed on up the hill-slope, and clustered for a bayonet charge against the crest. But we had brought up some thirty machine-guns, masked behind sandbags. And as the Germans bunched for the final charge, the guns opened fire and laid the Germans out in swathes. Twice they bravely attempted to retake the hill. Our men sang songs as the enemy charged, and smote him down in hundreds, and then in thousands.

The German Commander's Mistake

All day Sunday the counter-attacks continued, the German commander drawing support on troops all down the line, in the hope of recovering the position. As the hill formed a salient, he was able to attack it from three sides, and get cross-fire effects upon our hastily-made trenches. But all the day our men held out without reinforcement. They met the enemy with rifle fire, waited until he bunched, and then opened on him with machine-guns. When he was driven back to his support trenches, our artillery caught him midway to Zandvoorde.

But by continuing the pressure at a dreadful sacrifice of life the German commander managed about six o'clock on Sunday evening to lodge his men on the southern edge of the hill. But he made the mistake of wiring to headquarters that he had completely driven the British out of the trenches they had occupied. This report of the British defeat was published in Berlin, and wirelessed all over the world, leading to the catastrophe that followed. For at six o'clock on Sunday evening our men were reinforced, and in a great charge they swept the Germans from the foothold they had gained, and by Sunday night completely re-established our position on the captured hill. There was the Duke of Wellington's Regiment and a battalion of Highlanders, who fought magnificently.

The German General Staff was now in a very awkward position. It had officially denied the news of our victory, and had asseverated that the hill had been recaptured and that a counter-attack made by us in great force had completely failed. It was this state of affairs that made the Battle of Hill 60 one of the most extraordinary episodes in the war. For when the Germans had lost the position as completely as they had lost Neuve Chapelle, they could not adopt the same defensive tactics and withdraw and strengthen their line. The whole world wanted to know if the German or the British statement about Hill 60 were correct. There was only one way in which the German General Staff could retrieve its false situation.

Bayonet Work and Grenade Throwing

All Monday, April 19th, was spent in grand preparations for the recapture of the little rise. And for the greater part of Tuesday preparations went on. The celebrated enormous German howitzers—the 16·5 in. and the 13·7 in. —were brought up against our front, together with a thousand other guns. On the evening of Tuesday, April 20th, after Ypres had been bombarded, an attempt was made to blow in all our trenches on the hill-top and curtain off all our infantry supports by an unending storm of heavy shell fire. Then the German infantry attacked.

What happened nobody knows in detail. Our machine-guns worked in their old way, and attack after attack was broken, but the Germans, fed from their large reserve, still pressed onward throughout the night, and, crossing the zone of fire, they got mixed up with our men in hand-to-hand fighting. It was bayonet work varied by grenade throwing and point-blank magazine fire. The main struggle took place in and around the labyrinth of winding trenches that encircled the craters. But our men, somehow, won through, and when daybreak came on Wednesday, April 21st, only one point on the hill was held by the Germans. From this they were dislodged in the afternoon by a fierce infantry attack.

The Germans then tried to asphyxiate our troops by raining on the hill, from three sides, bombs filled with poisonous gases. The space our men occupied was only a mound 250 yards long by 200 yards wide. By means of steel catapults the Germans threw cylinders of chlorine gas which burst and spread all over this small area. But even this utterly barbaric use of the deadliest resources of civilisation had no effect whatever upon the strength of our line. Our men tied wet rags about their noses and mouths, and firmly established themselves on the captured hill. There were times when the famous little hill was blotted from sight by clouds of poisonous fumes, but no German was able to get a foothold there.

How the Canadians Saved Ypres

AFTER the victory of the British troops at Hill 60, following on their success at Neuve Chapelle, the German Commander-in-Chief was forced to attempt an advance in some part of his lines round Ypres. For the continued local defeats of the entrenched German armies were telling on the spirit of the men. All the allied generals, on the Yser and the Lys, expected a German attack, and prepared for it. But the desperate and disheartened enemy was afraid to essay an advance in the ordinary way. As General Joffre had openly explained, the Allies had two men to every German from the North Sea to Switzerland.

The Barbarians' Greenish-Yellow Poison

Having little hope of winning by fair fighting, the enemy developed the inhuman, forbidden methods of asphyxiation, which he had hastily and vainly employed at Hill 60. This time he was more careful in preparing his diabolic method of attack. He waited till Thursday evening, April 22nd, when a strong wind was blowing steadily from the north. He then placed his apparatus along the northern section of his trenches above Ypres, and the German troops there were supplied with masks, protecting eyes, nose, and mouth from the deadly fumes.

As darkness was falling, great greenish-yellow clouds rose from the German trenches, by the forest of Houthulst, and drifting with the wind over the French lines, by the villages of Bixschoote and Langemarck. The gas attacked the mucous membrane of every soldier in a zone of two miles causing the throat to swell inside, and close the air passages; at the same time it blistered the delicate covering of the eyes, producing dreadful pain and temporary blindness. When the gas had done its work, the German soldiers, with their masked faces, rushed the French trenches, crossed the canal, and made a bridge-head at the village of Lizerne. What French troops survived the clouds of gas withdrew towards Ypres, and made a stand at the village of Boesinghe.

Four miles eastward, at the hamlet of St. Julien, the trenches of the Canadians, under Major-General Alderson, remained like the edge of a broken dyke through which a flood was pouring. In the darkness the Canadians felt a curious smarting of their eyes and an extraordinary lumpiness in their throats, but most of them were sufficiently removed from the deadly gas zone to escape sudden asphyxiation. But they were in deadly peril. For the Germans had captured the four heavy guns which they had lent to the French holding the wood of Pilken, and from the wood a German force was advancing round their rear, while another hostile force held them in front.

Charging the Sand-Bag Forts

It was the most difficult situation soldiers could be called upon to face. The breaking of the allied line had occurred with the unexpectedness and weirdness of a nightmare terror, and much would have been forgiven the untried, newly-trained sons of Canada had they given ground and withdrawn towards Ypres. Instead of doing so, they

(Continued on page 792.)

The Brilliant Capture and Defence of "Hill 60"

Hastily entrenched in the three deep holes caused by the explosion of mines, holding tenaciously to every foot of the shell-torn ground that had only been won at the cost of many brave men's lives, British soldiers were for days engaged in a terrific fight to retain the position at Zillebeke near Ypres, known as "Hill 60." The German trenches were blown skywards by British mines; then, advancing to the mine-wrecked hill, our men, for lack of trenches, fought from the scanty shelter of the craters caused by the six tons of British dynamite. Round these craters raged many a fierce battle, but the British retained the captured hill.

HOW THE CANADIANS SAVED YPRES (Continued from page 790.)

extended their line and entrenched westward, back to back, to hold the Germans enveloping their rear. Meanwhile, their comrades came out of their billets, and took each four hundred rounds of ammunition, and marched up in the darkness without food or water towards St. Julien.

Towards midnight the Canadians charged. In front of them, about five hundred yards away, was the wood that had been held by the French regiment, to whom they had lent their four 4·7 in. guns. The wood was now occupied by seven thousand Germans, who had made little sandbag forts, defended by many machine-gun parties. There were two thousand Canadians bent on recovering their guns, but they did not know what was waiting for them in the dim, thick spinney. No enemy was visible.

When they were two hundred yards from the German trench by the wood there came, from three sides, the rattle of machine-gun fire and the flash of rifles. The Germans had almost enveloped the British position at St. Julien, and they enfiladed the daring attackers as these charged forward. Line after line of the Canadians went down, but their supports leaped over their bodies and burst through a hedge, bayoneted the Germans in the trench behind it, and then entered the wood. Here it was wild hand-to-hand fighting amid trees and brushwood, our men having only their rifles in taking each German machine-gun position. For though some of our Maxims were brought up, they were not sufficient to cope with the enemy's machine-guns, and the Canadians had to do their work with bullet and bayonet.

And they did it well, with all the odds against them. Rushing, stabbing, yelling, firing, they got the Germans—the famous Prussian Guard it is reported—on the run, and shot them down as they fled. Clearing the wood, they recaptured their own guns and three French howitzers, leaving behind them a broad trail of thousands of dead and wounded Germans. With all that the Canadians were not satisfied. Still going at the double, they emerged from the farther side of the wood, and ran on for another five hundred yards, till they were close upon the light field artillery of the Guards they had routed. Then, however, the German forces along the canal swept backwards against them, and again the heroes of Canada were surrounded and brought under a cross-fire. But, retiring into the wood, they dug themselves in the trenches they had captured from the enemy, making new parapets, and deepening the ditches under a hurricane of shrapnel from the distant German batteries. There they held out, without food, until Saturday morning, April 24th, when they were relieved. Their achievement ranks among the glories of our far-flung race. For the Canadians undoubtedly saved Ypres. Had they given way, the town would have been taken from the north.

The difficulties and dangers of motor despatch-riders are legion, and their strenuous, invaluable work was the subject of much praise in the course of the war. Frequently the country through which they had to travel was full of obstructions, bad roads, water-logged byways, etc. But the modern scout on his iron steed is able and willing to go anywhere, even through a flood as seen in this striking picture, a feat one time regarded as impossible with an air-cooled engine.

To face page 73

HOW THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS MET AN ATTACK ON THEIR FIRST-LINE TRENCHES AT YPRES.

The trenches of "The Fighting Fifth" were distant only about a hundred yards from those of the enemy. In the early hours of morning the Germans attacked in force. They were met, however, with steady and continuous rifle fire, while the machine-gun seen on the left of the picture did some excellent work. It was, said an eye-witness, pretty hot work for a few minutes. But our men could not miss the masses of the advancing foe, and then our artillery began to play on the attacking force and on their communication trenches in the rear.

Back to Back: Canadians' Heroism near Ypres

With the plains of Flanders and of Artois aflame, there took place during the fierce fighting along the whole front from Arras to the sea many battles that, if this war were as other wars, would be written down as "great." For instance, the enemy attacked the British trenches west of Zonnebeke with the most terrible artillery fire. A tornado of shells were poured upon the British position, until the trenches were soon knocked out of all semblance of trenches. Yet, standing back to back, a small group of Canadians fired and stabbed in both directions at the charging Germans who had enveloped their narrow front-line trench. With amazing courage they held on until, in the end, the Germans were repulsed all along the line.

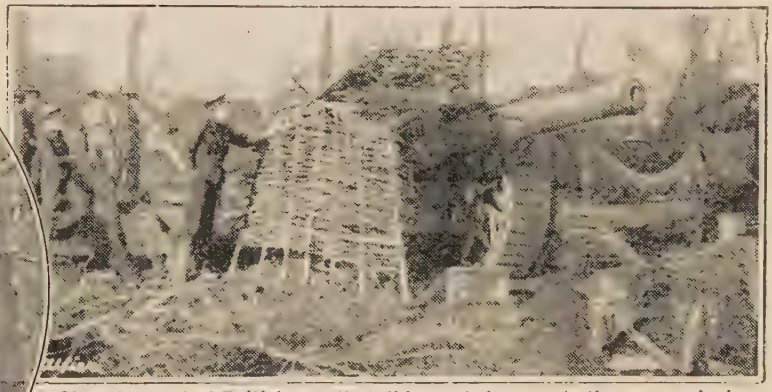
"Stand to Your Arms!" Mustering Reserves at Ypres

When the enemy, using as shield a cloud of poisonous gas, had temporarily succeeded in penetrating behind the Allies' line north of Ypres, during the second great fight that raged round that stricken town, a British Staff officer dashed up on horseback to our reserves gathered near Ypres, shouting: "Stand to your arms!" Calmly and quietly, yet amid a scene of wild confusion caused by the terrified fugitives, our men fell in at their posts in perfect order. Then they went forward to the attack with their bayonets, and after repeated charges recaptured our heavy guns and saved the situation.

After the Inferno of Ypres and Neuve Chapelle

British soldiers drawing water from a well in the streets of Ypres. Nearly every building was ruined by shell fire.

After the glorious British victory of Neuve Chapelle. Wounded Britons being congratulated by French railwaymen at a station.



Cleverly masked British gun that did great damage to the enemy during the lengthy Battle of Ypres. It is seen disguised with a wicker covering.

On hallowed ground. British patrol halting to do honour to the memory of comrades who fell in the neighbourhood of Ypres. Inset: Ruined nave of the Cathedral of Ypres, which, with the historic Cloth Hall and other famous edifices, was wrecked by Hun fire.

Up the Chimney! An Incident at Neuve Chapelle

During the glorious Battle of Neuve Chapelle, when the prodigies of valour performed added another splendid page to the Empire's story, and the decisive British victory proved that the German Army was by no means invincible, there were many minor incidents that provided vivid, picturesque, and even humorous notes. One such incident our artist has illustrated. The Worcesters, "seeing red," had a brisk fight, brief but fierce, with the enemy in an orchard round a farmhouse. They harried the Germans up and down the field, and round the trees at the bayonet's point, and they instituted a lively "Hun-hunt" through the farmhouse, where one German was discovered trying to project his portly form up the chimney.

They who had sought far lands beyond the sea,
And peopled them with children of the free,
Who never trembled at a king's command,
Nor feared a ruthless war-lord's iron hand ;
In Freedom's name, steadfast whate'er befall,
They come, oh Mother England, at thy call.
—A. M. Belding.

The Empire in Arms

Young Lions of the Old Empire Canada.

From Bengal to Belgium—a Strong Contrast

NO troops excited a greater interest on the war-fields of France and Belgium than the soldiers from the states and presidencies of India. From the moment that they landed at Marseilles they were the objects, not only of interest, but of intense admiration—admiration because of their loyalty to the grand ideal for which the British Empire stands, and because of the failure of German efforts to foment among them discontent and opposition against their British officers and rulers. Their loyalty was unshaken, even among those of them who gave religious adhesion to the tenets of Mohammed when Turkey entered the ranks of combatants, and proclaimed a Jehad—a Holy War. Under their European officers these Eastern warriors achieved feats of stubborn valour, and inspired terror in the ranks of the enemy by reason of their unusual methods of hand-to-hand fighting.

The native scout seen in this picture surveys the scene of devastation wrought by war, and one may well wonder what thoughts are passing through his brain as he looks on the wreck and ruin resulting from the awful artillery fire, that played such a large part in Germany's campaign of organised destruction.

Canada's Glorious Part in the World War

Showing how the Great North American Dominion placed her manhood and her money at the service of the Empire

IN the dark days of early August, 1914, when Great Britain suddenly found herself confronted with her armed and well-prepared antagonist, the silver lining to the black clouds that hung over us was the splendid consistency of the people of the Empire. Everyone in Great Britain who knew anything of Greater Britain knew that the Dominions would be loyal and true. But even those who knew Greater Britain best could hardly have believed that at the first cry of danger to the Motherland old foes would sink ancient controversies, old antagonists would clasp hands, and men from East and West would flock to the Flag as Britain's sons did. The world had seen nothing like it before.

Offers of Military Service by Men of All Classes

The people in the Dominion of Canada regard theirs as the premier Dominion of the Empire, and they were resolved now to lead the way in Imperial zeal. The Government did not wait until war was declared. As soon as it became evident that Great Britain was likely to be dragged into the struggle, the Duke of Connaught, the popular and able Governor - General, then touring the west, started for Ottawa, and the Dominion Cabinet met to take action.

As it became clear that war must come, steady processions of men poured from every point to the different militia headquarters offering their services. Farmers drove in twenty and thirty miles or more, cowboys left their prairies, city men, clerks and bank cashiers, owners of prosperous businesses and mechanics—young men, middle-aged, and old—moved by one common purpose, offered themselves. The militia officers found themselves suddenly overwhelmed.

Party politics usually burn with a fierce heat in Canada, and the line of cleavage between Government and Opposition, both in the Dominion and the provinces, has always been clearly marked. Now, however, divisions were obliterated. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the venerable ex-Premier and Leader of the Opposition, called his chief adherents together, and after consulting them, publicly announced that the Liberal Party would lend its support without reserve to all measures deemed necessary by the Government. "There should be a truce to party strife," said he, and he saw that the truce was declared.

Parliament was assembled, and it unanimously resolved to raise an expeditionary force of 22,000 men, fully equipped for despatch to Europe. The Dominion Government had already placed the two Canadian cruisers, the Niobe and the Rainbow, at the services of the Admiralty. The Government paid the cost of a hospital for the French wounded in Paris, and when news came from England that there was likely to be distress among the poor in the Motherland, it sent over a gift of a million bags of flour of ninety-eight pounds each to the people of the United Kingdom.

Generous Gifts in Money and Kind

A great outburst of public and private generosity was witnessed. Provinces, cities, banks, business organisations, and individuals vied with each other in the extent of their gifts for the Empire. Less than eight weeks after war was declared a list was drawn up of what had been offered and given. Among the provinces, Alberta gave half a million bushels of oats to England, and her civil servants set apart five per cent. of their salaries up to £300 a year, and ten per cent. beyond that, for the Patriotic Fund. British Columbia gave 25,000 cases of tinned salmon, Manitoba 50,000 bags of flour, New Brunswick 100,000 bushels of potatoes, Nova Scotia offered 100,000 tons of coal (afterwards changed to £20,000 in cash), Ontario 250,000 bags of flour, Prince Edward Island 100,000 bushels of oats, also cheese and hay, Quebec 4,000,000 pounds of cheese, and Saskatchewan 1,500 horses. Then the cities made their presents: Montreal, £30,000 to the Patriotic Fund and a battery of quick-firing guns; Ottawa, £10,000 to the Patriotic Fund, and £60,000 for a machine-gun section; Toronto, £10,000, and other gifts. Calgary sent 1,000 men for the Legion of Frontiersmen. These were typical. The women of Canada were building, equipping, and maintaining a Canadian women's hospital of a hundred beds to supplement the British naval hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth. They had raised altogether within between two and three weeks close on £60,000, partly as presents to the War Office for hospital purposes, and partly for their own hospital. The Canadian Red Cross raised vast sums. The banks gave donations to the Patriotic Fund, from £2,000 from the Montreal City and Districts Savings Bank to £20,000 from the Bank of Montreal.

The Liberality of Millionaires and Wage Earners

The public teachers of Winnipeg sent £6,000. The individual gifts of many rich Canadians were on a princely scale. Thus, Mr. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal, presented £100,000 to the Patriotic Fund, paid the cost of taking the 5th Royal Highlanders to England, and gave a steam-yacht. Mr. Hamilton Gault, another millionaire, raised and equipped at his own cost a regiment—Princess Patricia's Light Infantry—soon to win wide fame. Crowds of rich men came together and raised many hundreds of thousands of dollars to purchase machine-guns and armoured motor-cars for the troops. The Canadian Pacific Railway gave £20,000, and the men on the line gave another £20,000, in addition to promising one day's pay monthly during the war.

It was not alone the rich who gave. Canada was at this time passing through a trying period of industrial depression. Yet the poorest managed to find something for King and Empire. French Canadians were as keen as those of British descent. Americans living in Canada clamoured to serve. Towns mainly inhabited by German emigrants led the way in loyalty. The white men were not alone. American Indians brought their gifts, of money and in kind, and offered themselves as scouts, boatmen, and woodmen.

It was soon found that the first contingent could not be kept within the 22,000 originally intended. In a few weeks an army of 33,000 men was raised. The different regiments of militia immediately placed their services at the disposal of the Government. The wave of passionate loyalty that swept over the country gathered strength day by day.

A message from the King, explaining how Great Britain had been forced into war, brought forward fresh demonstrations of loyalty.

Raising the First Canadian Contingent

The various regiments raised throughout the Dominion were assembled at a newly-created camp, Valcartier, outside Quebec. Valcartier was a marvel of its kind, a camp built up from nothing in a very few weeks, with permanent buildings, shower-baths, electric light, a good water supply throughout the lines, and conveniences lacking in many camps that have been established for years.

The Dominion Government resolved that the first contingent was to be completely equipped in a way surpassed by no other army in the world. Accordingly, the personal equipment of the men was brought to a point of excellence that excited general admiration on their arrival in Europe. They were amply provided with machine-guns, their artillery was abundant in quantity and of the best. They had a splendid park of motor-transports, and the mechanical equipment was as good as could be.

The hospitals of Canada had been searched to select a strong corps of trained nurses to accompany the army. There was a complete medical department, chaplains were given military rank, and—at that time an unusual feature—secretaries to the Y.M.C.A. were given rank as officers and attached to the regular forces.

By the end of September the expeditionary force was complete, from a very carefully chosen Intelligence Department to the hospital orderlies. Then one day the men heard the bugle calling them to attention. They set out as though on a route march, but this time their steps were directed towards the St. Lawrence, and they did not look back.

The Duke of Connaught Reviewing the Canadian Troops before they Sailed.

A fleet of great ships had been assembled there, the expeditionary force marched aboard, its guns and supplies were slung into place, and it sailed for Europe.

Early in October a report was circulated in England that the contingent had landed at Southampton. People rushed down to give them a great greeting. The report turned out to be false. Then, on October 14th, the people of Plymouth were surprised in the early morning to see transport after transport arrive in the Sound and drop anchor there. The word went round the town that the men on the crowded decks were Canadians. The Canadians had thought they would have a cordial greeting when they reached England, but as they one and all admitted afterwards, they had never dreamed of such a demonstration as awaited them. Their arrival was acclaimed from end to end of the Empire as a glowing proof of the reality of the Imperial ideal, and when the cheering had subsided they started in to complete their preparation for the stern work of war.

Preparation for the War Front

They were sent to camp on Salisbury Plain to go through a further period of discipline and preparation before taking up their posts of honour in the trenches of Flanders.

Lieut.-General E. A. H. Alderson was given command of the contingent shortly after its arrival. The King visited the camp on November 4th, accompanied by the Queen, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Roberts, and was greeted with immense enthusiasm. Lord Roberts, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Colonial Forces, paid a special visit, and made a speech, which was long remembered. "We have arrived at the most critical moment of our history, and you have generously come to help us in our hour of need," he told the assembled soldiers. "I need not urge you to do your best, for I know you will, for you will be fighting in the greatest of all causes—the cause of right, of justice, and of liberty."

By early in February the time of preparation in England was finished. Those who saw the troops on their arrival at Plymouth, and who saw them shortly before their departure for France, could not fail to be struck by the difference.

The contingent had been accompanied on the journey to Europe by a special regiment, Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, largely composed of veteran British soldiers. Four hundred and fifty men in the ranks had the right to wear war medals. Its commander was Colonel Farquhar, D.S.O., who went to Canada as Military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught in 1913, and Mr. Gault, who paid the cost of raising and equipping the regiment, served as an officer under Colonel Farquhar. The Patricias were named after the Duke of Connaught's daughter, and they were quickly nicknamed "Princess Pat's." They remained a short time with the first contingent, and then in November were transferred to Winchester, and from there were sent in December to Northern France. They were at once moved up to the fighting zone, and were first given a spell of very heavy work, digging one of the rear line of trenches. Then they set out for the fighting front. Then, at half-past ten one night, they were led quietly into the front line of trenches, relieving French troops there.

Two of the most popular officers in the regiment—Captain Newton and Captain Fitzgerald—were killed in the early fighting. Life in the trenches in these early days in January was trying and arduous. Frost-bite, the terrible frost-bite of the trenches, took its toll of the Canadians. It was found, however, that they stood the exposure better than most troops, and the proportion of sick among them was below the average. The first period in the trenches was not spectacular. It was a time of waiting and endurance.

To return to the first contingent. Early in February the word was passed that the time of departure was approaching. The King paid another visit to Salisbury Plain, this time a visit of farewell.

General Alderson, who commanded the Canadian Division at the front, as he had done at Salisbury Plain, circulated a soldier-like message to the troops before they first occupied their own line of trenches, and concluded his advice with these words:

> There is one thing more. My old regiment, the Royal West Kent, has been here since the beginning of the war, and it has never lost a trench. The Army says: "The West Kents never budge." I am proud of the great record of my old regiment. And I think it is a good omen. I now belong to you, and you belong to me; and before long the Army will say: "The Canadians never budge." Lads, it can be left there, and there I leave it. The Germans will never turn you out.

Sir John French, in an emphatic message to the Duke of Connaught, praised the Canadians very highly, and in his despatch of April 5th, 1915, describing the Battle of Neuve Chapelle, he told how he inspected the Canadian Division a few days after it arrived at the front. "They presented a splendid and most soldier-like appearance on parade. The men were of good physique, hard and fit. I judged by what I saw that they were able to take their places in the line of battle. Since then the division has justified the good opinion I formed of it. All the soldiers of Canada serving in the army under my command have so far splendidly upheld the traditions of the Empire, and will, I feel sure, prove to be a great source of additional strength to the forces of this country."

Over 100,000 Canadians Under Arms

While the first contingent was completing its training, a second and a third contingent were formed. The second contingent arrived in England in March, and was given headquarters at Shorncliffe. A distinguished Canadian officer, General Sam Steele, who took a prominent part in the Boer War, was chosen to command it. It was easily observable that the authorities had learned much from their first experience. Shorncliffe was a much better site for the troops than Salisbury Plain, and there was no whisper of disorder from the start with the second contingent. By the middle of April Sir Robert Borden was able to say that Canada had 101,000 men under arms. Her people were standing, to their last shot and their last dollar, if need be, behind the Motherland.

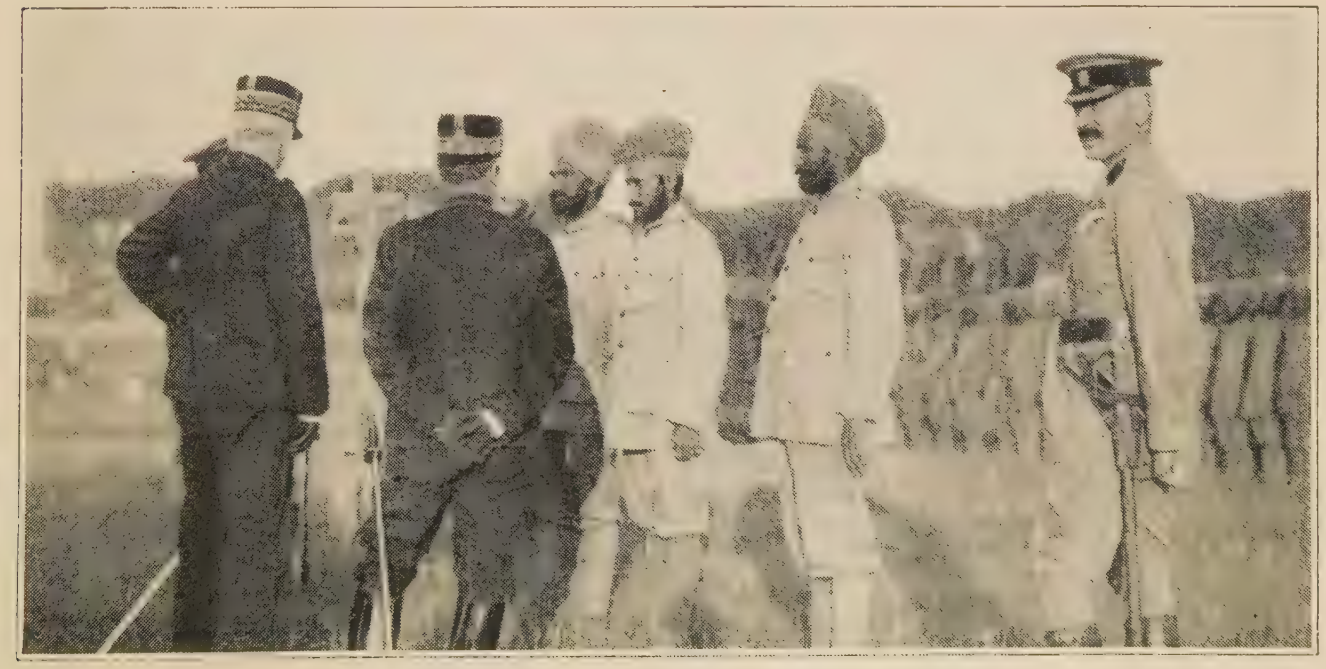
East and West join hands in France

Indians are particular as to their menu, and how it is prepared. This photograph shows a herd of goats which was kept at the base in France as food supply.

Members of the London Scottish and an Indian soldier with whom they have made friends.

Little French boy shakes hands with Indian warriors fighting in the cause of La Patrie.

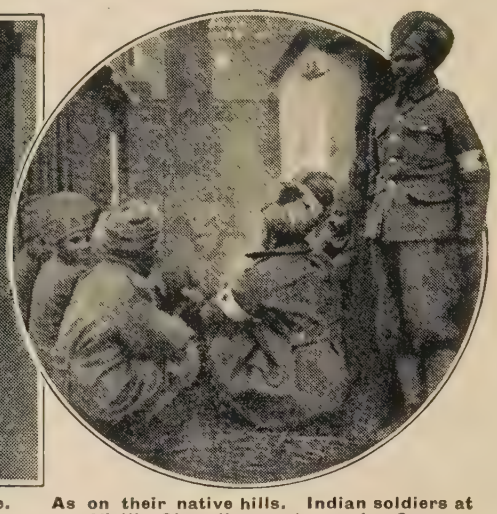
British-Indian officer superintends the requirements of native soldiers after a long march in Northern France.



French generals conversing with Indian officers behind the firing-line in France. The warriors from Britain's great crown colony excited interest by their unusual and picturesque garb, but their bravery soon earned them the admiration of the French and British soldiers.

Here & there with the Gallant Indians in France

The Indian, no less than "Tommy," was very particular as to his appearance. Here he is engaged in acting as his own laundryman at a village fountain.

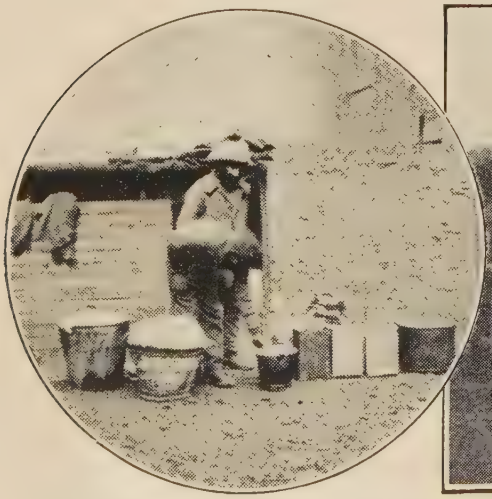


As on their native hills. Indian soldiers at Vieille Chapelle squat round a fire.

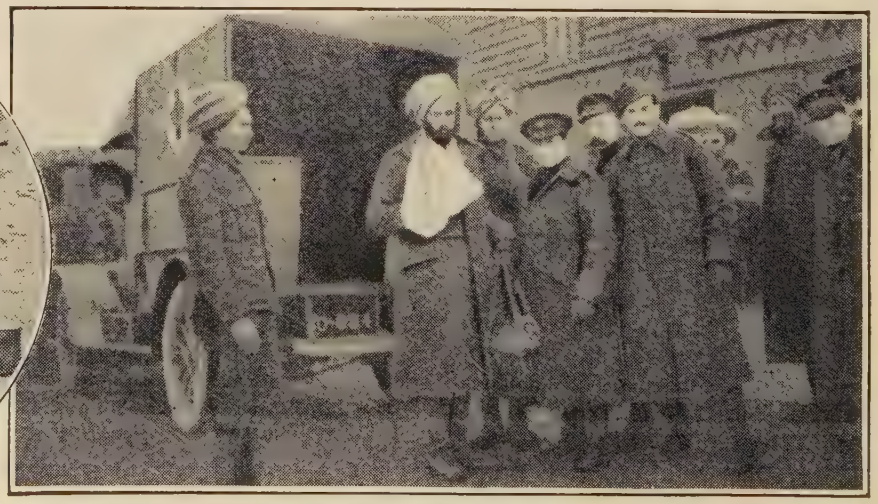
Lonely Indian sentry guarding the cross-roads. The improvised sentry-box is made of tree-trunks and brushwood.

The Oriental obsessed by the Drink Problem—Indian scout quenches his thirst from a running water-pipe.

Underground cooking-stove. To completely hide it the chimney in the rear is made with clay to appear as a tree-trunk.

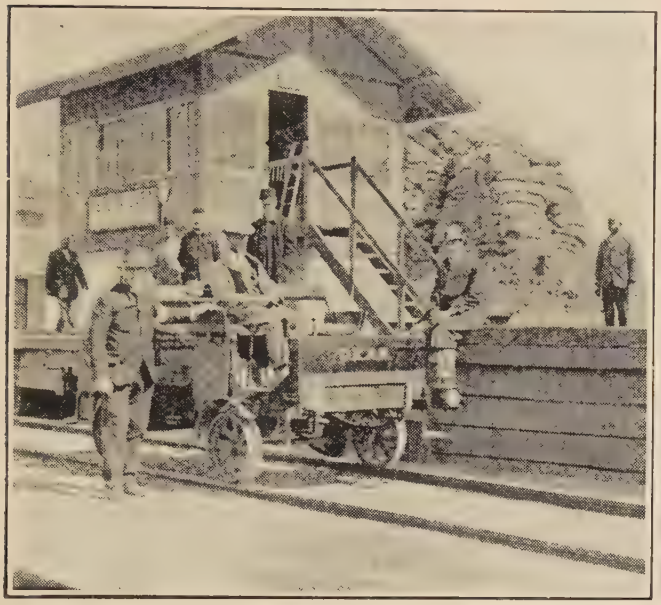


Indian cooks preparing the inevitable but greatly relished curry for their comrades.



Indian warriors wounded in the Ypres fighting fraternise at Vieille Chapelle with the Red Cross workers.

Keeping the Flag Triumphant in Egypt & Nigeria



Near the scene of the fight for Suez Canal. Ferdan Cabin and three British officials. One wears a white armlet as a distinguishing mark for Indians too handy with the rifle!

The transportation of thirty-four German prisoners from Warri, S. Nigeria, to Lagos under an escort of native soldiers in charge of a member of the Warri land contingent.

Belated effort of the Turks to come into line with modern military methods under Hunnish direction. Ottoman soldiers at stretcher-drill.

ALTHOUGH the censorship was strict—some people think unnecessarily so—one must not forget that this was actually the first war which has been authentically visible to the world at large, and the telegraph could flash the news of battle round the world almost before the echo of the cannon had died away in the near-by hills and the camera lifted the veil from the illimitable area of hostilities to a spellbound audience. The four photographs on this page are from Turkey, Egypt, and Nigeria. The first snapshot is exceptionally interesting. Ferdan Cabin, printed on the board in English and Arabic, is an important point on the Egyptian State Railway running along the west bank of the Suez Canal. The long-delayed attack on the waterway took place near here, and the three British officials seen in the photograph were sent from Cairo to be in readiness should any of the station boxes be destroyed in the fighting. In the background a large stack of sandbags has been erected as a shield from Turkish fire, which, as everybody knows now, was surprisingly ineffective.

Detachment of the celebrated Bikanir Camel Corps drawn up "somewhere in Egypt" for inspection by the Maharaja. The Bikanirs are a striking body of stalwart Indian soldiers who did much excellent work overseas for the great British Raj.

Africa Aflame with Britain's Four Wars

Warriors of the King-Emperor upholding the Empire's just cause in East Africa. A heliograph station that, by the aid of the sun's rays, connected the headquarters with the advance column.

Black soldiers from the Soudan and from India as allies under the Union Jack in East Africa. These picturesque warriors form a strange contrast with their modern equipment.

All these officers of the Orange Free State Loyal Commando fought in the South African War, either for Britain or the Boers. Now all are patriots.

THE call of the Motherland was eagerly answered by all her sons—white, brown, and black—who rallied to the Flag that will ever stand for Freedom, Honour, and the Right, and waged her seven wars under one banner.

In addition to the fighting in the main theatres of the world-war, the Empire engaged on four distinct campaigns in Africa—the defence of Egypt, and the conquest of the German colonies in South-West Africa, East Africa, and the Cameroons.

Very little news was heard regarding events in East Africa; in South-West Africa occasional British successes were reported; in the Cameroons the Allies caused the Germans to withdraw to the high ground in the centre of their colony. In Togoland British military dispositions were taken so promptly at the commencement of the war that the slight resistance shown by the enemy during August, 1914, was very short lived and soon died out completely.

German intrigues were not successful in alienating the patriotism of these officers and men of the Orange Free State. Though some of them fought as enemies in the Boer War, they became united to defend the traditions of the British Empire.

One of the Empire's hero sons fighting on the sun-scorched sands of South-West Africa from behind the shelter of a barricade of sand-bags.

New Patriots from Far Parts of the Old Empire

British native colonial soldiers who volunteered for service under the old Flag. Left to right, representatives of British Guiana, Trinidad, and Barbadoes.

Sturdy Maoris of Auckland, New Zealand, who went to Egypt to fight for the Empire. They are seen expressing their pleasure at the prospect by doing a war-dance.

Native troops of Fiji drilled by British officer. Formerly given to cannibalism, they are thoroughly reformed, many being Wesleyan Methodists.

Patriotic corps of volunteers at Gibraltar, mobilised in the service of their King and Empire to hold the "Key of the Mediterranean" if attacked at any time.

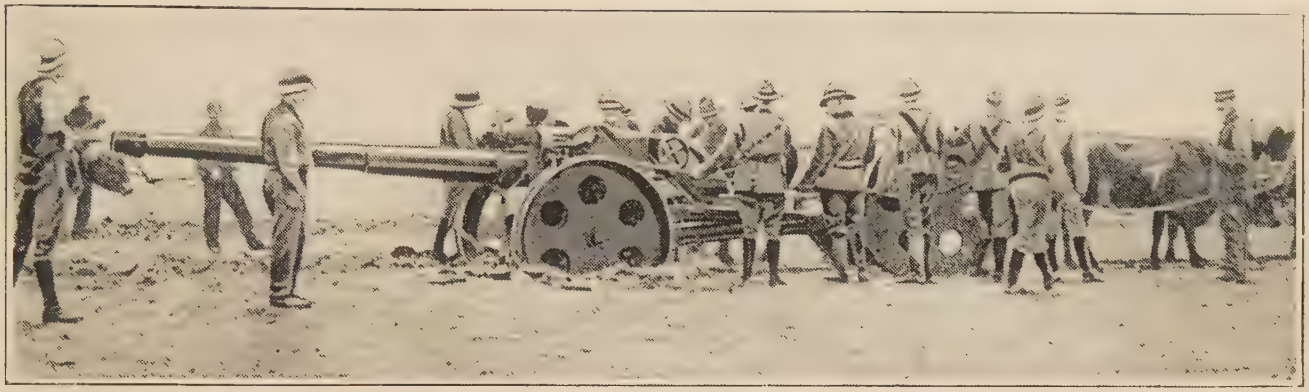
A branch of the senior service from Britain's oldest colony. Naval reservists before leaving Newfoundland to serve in the Empire's cause.

Britain's Fighting Forces Under Tropical Skies

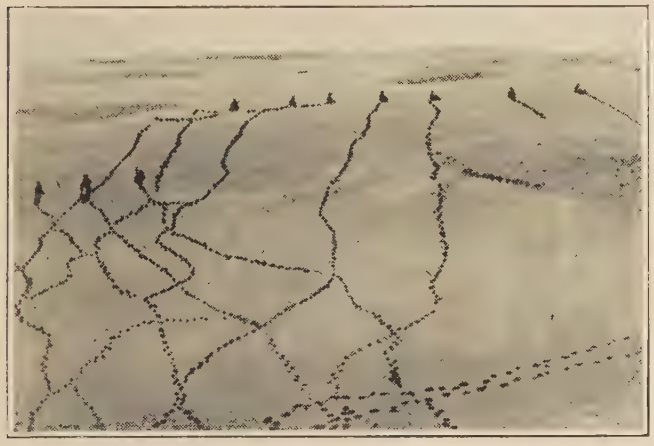
Outpost of loyal citizens from the Island Continent enjoying a "spread" on an upturned pontoon in the sand. Along the beaten track which skirts the adjacent Nile swarthy natives move forward on their "ships of the desert" with true Oriental leisure.

The campaign against barbaric "Kultur" in the "Dark Continent." British troops entrenched behind sandbag defences hold the Germans at bay. Inset: Native soldiers working a well-concealed machine-gun in the trenches of the East African Rifles.

Planting the Union Jack in German Africa



British gun, drawn by oxen, that was sunk deeply into the sand in South-West Africa. The monotonous wastes of burning sand in this, one of the driest regions in the world, caused many transport difficulties that were not easily overcome by the Union forces.

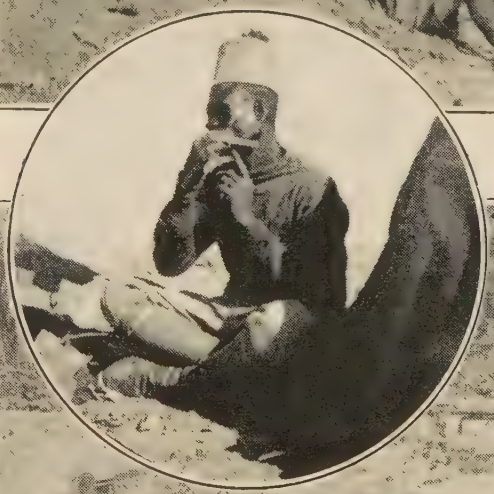


Curious effect caused by the network of the soldiers' footmarks as they advanced against the Germans over the sand-dunes.

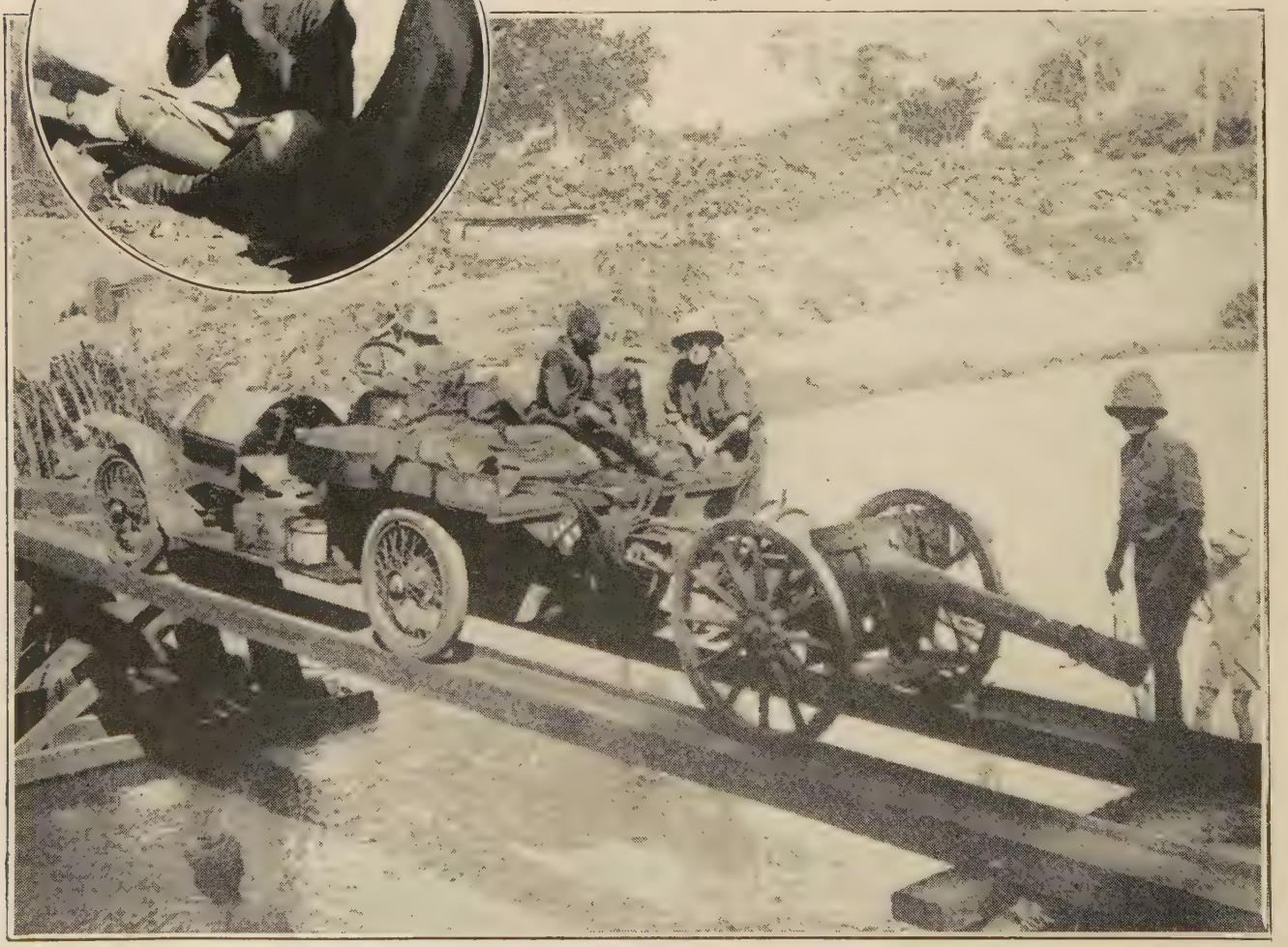
Mule-transport in South-West Africa. Water, fodder, and food supplies had to be carried by the Army over the desert sands.

Advancing under fire over the desert in South-West Africa. The man in the foreground had been shot in the leg, and behind the foremost footprints can be seen a spurt of sand thrown up by a bullet. With the breath of every wind fiery hot, like the blast from a furnace, the sand glaring white to the eyes, dune upon dune in an endless glistening vista—choking, blinding, clogging—warfare in such conditions was as bad as in Europe for the men who were planting the Flag in German Africa.

The Campaign against Kaiserism in the Tropics



Trench warfare in torrid heat. King's African Rifles in the trenches at a post on the Tsaro River, German East Africa. A British officer in the foreground looks into the dense bush for signs of the approaching enemy. Inset: A Soudanese sergeant shaving himself at a British camp in the wilderness.



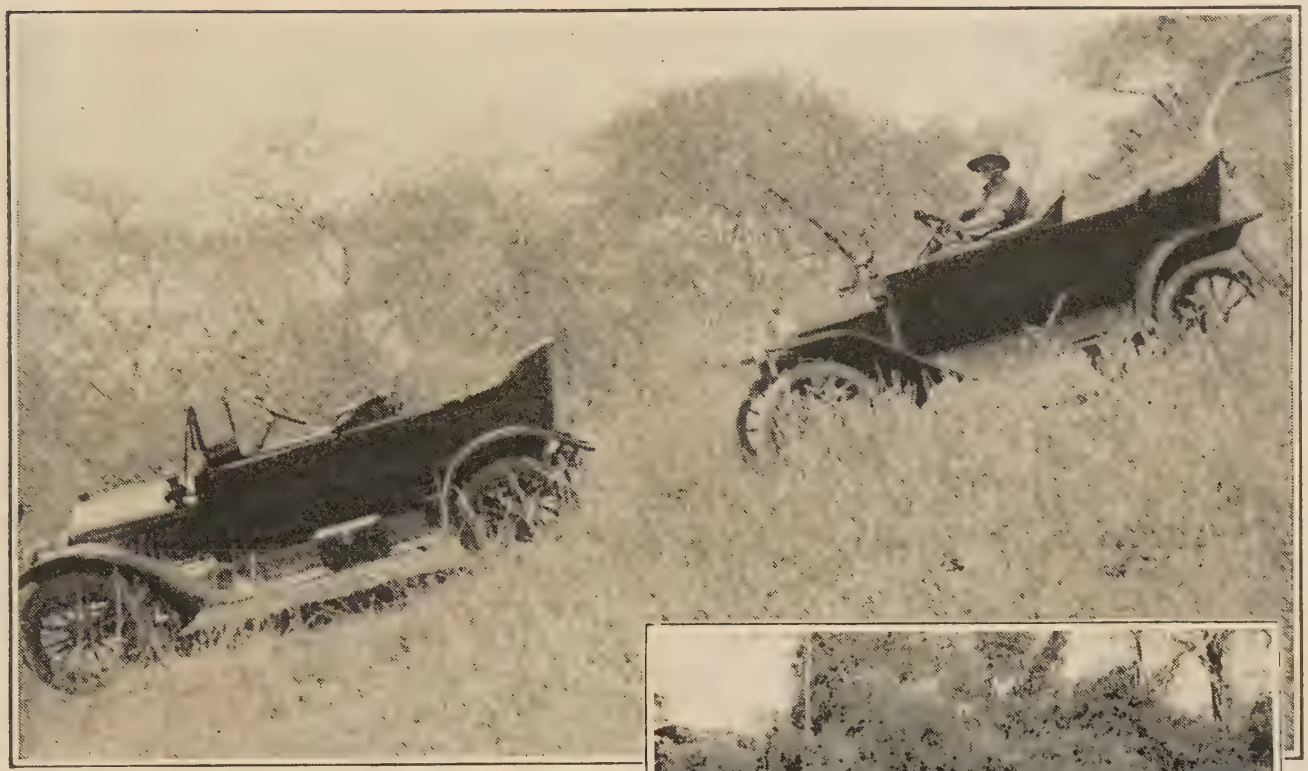
Although the Germans stated that the problem of their colonies had to be settled on European battlefields, they put up a hard fight in their various African possessions. This photograph from East Africa shows a British gun to operate against the adjacent German colony crossing a river on an improvised bridge in charge of British officers and native and Indian soldiers.

To face page 869

THE CHARGE OF THE 4TH CANADIAN BATTALION AT YPRES.

During this charge under murderous fire, Lieut.-Colonel Birchall, carrying a light cane, coolly and cheerfully rallied his men, and a moment later fell dead from a German bullet.

The Empire's War against German East Africa

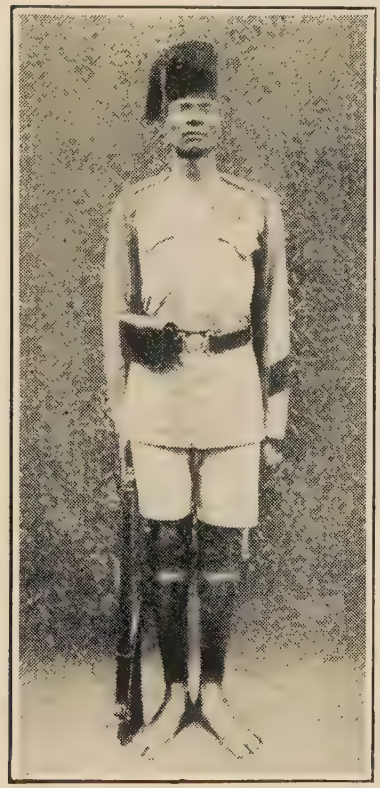


Some idea of the conditions of fighting in East Africa may be gathered from this photograph. The slate grey colour of the trees is due to the peculiar growth of thorns. Leaves only grow for two months in the year.

Crossing a river in British East Africa. A team of oxen drawing a motor-car and a transport over the muddy waste on planks. The intense heat has completely dried up the river. Inset: Another view of the impromptu bridge over a river in East Africa.

Britain's Stern Struggle in the Far-away Tropics:

A British fleet of cars come to "do their bit" for the Empire in the wilds, from Britain's perfect roads to the rough and thorny tracks of East Africa. The soil in the war zone in which they operated is a red sand, which in places is soft, thereby making motor traction almost impossible, but in other places is baked hard under the sub-tropical sun.



Fighting on the side of civilization. Stalwart member of the King's African Rifles.

Guns and munitions to beat the African "Boches." Twelve-pounder arriving at an important station in British East Africa.

Part of a British encampment in the zone of war in Africa. Note the native hut, with the tins of motor spirit outside the door.

Types of the stalwart Britons who were conducting Britain's far-away war in tropical Africa, with some of their cars in the background.

Victory with Britain's Forces in the Persian Gulf

Indian soldiers fighting for the great British Raj in Mesopotamia. Complete success attended Anglo-Indian efforts in this remote war against "Kultur's" Oriental allies. On April 13th–14th, 1915, about 18,000 Turks, Kurds, and Arabs attacked in the neighbourhood of Shaiba, but were routed by the British forces.

Some of the Turkish prisoners captured in the fighting near the Persian Gulf in the month of April, 1915. In this battle the enemy sustained no fewer than 6,000 casualties, and 700,000 rounds of rifle and 450 boxes of gun ammunition fell into British hands.

Paddling to victory. British troops (the Dorsets) pursuing the retreating Turks near Basra. The country between Basra and Shaiba, the scene of the futile Turkish attack, was for the most part under water. Many of the Turks retreated in small Arab river craft.

The Empire's Battle-Scarred Soldiers at Cairo:

British soldiers, wounded in the fighting on the Gallipoli shores, with their nurses during a church service at a military hospital in Cairo. Inset: Colonial and British troops, wounded at the Dardanelles, outside Cairo Station.

Wounded British and Colonial soldiers, including Territorials, Australians, and New Zealanders, after arriving at Cairo station from the Dardanelles front, are about to complete their painful journey to the hospitals in Red Cross waggons.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

LIEUT.-GENERAL E. A. H. ALDERSON, C.B.

In Command of the Canadian Contingents.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

LIEUT.-GEN. ALDERSON, C.B.

WHEN, soon after their arrival in England in October, 1914, Lieutenant-General Edwin Alfred Hervey Alderson, C.B., was selected to command the Canadian Division of the British Expeditionary Force, the appointment met with general approbation, especially among the Canadians themselves. It was not only a bringing together of honoured links in the comradeship of arms, dating back to the days of the last South African War, but there was a close affinity between one reputed to be the finest horseman in the British Army and a force every member of which was more or less a born rider, for all that he might for the time being be an infantryman. "It was my father," General Alderson has told us, "who taught me that which I have found of more value than anything I ever learnt—namely, to ride."

In South Africa and Egypt

Born on April 8th, 1859, in Ipswich, son of the late Edward Mott Alderson, of Poyle House, in his day a well-known rider to hounds, young Edwin Alderson was still in his teens when he was "whip" to a pack of beagles. He was still in his teens when, in 1878, debarred from his choice of a cavalry regiment, he joined the Royal West Kent.

Three years later he was in the van of the mounted infantry movement in the first Boer War. It was the time of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. In 1882 he was in Egypt, again with mounted infantry, during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, taking part in both of the actions at Kassassin, in the decisive battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and being awarded the medal with clasp and the Khedive's Star.

In 1884-85 General Alderson served with the Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment attached to Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition, gaining two clasps and, incidentally, the medal of the Royal Humane Society for plunging into the perilous waters of the great river to save a drowning man. In the following year he married Alice Mary, daughter of the Rev. O. P. Sergeant.

How He Saved Salisbury in Rhodesia

Given his majority in 1896—the year of the Jameson affair, the rinderpest, and serious native troubles in South Africa—he took part in the operations in Mashonaland, rendering conspicuous service. He was at Beira with a force of about two hundred mounted infantry when news reached him that everywhere the natives had risen, that settlers had been massacred, and that Salisbury was in a state of siege. Here was his chance. He took it. Without waiting for orders, he commandeered all the Rhodesian-owned waggons and trek oxen in the place, had them unloaded of their contents, and loaded them up again with supplies for his column and for the hard-pressed garrison at Salisbury. His prompt and effective action secured mention in despatches, the medal, and the rank of brevet Lieutenant-Colonel.

Alderson had one very narrow escape in this Mashonaland affair. A native took a "pot-shot" at him with an old elephant-gun from a concealed position behind some bushes. The distance was barely twenty yards, but the aim was bad, and the missile merely grazed his cheek, inflicting a flesh wound.

A Second Time in South Africa

Back in England the newly-appointed Lieut.-Colonel put in about three years' work as Deputy-Adjutant-General at Aldershot. Then the Kruger plot came to a head, and Alderson went out once again to South Africa, where his mounted infantry greatly distinguished themselves, and he had the means of testing the high quality of the Canadians who, with other volunteers from the Oversea Dominions, took their part in the fight for the Flag and for Pretoria. As the memorable campaign progressed, Alderson was appointed Inspector-General of Mounted Infantry. Official recognition of his services will be found in the despatches of the time. Tangible recognition took the form of the Commandership of the Bath, the medal with five clasps, and the brevet of Colonel, followed by his appointment as a Brigadier-General.

From 1903 to 1907 Brigadier-General Alderson commanded the 2nd Infantry Brigade of the First Army Corps, and from 1908 to 1912, with the rank of Major-General, he commanded the 6th (Poona) Division, being in the last-named year gazetted A.D.C. to the King.

His Popularity with His Men

Becoming Lieut.-General in 1914, when he took over the command of the Canadians, Alderson at once got into close touch with the men of the Maple Leaf, who were like high-mettled racehorses in need, not of the spur, but of expert guidance. His relations with them were excellent from the outset. Indeed, they could hardly have been better. Many pleasant stories are told of the way in which, at unexpected moments, the men found him in their midst, and were soon listening eagerly to what he had to say to them, in a style genuinely devoid of the "eyeglass and kid-glove" manner traditionally, if too generally, associated with the Regular officer by the average Colonial trooper.

Here is one example of Lieut.-General Alderson's treatment of the men in his command: Until their arrival on Salisbury Plain the Canadians had been compulsory teetotalers. Alderson addressed them on the subject. His words were to the following effect: "Look here, you chaps! You're men, not children. I am going to give you permission to buy beer. Buy it where you like, and, so long as you are not on duty, when you like. But I put you on your honour not to abuse the privilege." Nor did they. Smith-Dorrien had tried the same plan at Aldershot, and found it equally effective.

With His Men at Ypres

When the time came—in February, 1915—for the Canadians to take their place with the Expeditionary Force in France, they made history in the fighting around Ypres. Their General went with them. "General Alderson," observed the Canadian record officer serving with the Maple Leaf Division, "enjoys the most absolute confidence of the fine force he commands. His methods—his practical and soldierly style—could not be better illustrated than by some extracts from the speech which he addressed to the troops before they went into the trenches for the first time."

The speech warned the men against unduly showing their heads for the enemy snipers to fire at. "Young and brave men enjoy taking risks; but a soldier who takes unnecessary risks through levity is not playing the game." Again: "Troops new to the trenches always shoot at nothing the first night. You will not do it. It wastes ammunition, and it hurts no one. And the enemy says, 'There are new and nervous troops.' No German is going to say that of the Canadian troops."

The Canadians Never Budge

The conclusion of this inspiring utterance is as follows: "My old regiment, the Royal West Kent, has been here since the beginning of the war, and it has never lost a trench. The Army says: 'The West Kents never budge.' I am proud of the great record of my old regiment. And I think it is a good omen. I now belong to you, and you belong to me, and before long the Army will say: 'The Canadians never budge.' Lads, it can be left there, and there I leave it. The Germans will never turn you out."

In the official record soon after were these words: "The Canadians had many casualties, but their gallantry and determination undoubtedly saved the situation. Their conduct has been magnificent throughout." "Saving the situation" meant, practically, saving Ypres; and this was due in no small measure to the admirable dispositions of General Alderson, whose foresight in holding the 16th Regiment in reserve enabled these gallant fellows from Alberta and British Columbia to meet and defeat the Germans when the latter broke through from Langemarck towards the Furnes-Ypres Canal.

Lieut.-General Alderson belongs to the order of Cæsar. He is soldier and writer too. Three books bear his name on the title-page: "With the Mounted Infantry and Mashonaland Field Force"; "Pink and Scarlet, or Hunting as a School for Soldiering"; and "Lessons from One Hundred Notes made in Peace and War."

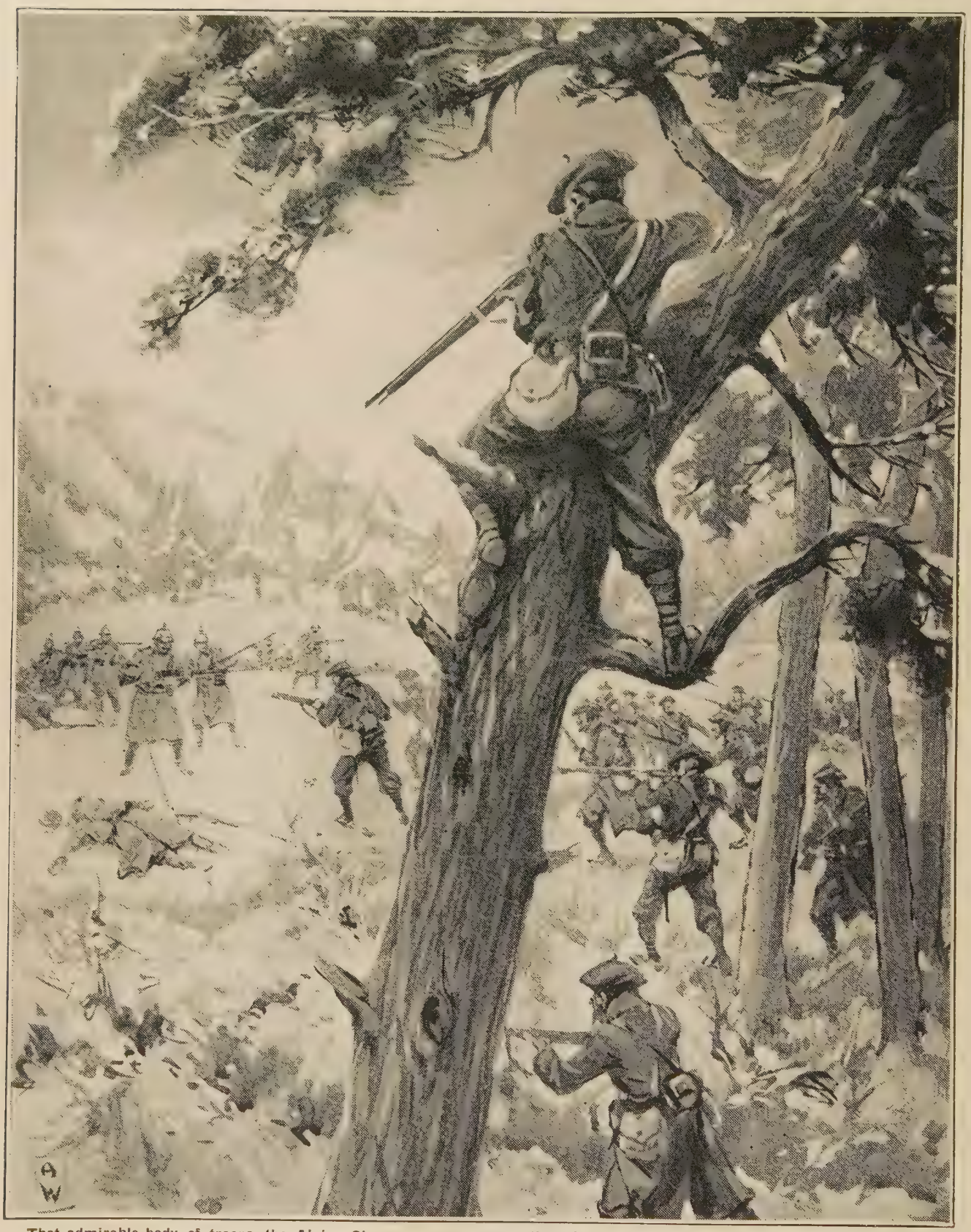
With the Fighting Forces of France

From western homes across the seas
We trace your lines' advance
With steadfast tread, in blue and red,
Against the German's lance.
Oh, land of sunshine, beauty, light,
Of wisdom, wit, romance,
We echo in our prayers to-night
Your watchword, "Vive la France!"

—W. B. Kilham.

A French position, close to the German trenches, strongly fortified with sandbags and wattles.

Alpine Chasseurs: The Terror of the Vosges



That admirable body of troops, the Alpine Chasseurs, was named by the Germans who had to face them in the Vosges the "Blue Devils." Through all the long winter months the Chasseurs regularly beat the foe back by their methodical stubbornness. They waged a guerilla warfare, and carried out all important operations in deathlike silence. Like phantom warriors, the "Blue Devils" glided silently through the forests, and fell upon the Germans in their own hiding-places. Perfectly trained and in splendid condition, the Chasseurs are seldom fatigued; they can climb like cats, and often fight from the tree-tops.

British gun in action in Northern France. The ammunition waggon is seen on the left, a sergeant directs operations, the men load and fire, and once more the tragic wail of the shell rends the fragrant spring-time air.

THE BLOOD BRIDALS OF FRANCE AND BRITAIN

THERE have been warlike alliances since tribe first fought with tribe a hundred thousand or more years ago. And since the rise of nations, about ten thousand years ago, fighting partnerships against a common foe have been very common. At various times Great Britain has sent expeditionary forces to the help of nearly all the peoples of the Continent. But never have two great independent democracies been so welded under the hammer of war as Britain and France are now. Our men are going in millions across the seas.

It is the most wonderful emigration in history. In mere numbers the movement of our fighting men resembles the swarming of the Mongolian races in Central Asia a hundred years or so before the birth of Christ. In multitudinous force there is nothing else to compare with it, and its effect upon the development of European civilisation is certain to be large and profound.

FRANCE and Britain are mingling the whole of their fighting strength in an incomparable way. It will make a difference to the young Frenchman and the young Briton. They have nothing in common with the troops of the small forces of professional soldiers that used to fight side by side one year, and then face to face another year, according to the pleasure of their kings and the intrigues of their politicians.

A great modern democracy, with all its complex and delicate web of interests, does not risk its existence on the chance of a battle. It does not gamble for small territorial gains, as the kings of all countries did in the days of small professional armies. Only outside Europe and the European settlements has the old game of fighting little campaigns with professional soldiers gone on up to our own times. In Europe it was generally foreseen that any act of aggression would bring the very lives of the nations engaged into extreme peril.

BUT what was not foreseen was the position into which France and Britain would be forced for mutual self-defence. France and Russia still remain simply dear and esteemed allies. They fight so far apart from each other that only the bond of a common policy still connects them. But between France and Britain something has happened through the close, bodily contact of millions of both peoples for which no parallel can be found in history. It is not an alliance : it is a marriage.

THE union of England and Scotland under the Stuarts was not so intimate an affair. At best it was only a *mariage de convenance*. The union of France and Britain is a fierce and sudden love-match, a revelation of passions of long growth, suddenly revealed in strange intensity by the flame and thunder of battle.

France has been an object of admiration to Britain since the middle of the seventeenth century. Britain has been an object of admiration to France since the opening of the eighteenth century. They have warred for Empire together in India and America, in Palestine and in Spain, without losing their mutual admiration. The charming courtesy with which they fought at Fontenoy was proof of this. They have imitated each other's poetry, art, politics, dress, and social ways. For the last two hundred years, indeed, the interaction of French and British minds has been the chief source of all human progress in that period. Yet, in spite of these continual gusts of attraction, the two peoples never understood each other. It was only their leaders in science, art, literature, and politics who maintained the physical contact on which the spiritual communion was based.

NOW all this is changed. The people themselves are meeting—meeting in millions—at a time when mind, soul, and character are lifted to an immortal height of heroism. This close, popular, bodily communion between the two leading nations of the world may have more important results than their fighting men achieve on the battlefield. It is likely to prove the most fruitful cross-fertilisation of ideas, feelings, and temperament since the marriage of Athens with Rome. That was a forced marriage, only brought about when the Greek character had decayed. France and Britain are uniting in the hour of their supreme virility. No political bond is needed by them. It is a marriage of true minds.

Edward Wright.

Wonderful Film Records of Victorious French Assault in the Vosges

A main attack in progress. In the foreground, body of French infantry, with bayonets fixed, running to the support of their advanced forces assaulting the foot of the snow-covered hill.

The two forces seen in conflict. French troops, gaining ground slowly but surely, attacking in open formation. The enemy's forces defending the position are silhouetted on the skyline.

Unique impression of the deadly havoc caused by German fire in the French ranks. Heroic soldiers are seen falling and fallen to rifle and machine-gun fire from the heights.

The dauntless Frenchmen, nearing their objective, are firing vigorously. Victory is within their grasp. The Germans are rapidly retreating over the hill.

(By courtesy of the Gaumont Co., Ltd., "The War Illustrated" is enabled to reproduce the above realistic scenes from a wonderful series of films.)

Moments of Surcease from the Fever of War

A holiday from the trenches. After three days' duty, French soldiers distracting themselves by angling in a peaceful locality.

Anything but warlike. Pleasant scene in a backwater of the Aisne. Two French soldiers sporting in a primitive boat.

"Piou-piou," concerned as to his toilet, invades an open-air hairdressing saloon behind the French lines.

French soldiers, guarding the lines of communication, watering their mounts at a small pond by the wayside. Above, on the left, is a French artillery telephone exchange, which is connected with the infantry working in conjunction with the gunners.

French Guns and the Men who use them

Mammoth German shell of 420 mm. which failed to explode when fired at a French fort. The projectile of the "75," which is seen on the left, is veritably microscopic in comparison.

"75" gun, mounted on a platform for high-angle fire against a reconnoitring Aviatik. The photograph, taken at the moment of firing, shows the gunners stopping their ears.

Open-air smithy in the Forest of Argonne. French soldiers working at a forge, the furnace of which is mounted on a gun-carriage. Inset: A French soldier studying an English weekly paper in his bomb-proof shelter.

Scene in a picturesque village on the allied front. A cortege of mitrailleuses lines up for inspection before proceeding into action. It is interesting to note that nearly all the French soldiers in this photograph are clean-shaven. Tommy's smooth chin revolutionised fashion in the Army of Britain's allies. Where are the beards of yester year?

Worthy Men and Weapons the Hope of Joffre

THE photographs on this page, which reached us from one of our camera-correspondents in the French lines, represent widely-contrasted mechanical achievements, each an important spoke in the wheel of modern scientific warfare.

The colossal 155 mm. gun, the delicate mitrailleuse, the fragile aeroplane, and the ponderous armoured train are seen about to discharge their various functions in the conflict of nations.

Brilliantly ingenious as are these destructive inventions of the mind of man, it seems ironical that they should have been able to keep pace with the evolution of civilisation throughout the countless ages of time.

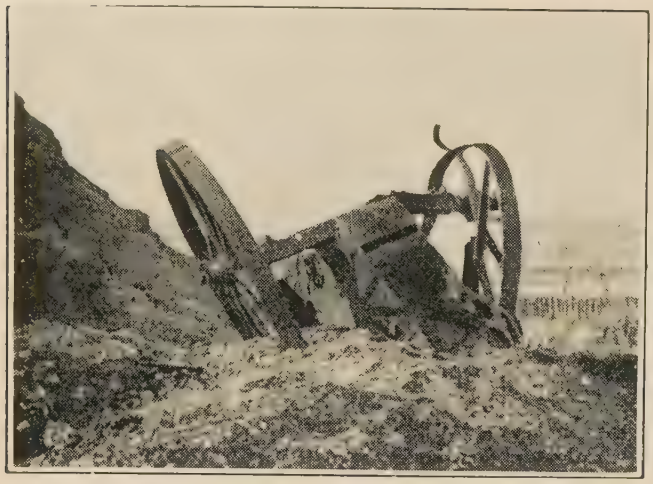
But civilisation, as it is understood by Democratic Britain and France, is the very antithesis of the pernicious Oligarchical ideal of Prussia.

Scene of activity at an aerodrome in close proximity to the firing-line. Mechanics are assisting at the departure on reconnaissance of a Caudron aeroplane, the machine most generally used for co-operation with French artillery.

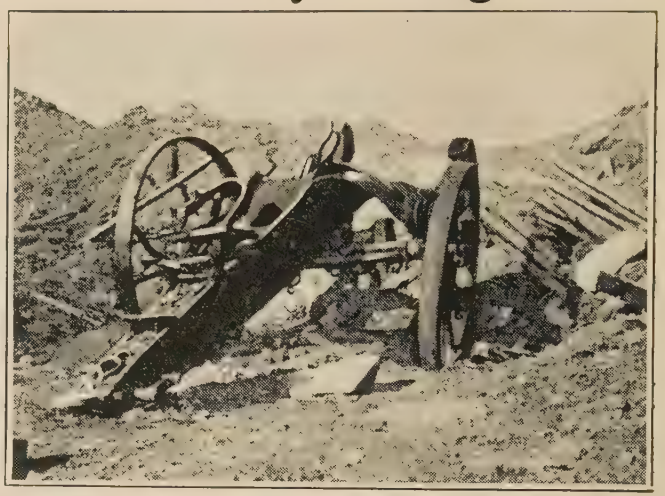
French armoured train setting out from a station in the battle area on its voyage of death and destruction. It is armed with several quick-firing guns.

One of the most thrilling incidents in modern warfare. Heavy French gun of 155 mm., whose efficiency considerably surprised the Germans, being dragged into action by a team of mules. Inset above: French gunners with the other extreme in ordnance. The mitrailleuse, one of the most rapid and mobile light weapons in existence.

French Fort that defied Germany's Big Guns



Wrecked French gun in Fort de Troyon, which withstood a terrific bombardment by hundreds of big German shells.



Impression of another ruined gun inside this fort, which is near Verdun. It was shattered almost beyond recognition.

The inferiority of enemy ammunition was proved by the fact that many large shells failed to explode. This projectile, from a 12 in. gun, arrived in the fort intact.

Though Fort de Troyon was subjected to continuous bombardment, soldiers continued to keep watch over the ruins. Its resistance in the early weeks of the war played a great part in the Allies' victory of the Marne. Inset: Impression of a courtyard in the fortress.

Before & After a Hot Fight on the French Front

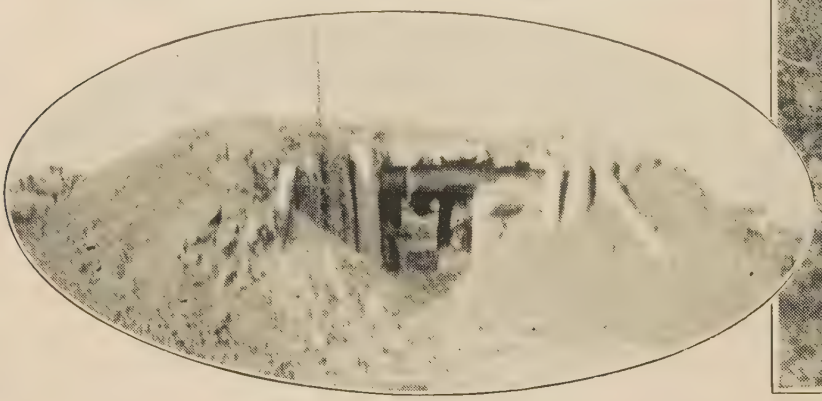
More pills for MM. Les Boches. French gunners loading an ammunition waggon with shells. Our Gallic friends, realising that the war would be a question of projectiles, taxed their resources to the utmost, and soon had shells in plenty and to spare.

A welcome refresher after the heat of a fight at Flirey. Members of the 6th French Battalion washing in a stream at Andilly, after having repulsed a violent German counter-attack. It will be seen that one of the houses in the background has been razed by a shell.

"Necessity is the Mother of Invention"

Zinc pontoons being transported overland. It will be noted that they are disguised from aircraft by twigs and dead leaves.

Severed as easily as a scythe cuts a rush. Stately oak, in a French forest, which has been sectioned by a German shell.



Secret hiding-place of a "75." The gun has been enclosed in a wooden shed covered with a sand-heap, through which the muzzle protrudes. Effective cover for a gun is an essential to successful artillery work.

French cannon of 155.5 mm., or a little over 6 inches. This was an answer to the German gun of similar calibre which possessed a range of six miles. It is seen fitted with wheel-pads, a detail necessary for the transport of these heavy weapons.

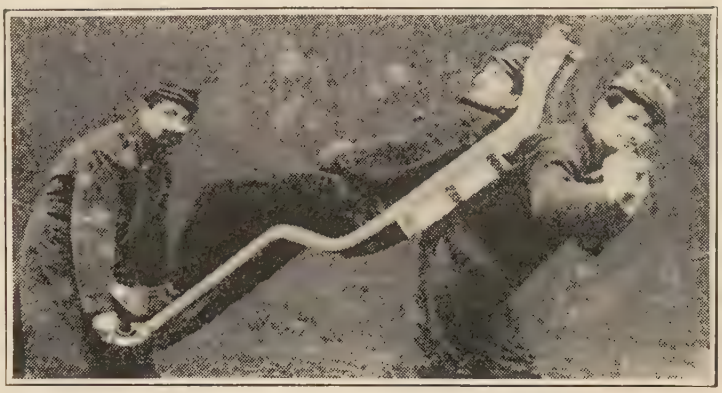
FRENCH SOLDIERS IN ACTION WITH A MACHINE-GUN AT NEUVILLE ST. VAAST.

The trench shown had been captured from the Germans; and the photograph was taken by one of the official French photographers.

To face page 824

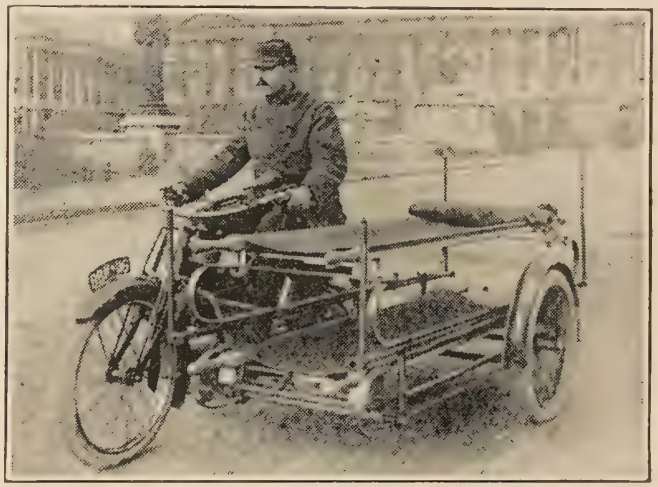
The Ingenuity of the French in War Devices

THE French are well to the fore in matters of ingenious enterprise; in fact, the numerous new inventions and novel adaptations that came into use in the French Army during the war would seem to have placed them ahead of their allies in this one respect; and ahead, also, of the Germans, despite the enemy's thorough preparedness in all directions. The inventive genius of the French mind is well known, and the Government of the Republic has always been ready to make good use of suggestions for adapting or improving the smallest detail. The new stretcher, for instance, invented by a young lieutenant named Cleret, was a simple idea, yet was ideal for the purpose of conveying wounded along the zig-zags of the French trenches. The other ingenious devices illustrated here, though apparently only of small moment, were all wonderfully effective in their various spheres.

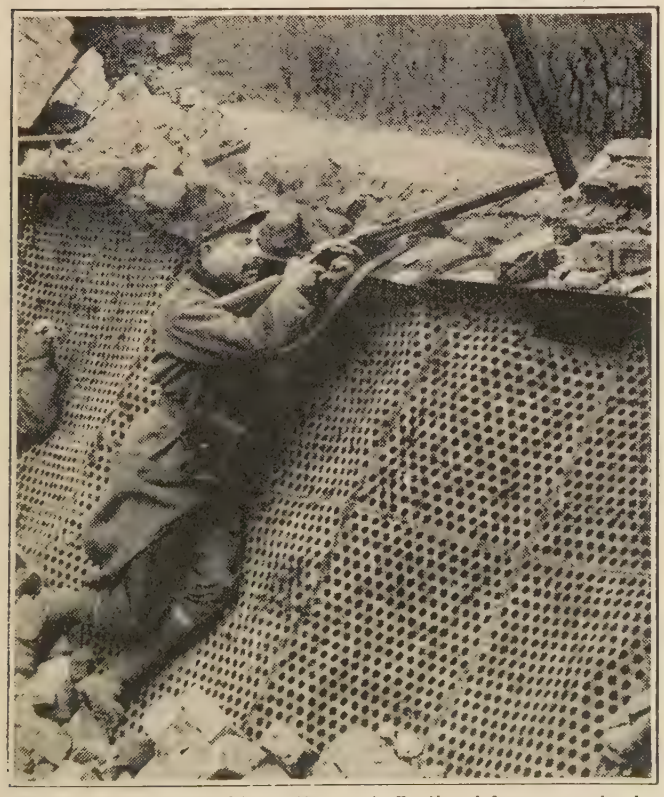


Simple adaptation of the conventional stretcher. Its value lies in being easily portable in the intricate labyrinths of French trenches.

French Staff officers' car fitted with a special apparatus for making the car go over or under barbed wire.



Motor side-ambulance adopted in the French Army for rapid transport of wounded. It carries two persons.



The trench was considered the most effective defence conceived. This one was further strengthened by iron reinforcements.

Ingenious two-storied observation post in the Argonne, cleverly fortified with logs and sheets of iron.

PART OF THE PRICE OF THE FRENCH VICTORY AT CARENCY.—The capture of Carency, or the Battle of Arras, constituted a great triumph for the French. For many weeks the 9th Army was secretly reinforced with young recruits, guns, and ammunition. While the Germans were fully employed against the British near Lille and at Ypres, General Maud'huy began a second bombardment of the hill of Notre Dame de Lorette, and followed it up with a sweeping infantry attack along a front of ten miles. This photograph shows the entrance to what was once Carency, with the corpses of some French Chasseurs lying where they were shot down before the German barricades.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Triumph of Young France at Carency

At the opening of the spring campaign the position of the German armies in North-Eastern France was very strong. For, although they had failed to capture Calais the previous autumn, they had then occupied, with their superior forces, all the best positions from Ypres to the Aisne. In particular they held, about twelve miles south of our trenches near La Bassée, a series of fortified heights, which they converted during the winter into a new "Gibraltar." General Maud'huy's Tenth Army vainly tried to work its way through by sap, mine, and night attack. The German front seemed impregnable. And the galling thing about it was that it assured the enemy's conquest of the neighbouring coal-mining district of Lens, and deprived France of the resources of her richest industrial region.

The German defences consisted of a range of hills about four hundred feet high, running by the villages of Carency and Ablain, and ending northward in a spur, 607 feet high, crowned by the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette. Behind this line of heights was another ridge of about the same height, also extending north and south, by the villages of Souchez and Neuville St. Vaast. The last village was only about two miles from the wreck of the city of Arras, which was the centre of General Maud'huy's operations. The French troops were entrenched in the western valleys, beneath the guns of the German fortressed ridges, and their position seemed the most hopeless of any section of the allied lines. The German trenches above them were cut out of the chalk-hills, and strengthened by concrete and armour-plate, upon which ordinary howitzer shells made no impression.

But when our troops were storming the German lines north of Neuve Chapelle, the German General at Carency felt so confident of his strength that he sent reinforcements against the British troops. Thereupon General Maud'huy attacked, and in spite of the sweeping fire of the enemy's machine-guns and howitzers, the Zouaves and Chasseurs won a footing in the middle of March, 1915, on the eastern slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette. The amount of ground gained was insignificant, as was the case in all these preliminary trials of strength. But the military importance of the footing obtained on the dominating spur of the German stronghold was perceived by General Joffre.

Stupendous Preparations in Secret

For seven weeks the French Staff fed the Ninth Army secretly with shells, howitzers, and young recruits. A store of something like a hundred thousand of the heaviest high-explosive shells was collected, and many thousands of newly-trained lads were drafted into the companies of Zouaves and Chasseurs, to the mutual delight of the hairy veterans and the smooth-faced, untried boys of nineteen and twenty years of age. As at Neuve Chapelle, all this work of preparation was disguised from spies and hostile airmen, and by Saturday, May 8th, the strength of the Ninth Army had been increased by an additional hundred thousand bayonets, and perhaps another thousand guns.

Then at dawn on Sunday the First British Army, under Sir Douglas Haig, operating some twenty miles northward, made a fierce attack upon the Aubers ridge, in front of Lille. Our troops almost carried the ridge by storm, but a lack of shells for our heavy guns defeated us of a greater success than had been won at Neuve Chapelle. As it was, only the expected happened. Prince Rupert of Bavaria collected every possible German soldier available along the line against us, borrowing all the troops he could from General von Bülow's army that faced General Maud'huy's force. At the same time there was a raging battle still farther northward at Ypres, which helped to keep the Germans fully employed.

When the enemy was stretched out to his full strength in a desperate fight raging all along the Yser down to La Bassée, General Maud'huy began to bombard the hill of Notre Dame de Lorette with unexpected and tremendous fury. Hitherto, we had held the record for overwhelming artillery fire at Neuve Chapelle. But the French completely beat us on this glorious Sunday morning.

The infantry attack that followed extended along a front of ten miles, from a point close to Vermelles, near the La Bassée Canal, to a point east of Neuville St. Vaast, four miles north of Arras. Some hundreds of thousands of French soldiers charged with the bayonet. They found that nearly all the German wire entanglements in front of them had been destroyed by their magnificent artillery. On the other hand, many of the enemy's machine-gun shelters were still intact. But nothing could stop the French troops.

Two battalions of the line headed the charge, mostly formed of the youngest recruits. They met with no resistance at the first line of the German defences; for all the trenches had been blown up. But in the second and third lines the Bavarians held their ground and fought gamely. The youngest soldiers of France rushed the machine-guns, at no matter what loss, emptied their magazines into the crowded trenches, and then jumped in and fought with the bayonet. By the time the Chasseurs hurried up to reinforce them they had won the height, and when the German guns on the other ridge tried to shell them out they took cover in the holes made by the artillery fire from both sides, and then swept down the other slope in pursuit of the foe.

Great Dash of Young Frenchmen

Meanwhile their comrades were equally successful to the south. About four miles north of Arras, the village of La Targette was first wiped out by artillery fire, and then stormed by a French division. La Targette commanded cross-roads leading towards Carency, Souchez, and Neuville St. Vaast. The last village was attacked at three o'clock the same afternoon. It was a nest of houses and orchards, concealing a large hostile force with many machine-guns and trench mortars. Every building was loop-holed, and every cellar had been made into a covered trench. House by house the indomitable Frenchmen advanced, while another French force began to carry Carency in a similar manner.

The only difficulty was with the youngest French troops. They wanted to do everything with the bayonet and the bullet, and somewhat like our Australians in the Dardanelles they could not be held back. General Maud'huy, on the other hand, had planned a great victory with comparatively little loss to his men; and when the young troops had been checked in the evening by the enemy's machine-guns, the General's scheme was carried out. Instead of trying to take Carency by a frontal attack the French brigades closed round it from east and west, until there only remained a ravine, near the village of Ablain, connecting the German garrison at Carency with its main forces at Vimy.

In the wooded ravine were communication trenches, which were slowly gained by fierce, incessant fighting on May 11th. Having entirely enveloped Carency, the French General wasted no more men, but brought all his guns to bear on the enemy, who held a hill and a quarry by the village. In the afternoon both the hill and the quarry were stormed, and at half-past five a line of waving handkerchiefs appeared on the German trenches, and all the Germans who remained alive—about a thousand of them—surrendered.

In the night the last German position of Ablain was set on fire by the French artillery, and then stormed. Thus ended the most remarkable episode of the great war in the west since the repulse of the great German offensive at Ypres in the autumn of 1914.

Carency after the Great French Victory

A street in Carency, the village in north-eastern France where the French troops gained such a conspicuous victory in May, 1915. The remains of some of the Germans' wire entanglements are seen in the foreground.

All that remained of another corner of Carency after the great battle that raged in its streets. The Germans had concealed machine-guns in almost every house, and the French could only silence these by completely devastating the buildings by artillery fire. Then, house by house, the indomitable French soldiers advanced until they gained the entire village.

Unique Film-Records of the Daily Round of War

Inset: An innocent victim of German rifle fire: A hare found shot on a battlefield. After French provisions and munitions had been taken to a base by rail they were transported to the front in waggons drawn by mules.

Mule transport in France. This photograph was taken under fire, for the mules, laden with food, are traversing an exposed position.

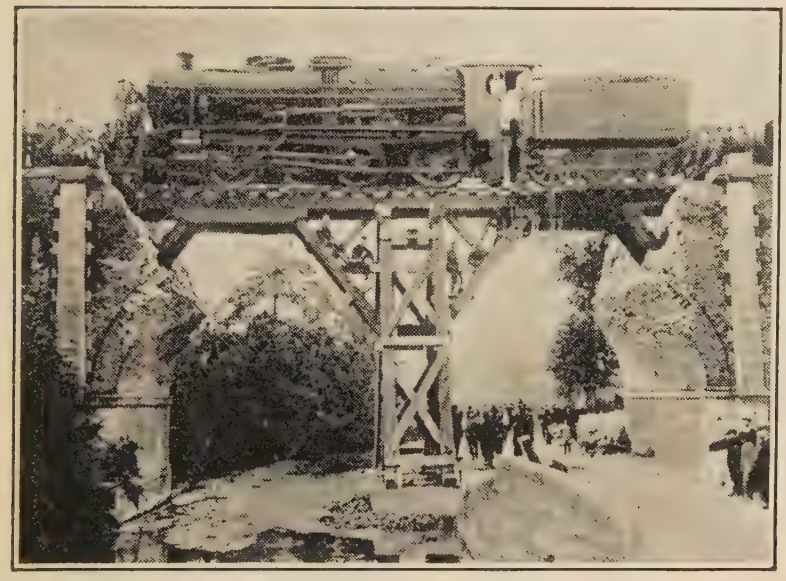
Deserted farm buildings used by French soldiers as bathing places. The inset picture on the right shows the tower of an imposing French edifice after a bombardment.

Ingenuity and Courage overcome Barbed-wire Defences

Scientific warfare reduced itself to an eternal conflict between human ingenuity in the nature of offensive and defensive machines. Barbed-wire, one of the chief obstacles of an attacking force, was overcome by various devices, shown in the illustration on this page. French troops are seen in the foreground armed with specially strong shears. They advanced to do their perilous work under cover of a sheet of steel similar to a gun-shield, and, of course, darkness. Another method was the use of a grappling-iron fired from a cannon, and attached by a long wire rope to a windlass, which enabled the iron, once it was hooked in the barbed-wire, to be pulled back, dragging with it a section of the obstruction. Finally, the mitrailleuse was used to blast a passage.

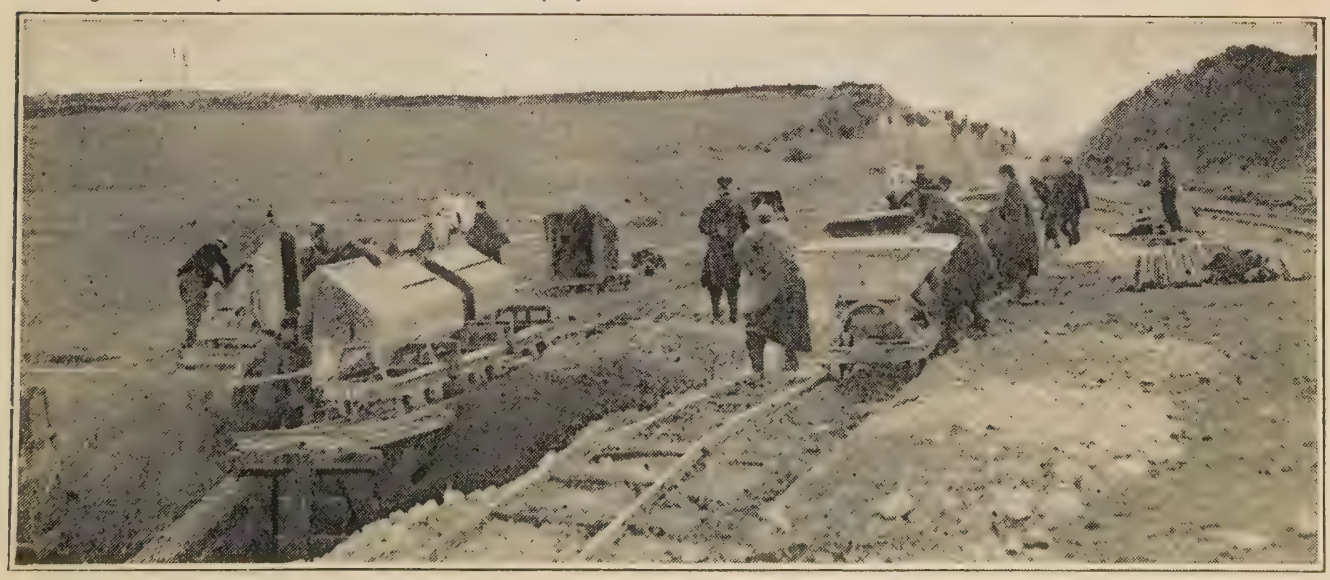
Constructing Main Arteries to the Battle Area

French sappers repairing a damaged railway in the North of France. Railways are a vital necessity in warfare, though both contending armies made a point of destroying tracks once they had themselves used them. Thus railways had constantly to be rebuilt.



A hastily erected though perfectly substantial bridge built by French engineers to replace one that had been blown up by the Germans.

French sappers constructing a railway embankment somewhere in the North of France.



An entirely new railway track being laid down in the North of France by French engineers. This could be done very quickly, but, when it had been used for transports, the lines were very frequently destroyed to prevent the possibility of their use to the Germans.

Sons of the Republic under the Tricolour:

From far Senegal to fight in the Republic's cause. French colonial troops on the quay at Marseilles. The Hun was quite convinced that the Allies could not rely on colonial support.

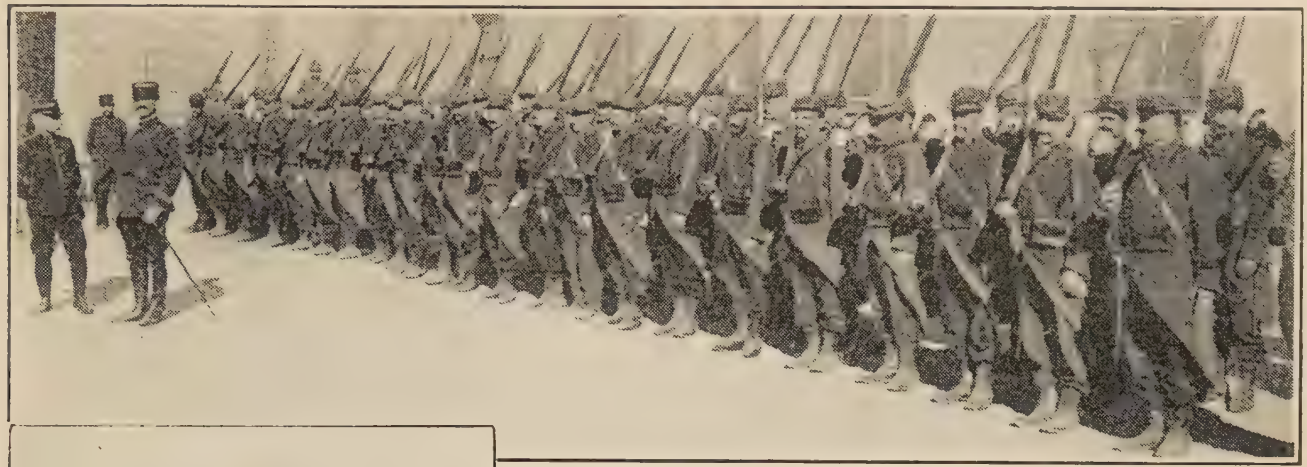
Picturesque early morning scene in a French artillery camp of the Woevre: breakfast preparations in full swing.

The latest news from the front. French soldiers entrenched behind barbed-wire entanglements eagerly reading the papers.

Patrol of Moroccan Chasseurs, another branch of French colonial troops, who present a quaint Oriental appearance.

A road of tree-trunks constructed over the treacherous mud for the transport of a "75." French gunners about to load.

New French Reserves move and make Ready



New forces to help in the inevitable subjugation of the enemy. A troop of smart French Territorials drawn up for inspection before embarking on their momentous journey to the front for the honour of "La Patrie."

New French infantry setting out for the eastern frontier accompanied by relatives and friends. Inset: General Gouraud—who, although badly wounded, remained at the front—reviews, with two brother officers, a war-scarred regiment.

An inspiring ceremony which took place in Paris, when young recruits vowed their allegiance to France at the statue symbolising Strassburg, the capital of the lost province of Alsace. Each brought a bunch of flowers and placed it at the foot of the monument.

Rallying to Succour "La Belle France"

Some of General Joffre's innumerable reserves. French infantry on the march past an aviation camp in Northern France.

After a good day of "Bosche"-hunting. Happy French Marines, with some captured German helmets, make merry over the defeat of a body of Huns.

Almost as comfortable as a boulevard cafe. French officers enjoy lunch behind the firing-line.

Serious "winter sport" in the Vosges. Some Alpine Chasseurs, a notable corps of France's diverse defenders, negotiating mountain torrents. They are specially skilled in mountaineering, and their knowledge of passes and routes is infallible.

Four Fierce Fights for a Blockhouse

In the midst of battles that last for weeks, and on battlefields that cover hundreds of miles, there occur many minor episodes that preserve the romance of previous conflicts. The incident illustrated here is an instance. On March 1st, 1915, a small body of French soldiers stormed and captured a hostile blockhouse near Pont à Mousson. The Germans had made three unsuccessful efforts to retake it. Then, one night, they again dashed towards the blockhouse and made a last desperate attempt. They were received with a fierce volley as they ran up against a sandbag barricade erected round the "fortress." The resistance again proved too stout, the enemy lost heavily, and retired for the last time from their lost stronghold.

An Easy Day with the French holding the Aisne

Corner of a French artillery encampment in the Aisne district. A row of cabins was erected, where the preparation of meals and other domestic work went on. A column of artillerymen can be seen in the background exercising their horses.

Temporary homes of French gunners in another part of the artillery encampment, constructed with mud, straw, and corrugated-iron.

More fiery greetings for MM. Les Bosches. Some French soldiers, seated by an ammunition waggon, replenishing cartridge-belts for their destructive mitrailleuse.

Tommy Atkins cannot claim a monopoly in good humour. The Gallic temperament is notoriously a cheerful one, and French patriots were seldom disheartened, in spite of the fact that the invader was within their gates. Here are shown some French soldiers enjoying the essentially British sport of boxing, quite popular in France, while another is indulging in the luxury of a haircut.

How the Trenches were assaulted Underground

Though never before had a war been waged on such a tremendous scale, the Western conflict progressed slowly. It would seem that the highly-destructive agencies of science had overdeveloped man's instinct of self-preservation on the one hand and sharpened his ingenuity on the other. The difficulties of fighting above land being sometimes insuperable, trenches were assaulted underground. A subterranean passage (marked by the dotted line) was constructed to the enemy's trench. Dynamite was placed in position, the charge exploded, and enemy and trench were blown up. The attackers then gained the ground.

Some More Curiosities of Mole Warfare:

The sylvan glades of the Argonne bristled with spiked helmets and bayonets. Everywhere the beautiful forest was furrowed with trenches and dug-outs. Here is seen a row of strange bomb and shell proof dwellings in which the watchful Huns hid by day and night.

French dug-outs near Lille constructed alongside an avenue. The entrances to the shelters from bombs were covered with tarpaulins.

A palace among mud huts. French officer's picturesque and comfortable retreat in the Argonne.

Entrance to an underground refuge for wounded French soldiers in the Argonne.

Interior of underground bomb-proof hospital which was used by the French Red Cross as a temporary infirmary for treatment of wounded.

Peeps into the Trenches in France and Flanders:

French soldiers closely following the effect of mitrailleuse fire on the enemy's position. The death-dealing weapon can be seen in the centre, well hidden from the Germans, under a rude awning. The trench is protected with hurdle-like barricades—the most effective screen from bursting shrapnel.

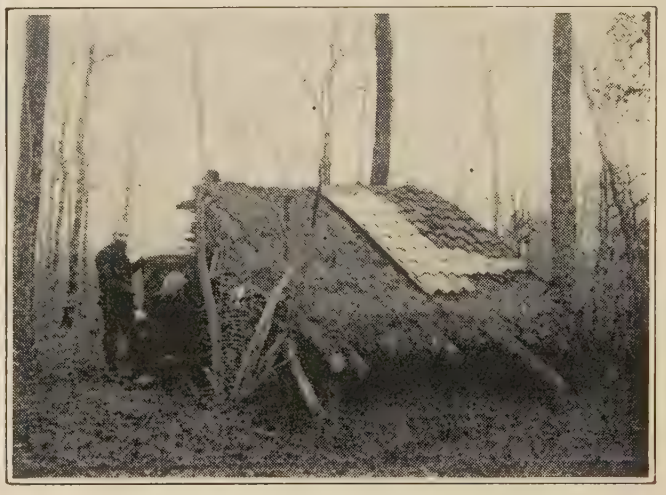
Another scene in a first-line trench. French soldiers in their winter furs and two officers watching the enemy's trenches for signs of life. The dramatic intensity of the "lookers-on" has been well caught by the camera.

The approach of lunch-time in the trenches along the Yser. Three Belgian soldiers awaiting a meal, cooking in the pot, which, in spite of the crude environment, looks as if it might be very appetising. The trench has been well protected with iron shields.

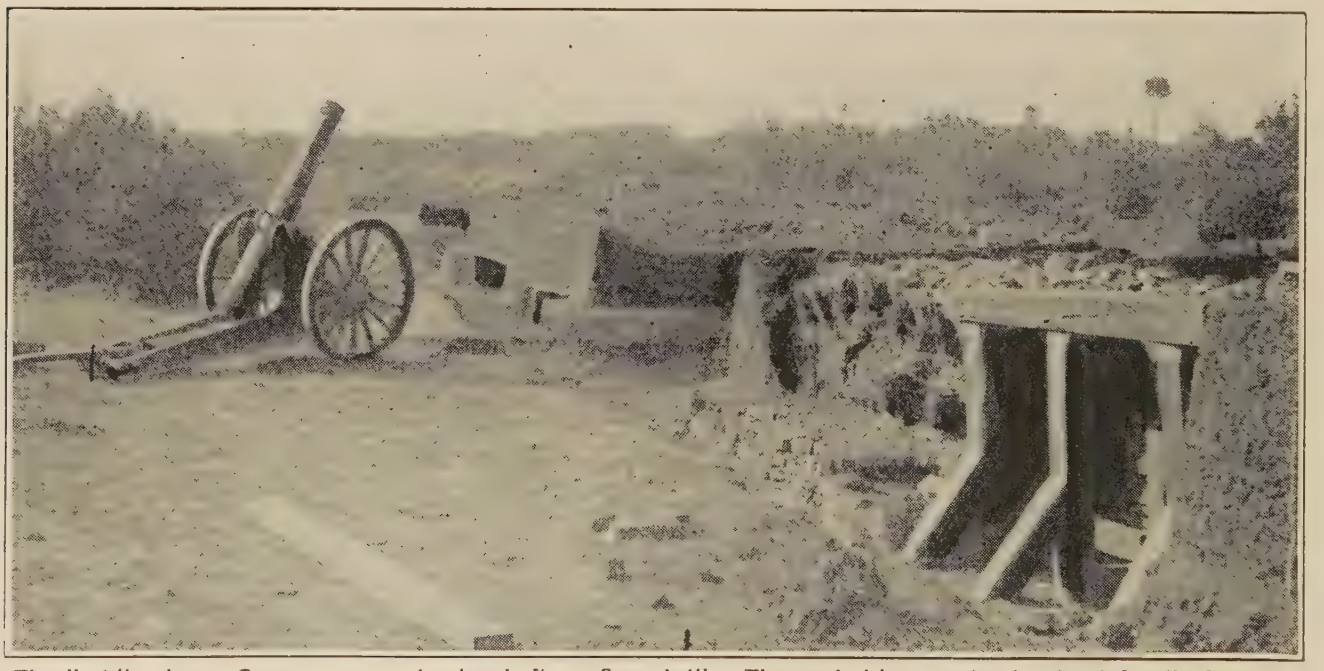
Incidents by the way in the War of Attrition

French soldier on a ladder erected in a forest in order to observe the effect of gun-fire on a German position.

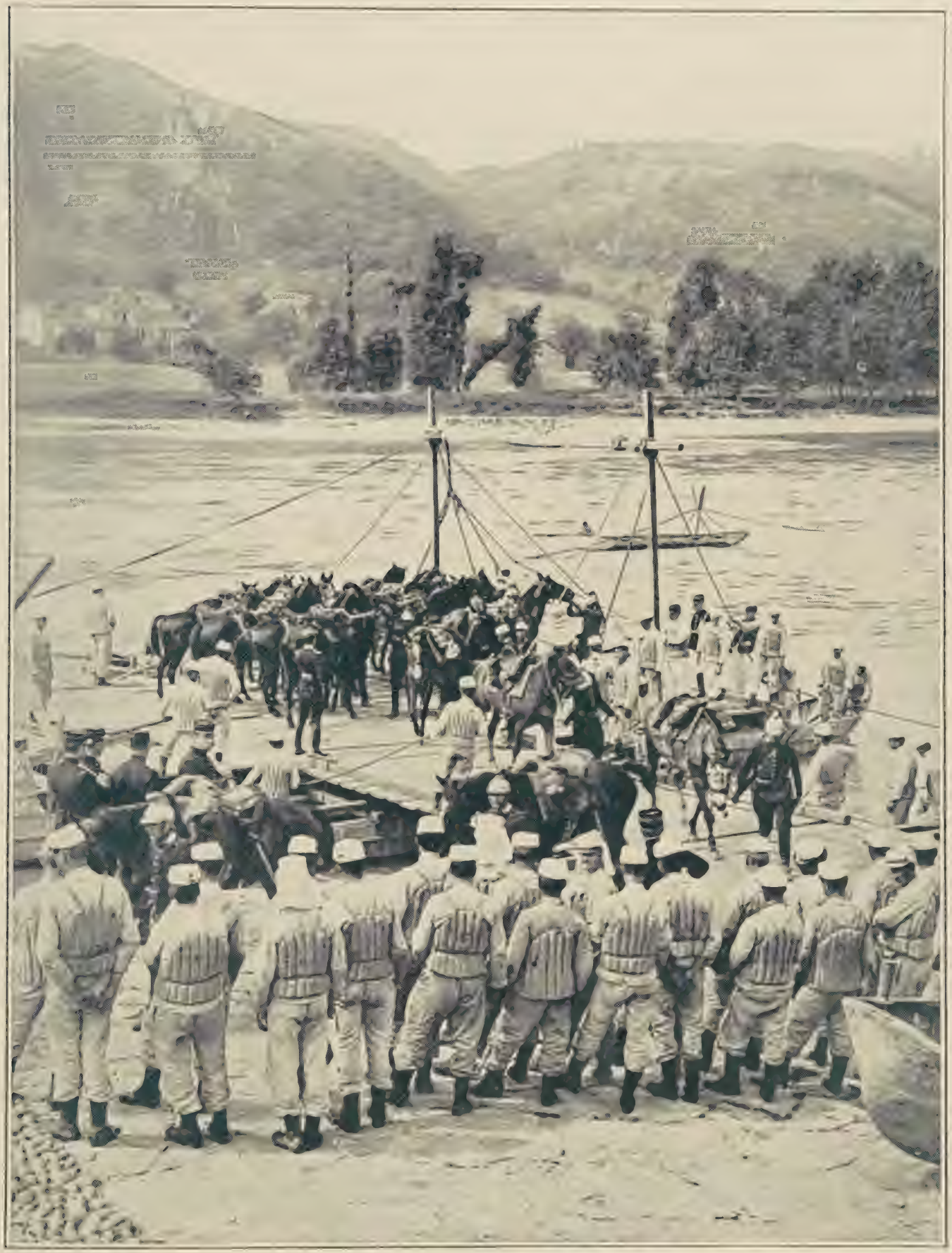
Grim legacies of the dead. Clothes and effects of fallen Germans in the park of a chateau, where their owners lie buried.



After the visit of the campaign postman. French soldiers with their letters outside a "villa" behind the firing-line.



The silent thunderer. German cannon abandoned after a fierce battle. The gun had been rendered useless before the Germans left it. Judging by the wrecked defence works, this position was subjected to a hot bombardment.



PICTURESQUE WAR-TIME SCENE IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

French engineers conveying a cavalry regiment over a river. Some of the horses were conveyed across the water in pontoons, while others swam across. The engineers were equipped with swimming jackets for the work in hand.

To face page 840

Scenes along France's Frontier of Trenches

Neat wooden shelter of French officer, complete even to the little curtained window.

Immediately a Taube became outlined against the sky, all rifles, the whole length of the trench, were elevated against the marauder.

ACCORDING to details from a French source, the French battle-front, in the spring of 1915, extended no less than five hundred and forty-three miles, as compared with thirty-one and a quarter miles of British trenches. The whole length of this line was as a human wall, against which the Germans, after their retreat from Paris, battered more or less in vain.

The colossal responsibility of holding this front, and the tremendous issues of a collapse at such vital points as Soissons, Verdun, or Toul, can only be conceived by those who suffered the horrors of Teuton aggression.

The Huns, with a notorious misconception of human psychology, regarded their opponents as incapable of standing the nerve strain of months of siege warfare. "Piou-piou," however, held out cheerfully and persistently, and the fact that he always acts better on the offensive was a happy augury of final victory. He, like Tommy, only awaited the propitious moment for a general advance on the enemy.

Mobile weapon to hunt down aircraft. Steel-plated motor-car armed with a mitrailleuse gun worked by a French sailor. Above: The only damage caused by a heavy bombardment of French trenches. The tree, shattered to matchwood, fell across the trench parapet, but the trenches remained intact, partly owing to sandbag defences.

Interludes Behind the Allies' Advanced Lines

Peaceful scene in a comfortable-looking French dug-out, which boasts a striking clock in addition to a telephone.

Extraordinary case of a bell, which was preserved intact although the tower was shattered.

On the line of French communications. Crude mud and straw hut which represented the temporary headquarters of French soldiers guarding an all-important point. The work of keeping communications intact was as responsible as it was hazardous.

Germans having hidden a mitrailleuse in the church tower, a "75" was reluctantly brought to bear on it, with the result seen above.

Convivial evening after a day of serious war work. Cheerful French officers comparing notes and adventures by the fireside of a peasant's cottage situated conveniently near the fighting-line.

Joffre's Confident Soldiers "Nibbling" the Huns

"The Great Revenge," for which gallant French patriots waited since 1871, drawing nearer. "Piou-pious" cheerily off to the trenches.

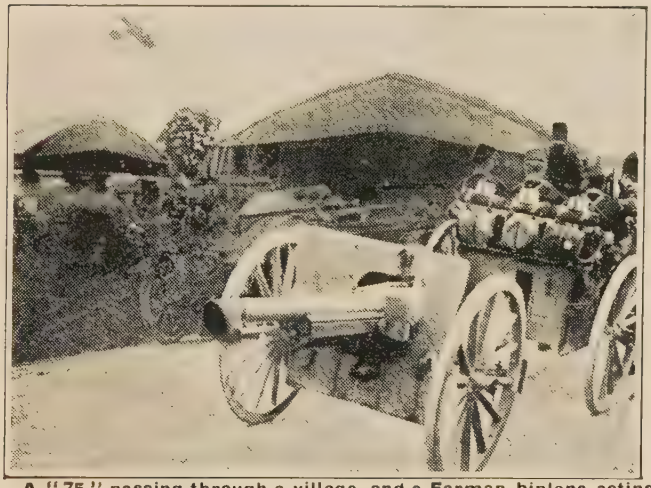
Machines and kit and some of the men of a German cyclist company captured by the Franco-British allies in Northern France.

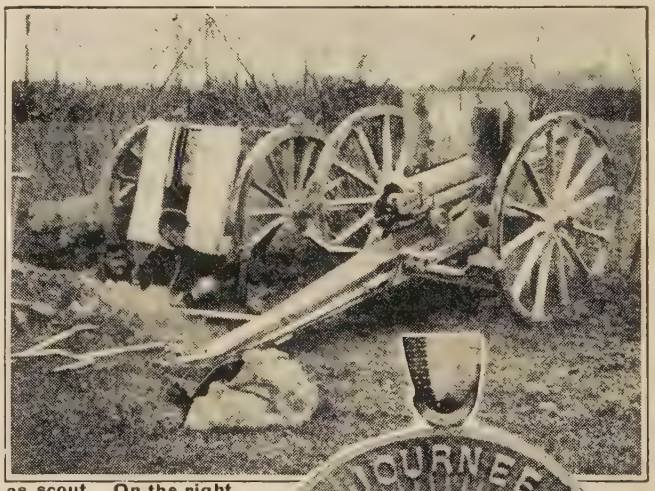
German prisoners being brought to camp. They were captured three days after a battle, after having been in hiding without food. One is seen eating an apple given him by a kindly captor.

Company of French soldiers on outpost duty. Such work has added dangers and responsibilities, for at any hour the men may be cut off from the main army. These soldiers are preparing an ambuscade along one of the roads to Rheims.

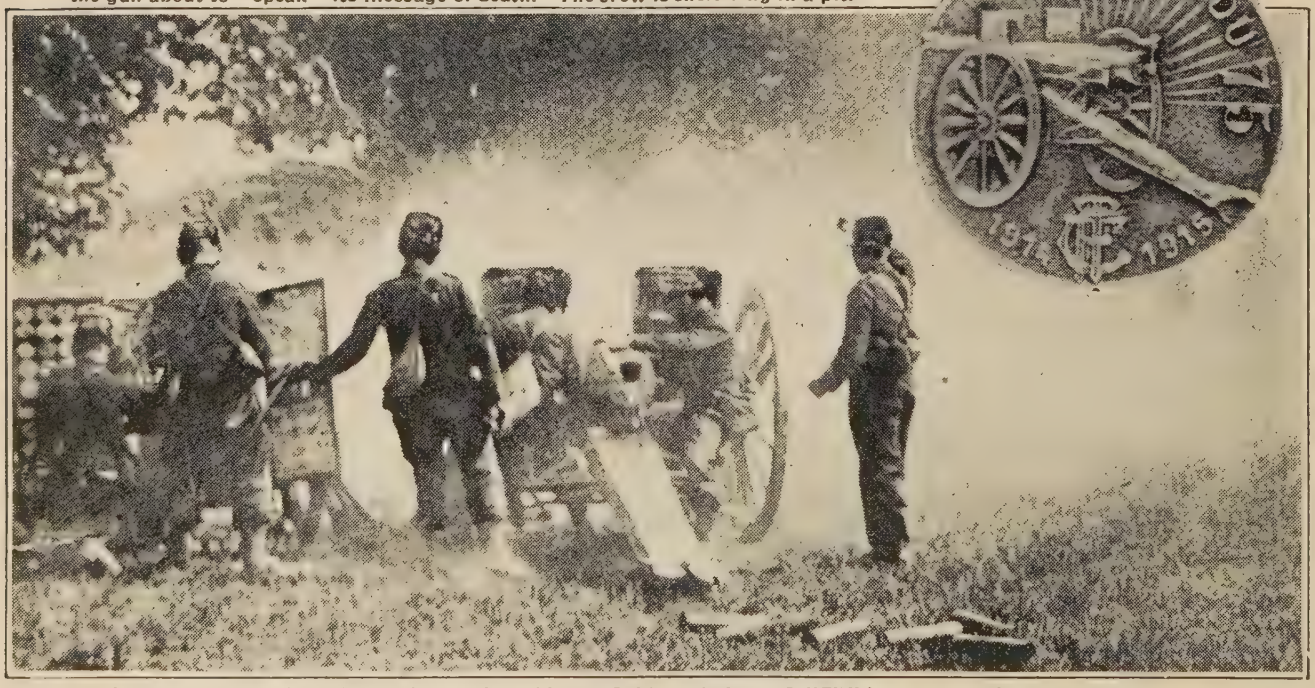
Hungry for the Hun-Lord's "Cannon Fodder"

The famous 75 mm. guns were described as "the salvation of France." The French artillery easily proved their superiority over the German. They were always hungry for the Kaiser's "cannon fodder."





A "75" passing through a village, and a Farman biplane acting as scout. On the right, the gun about to "speak" its message of death. The crew is sheltering in a pit.

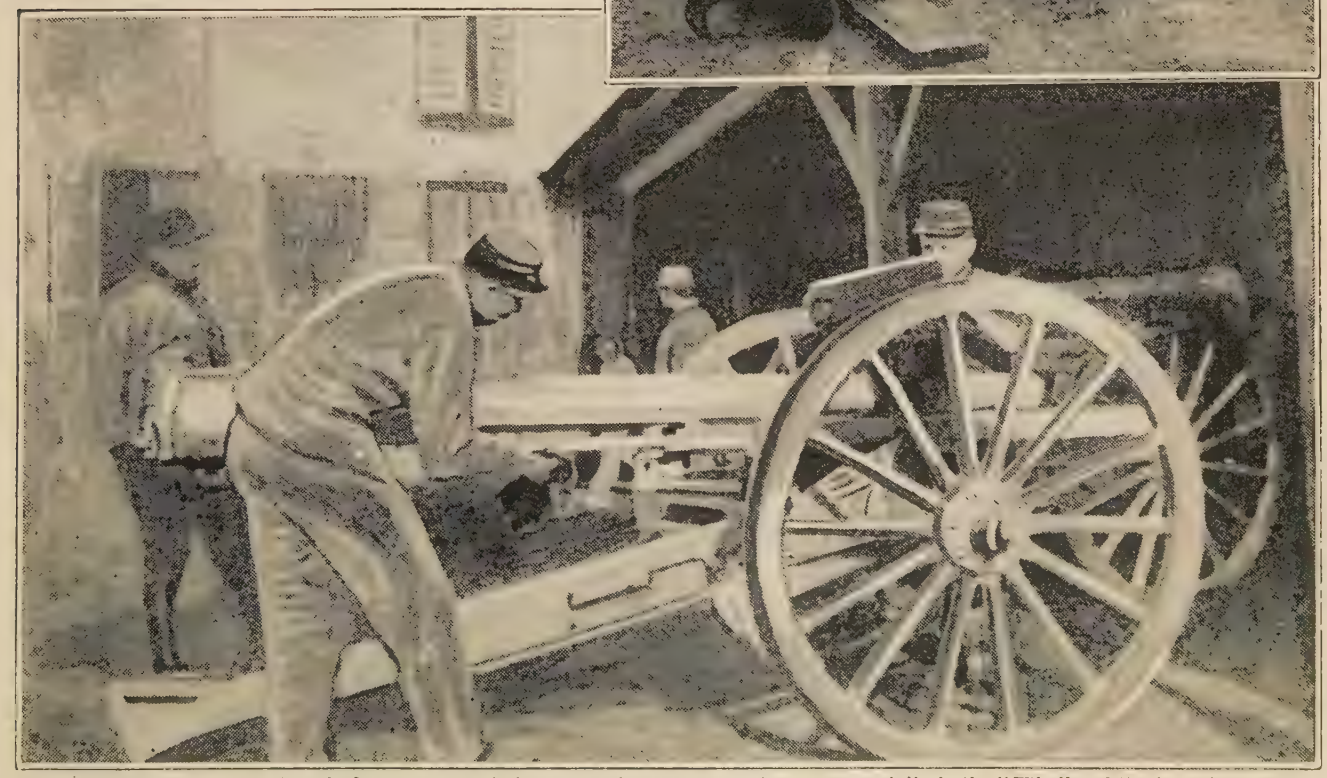


A gunner's regimental "colours" are his gun, for which he fights and dies. A "75" in a fierce action at Pont Nord. The festival of "75" was celebrated in war-sobered Paris. All who gave to the soldiers' families fund received this medal.

The Toilet of the "75"· Other Guns in Action

Rolling up for their "baptism of fire." One of the most impressive incidents of the war was the coming into action of monster guns. This photograph shows the progress to the front of a battery of heavy weapons in charge of some Belgian gunners.

French gun of 47 mm., generally used in the Navy, but here mounted on a 90 mm. carriage for field use.



The mechanism of a gun, though of enormous resisting power, is delicate to a degree—especially in the "75's," and the least inattention is liable to throw it out of gear. The two last photographs on this page show the toilet of the "75" on the battlefield and in a French town.

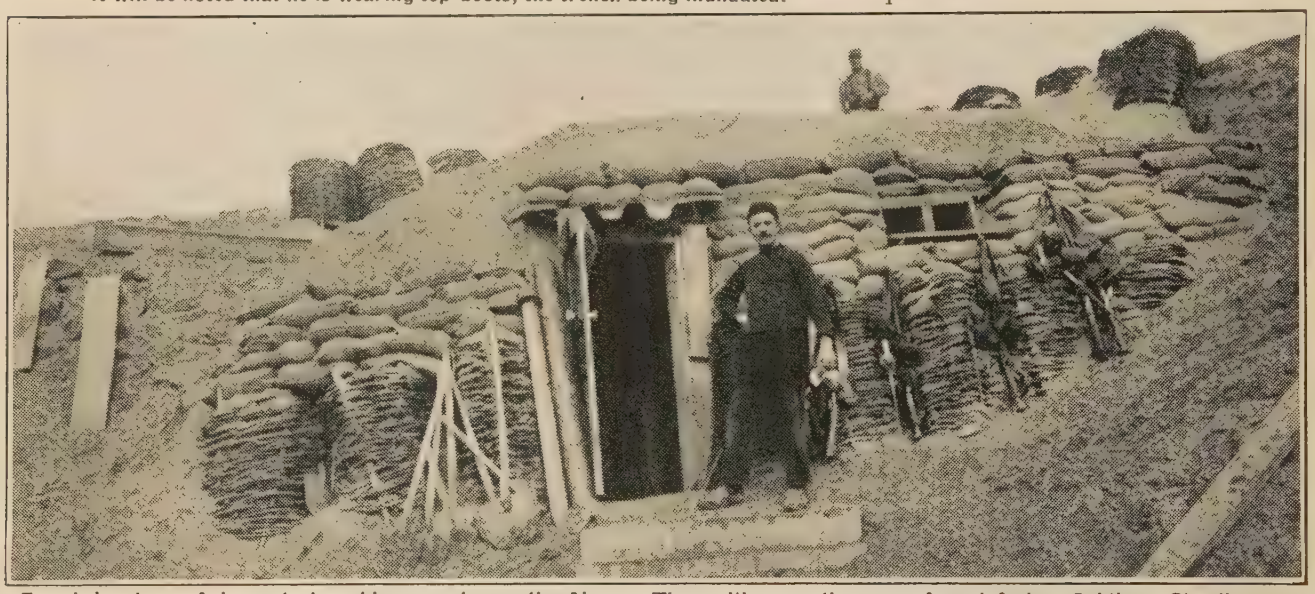
Sons of the Republic keep watch along the Aisne

French infantryman well screened from the enemy's fire by gabions and sacks of earth. It will be noted that he is wearing top-boots, the trench being inundated.

IN some parts of the French line, notably the Aisne district, save for the risk of being struck by a stray bullet, life during the bad winter weather was comparatively uneventful. The fact of the matter was that the two opposing forces had so strongly fortified their positions (it became known that the Germans solidified their trenches with concrete) that an advance would have entailed losses in men disproportionate to any possible gain.

As the spring advanced the ground hereabouts hardened with drier weather, and the conditions became more favourable to the general forward movements on the part of the belligerents.

These photographs show various incidents in the life of French infantrymen holding the Aisne. Some of them converted their crude dug-outs into what appear to be fairly comfortable quarters.



French bomb-proof dug-out alongside a canal near the Aisne. The position was the scene of much furious fighting. Standing on the elevated ground is a sentinel on guard. Rifles of soldiers at lunch inside are seen piled against the shelter.

Some members of the 36th Regiment of French Infantry photographed while waiting to dine al fresco within a few hundred yards of the German trenches. The tables and chairs were constructed with wattles.

Dummies! Simple Ruse to mislead Enemy Airmen

Of the innumerable tricks in use in the war, probably the most popular was the use of dummy men and guns. These were placed in a position where they could easily be seen by hostile airmen, who, not daring to fly sufficiently low to detect such ruses, gave misleading information. The result was often a lavish waste of valuable ammunition, either on straw figures or logs covered with brushwood to represent guns. Sometimes an enemy was even induced to make a false charge. This photograph shows four dummies in a French trench. At a distance the fact that they were dummies would be quite unnoticeable.

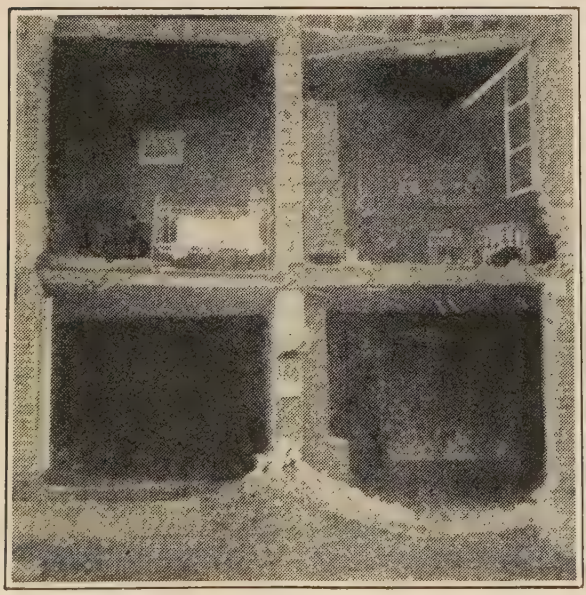
Huns' Havoc and French Fortitude at Rheims

Substantial refuge from "Jack Johnsons." French soldier hiding in a shelter carved in a wall not far from Rheims.

Another photograph of these "funk holes," formerly used by French troops, but afterwards the retreat of nervous inhabitants.

Some French soldiers making an admirable hiding-place for a "75." Situated behind an embankment, roofed in by tree-trunks, the most discerning Taube could not suspect its presence.

Honour to the brave dead. French soldiers at the tomb of twenty-three patriots, including two women and a child.



Literally sectioned—a house in Rheims with its front blown clean out by severe bombardment.

Tragic desolation of the Rue de l'Universite, Rheims, caused by the fire of big German projectiles.

A Friendship Broken only by Death

IN falling, this soldier has still retained his hold of the reins of his horse, who stands, a perplexed and wholly pathetic figure, awaiting the coming of enemy or friend to release him from his master, who lies so strangely still. One can well imagine the affection that must endure between a warrior and his horse, and this especially in the case of a scout. Long days and nights spent on outposts, far from companionship of men—perils outfaced, hair-breadth chances that span the void between fatal capture and triumphant escape, chances where all depends on mutual trust and sympathy—these incidents of war must make solid and strong the bond of love for their dumb friends that is characteristic of all the Allies.

The slow yard-by-yard nature of the earthy warfare of the campaign, and the use of aeroplanes for reconnaissance, negatived, to a considerable extent, the use of cavalry units as such. But horses still played a noble part in the Great War, and not the least of them were the artillery and transport horses. When the roads became so softened by rain, and torn up by shells and heavy transport that motors and traction-engines were useless, the draft horse came into his own again.

Martial Preparations in Allied Capitals

A stirring scene reminiscent of a picture by the French artist Detaille was witnessed when General Galopin, the new Governor of Paris, reviewed the garrison of the capital. The troops are here seen with their long bayonets fixed, marching past General Galopin, who succeeded the celebrated General Gallienni.

The Crystal Palace, which has seen so many vicissitudes of fortune, came to be utilised for seriously patriotic work. It was, in fact, an immense glass "training ship" for men of the Royal Naval Division, some of whom are seen in this photograph.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

"THE SILENT LEADER"—GENERAL JOFFRE

CHIEF OF THE FRENCH GENERAL STAFF

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

GENERAL JOFFRE

SOME eight months before Sir John French was born at Ripple Vale, in Kent, Joseph Jacques Césaire Joffre first saw the light in the ancient town of Rivesaltes, on the slopes of the Pyrenées Orientales, a spot long famous for its vineyards, facing the rising sun and the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. To put the matter more precisely, the future Generalissimo was born on January 12th, 1852. His father, Gilles Joffre, was a well-to-do cooper, and his mother's name before her marriage was Catherine Plas. At the time that Joseph, their first child, was born, both of his parents were twenty-nine years of age. The birthplace of the future General was a small dwelling-house in the Rue des Religieuses, which was later called the Rue des Orangers. As time went on eleven children came to grace the family hearth, but of these only three were living at the time when the Great War broke out.

His Early Education

Joseph went first of all to the local school, whence he gravitated to the college at Perpignan, the capital of the former county of Roussillon, and a town with a romantic history. At Perpignan the cooper's son greatly distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematics and drawing, and by a pronounced disinclination to talk, which is sometimes called taciturnity, but is not too aptly defined by that rather harsh English word.

In 1867 Joseph was taken to Paris by his father and placed in a private school, where he studied for two years, when he entered the famous Ecole Polytechnique. He served as a subaltern in the Franco-Prussian War. Till then he had a marked dislike of the German language. The war proved to him that he was wrong, and it was not long before he had mastered its pantechnicon-like vocabulary. When peace allowed he was engaged as a young lieutenant of engineers on plans for the new fortifications of Paris, Versailles, and Montpellier. And so came the first official recognition of his ability. Marshal MacMahon, himself one of the "silent workers," while on a visit to one of the forts, turned to the lieutenant with the words: "My compliments, *Captain* Joffre." So Joffre became a captain at the age of twenty-two.

Served in France and Asia

Joffre was next sent to organise the defences of Pontarlier, in the Department of the Doubs. For a time he was lost to the public view in a round of garrison duties, and promotion seemed far off. The latter part of this period was marked by a great sorrow. He married in 1884, and was a widower within a year. There followed a fairly long spell of foreign service, first of all in Formosa, where he was employed in trench and fortress work. From Formosa he was drafted to Indo-China, notably at Hanoi, Kelung, and Vietri, where he fought successfully against the plague, by methods very similar to those the adoption of which rendered the construction of the Panama Canal possible. In Indo-China he won the marked approval of Admiral Courbet, who was in charge of the French operations, and gave the silent and efficient young captain the opportunities which opened the way for him to win the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Good Work in Africa

After three years in the Far East, Captain Joffre returned to France in 1888, received his majority in 1889, being gazetted a commandant and given a Staff appointment which enabled him to gain a valuable insight into the military organisation of the French railways. In 1891, owing, it is conjectured, to the favourable reports of General Gallieni, he was appointed lecturer on fortifications at the famous finishing school for artillery officers at Fontainebleau. In the autumn of 1892 Major Joffre went out to Senegal, and was instrumental in laying the foundations of the Senegal-Niger Railway. A year later he was in charge of a supply column sent to the assistance of Colonel Bonnier, who was attacking the old Taureg stronghold of Timbuctoo. Bonnier and many of his men were massacred by the tribes, and it fell to Major Joffre to avenge them. He did this on his own initiative and with marked success, winning the approval alike of the Governor of the French Soudan and the authorities in Paris. He has published in a modest, laconically-worded volume some account of this great service to his country. In March, 1894, a few days before his return home, he was gazetted lieutenant-colonel.

Attaining the rank of colonel in 1897 he went out to Madagascar two years later to superintend the fortifications of the French naval base at Diego Suarez. The satisfactory fulfilment of this work was marked in 1901 by his promotion to the rank of brigadier-general and his appointment to the command of the 19th Artillery Brigade. Honours and advancement now began to follow one another with gratifying rapidity. In 1903 the General was made a Commander of the Legion of Honour; in 1904 he was given the chief command of the Corps of Engineers; in 1905 he became a General of Division; in 1906 he was appointed to the command of the 6th Infantry Division; in 1908 he was Chief of the Second Army Corps; and in 1909 he received the insignia of a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Soon after he was admitted a member of the French General Staff; and, partly because he was one of the few men who had been absolutely clear of any connection with the notorious Dreyfus case, partly because of the chivalrous support of General Pau, and more especially on account of his proved ability as a strategist and an organiser, it befell that, on the reorganisation of the French War Office in 1911, General Joffre was placed in supreme command of the French Army.

Preparation for the Great War

General Joffre's prevision of the task that was to crown his long years of devoted service to France may be seen in the words he used a few months after the appointment just mentioned. They were addressed to an interviewer, on one of those rare occasions on which the General permitted himself to speak to a Press man. The battles of the future, he said, would not be won by the generals in command, but by the subordinate officers. The fighting front would extend for some hundreds of miles, and the troops that would win would be those that would hold out the longest, that would prove superior in endurance, in energy, and in faith. These words were reinforced in November, 1914, when he said, in reply to a question as to how the war was going, "Laissez-moi faire. Je les grignette." ("Leave me alone. I nibble them.")

In 1913 General Joffre was present at the Russian military manœuvres, when the Tsar bestowed upon him the Order of Alexander Nevski. In April, 1914, he drew up the mobilisation plan which answered so well in the hour of trial three months later. On May 25th, 1914, King George bestowed upon him the G.C.V.O. And even then, to the world at large, and to many in his own land, General Joffre was comparatively unknown.

The Silence of Strength

A tall, stout man, with keen, blue-grey eyes, heavy eyebrows, firmly-set mouth, half hidden by a full, white moustache, General Joffre seemed to leap at a bound into the unchallenged position of one who enjoyed the unswerving confidence and affection of the whole of France. He is said to have had three hobbies—music, bridge, and work. But work throughout always came first.

Stern in administration—witness his dismissal of five generals and two colonels after the Army manœuvres in 1913, and certain equally drastic measures taken by him soon after the outbreak of the Great War—General Joffre won the name of a just rather than a hard man. In his home life and socially he was always found to be of gentle, kindly disposition. "A restful man," was one observer's estimate. "He does not talk much. But you never feel that he is silent because he has nothing to say. You feel that it is because he has so much to think about. What he says is pithy and to the point, the result of quiet reflection and study, expressed in quiet, straightforward sentences." After long years of widowerhood, he married a second time in 1905, but he has no children.

With Belgium's Dauntless Army

Whatever end the conflict knows,
There shall be told in days to be
The tale of those who faced their foes
To keep their threatened homeland free,
And how from out a tyrant's scorn
A race of warriors was born.

—TOUCHSTONE.

A German shell, with a precision which is now proverbial, struck the base of the steeple of the Asylum Chapel at Ypres. The tower, as if in defiance of the Huns' sacrilege, remained intact, falling through the roof into the centre of the edifice.

The Re-equipped and Re-invigorated Belgians.

The muffled, martial step along the fateful coast strip. Belgian soldiers parading on the sands before leaving for the trenches at Nieuport.

King Albert's birthday was the signal for a demonstration of fervent loyalty. Some of the brave army of the hero-king were accorded a well-earned holiday, and this photograph shows a body of soldiers listening to a military concert on the sands.

Calais to the Germans was so near and yet so far that one could almost excuse their exasperation at the British-Belgian forces which foiled their every attempt to break through. This photograph is an impression of Belgian cavalry on their incessant coast patrol.

How King Albert's Army Renewed Its Strength

By EMILE VANDERVELDE

Belgian Minister of State

WHEN Antwerp had fallen—then, after nine days of a difficult retreat, the friends of Belgium sought to know, in grave anxiety, what remained of the Belgian Army.

I shall remember all my life the pitiful impression which was made upon me by the defiling, on the twenty kilometres of road between Furnes and Dunkirk, of our fortress troops, disbanded, in complete disarray, having lost nearly one half of their strength, which had passed over into Holland.

Happily the divisions of the Army in the field protected the retreat. They were asked to hold out for forty-eight hours until the arrival of the French. They held out for twelve days, until the moment when, aided by the floods, the German offensive on the Iser was definitely arrested.

But, in order to obtain this essential result, in order to preserve to Belgium a shred of territory, the Army had lost 12,000 men of the total strength of 50,000 combatants. It was a question, then, of remaking, reconstituting, reorganising these forces which had been so cruelly tested.

Passing Through a Terrible Ordeal

At the time when winter was about to commence, when the rains of the bad season fell in a deluge in the Flemish marshes, our men, unsheltered in their trenches, were without boots, without woollens, without change of clothing. We appealed, in order to aid them, to British generosity, which was, as ever, splendid. The commissariat, on its own side, made a great effort, which was not long in producing good results. And, at the end of one year of warfare, the Belgian soldiers lacked none of the personal requirements so essential if the fighting spirit and physical condition of an army are to be maintained.

I come now to military reorganisation, properly so-called, and, in order to say nothing which may be either incorrect or indiscreet, I asked the General Staff to give me the facts which follow.

It will be appreciated that if there was any astonishing situation in the Great War it was that of the Belgian Army after the retreat from Antwerp.

People are well aware of the importance in previous wars of the communications of armies with the particular territory in which were accumulated their reserves of all kinds. To safeguard the base of an army and the line of communication which led to it was the very *raison d'être* of many battles. But this importance is to-day still further increased in consequence of the greatness of strength, the complexity of armaments and equipment, the greater difficulty of feeding from the resources of occupied territory the great assemblages of men, the development of the sanitary establishments in which the sick and wounded are cared for. Until recent times it has seemed that an army cut from its base was a lost army.

Reconstituting the Bases of Production

Now, the Belgian Army, leaving Antwerp, abandoned the city in which, during years, the Government had accumulated its military resources, the city which apparently ought to have been the final refuge over which, to the last, would wave the national flag. And, by an unexpected phenomenon, the Belgian Army, instead of being a lost army, increased to unexpected proportions to such an extent that it was, at the period of the war covered by this volume, much stronger than at the commencement of the campaign, while its armaments, its equipment and provisions of all kinds were better than they had ever been.

Let no one think from this that the Belgians took without scruple the resources of the countries with whom their cause was common, thus diminishing their assets. Certainly, and especially at first, it was necessary to have recourse to the French arsenals and commissariat, but rapidly and progressively the military administration reconstituted all the bases of production.

Under the energetic impulse and tenacious purpose of the King and the War Department, by the intense and fruitful work of all, centres of instruction were created from which were produced well drilled and disciplined recruits. In French territory, schools for infantry, cavalry, artillery and engineer officers were founded, completing by theoretic instruction the experience acquired during a year's campaign by the most apt of our subaltern ranks.

The units of the army which marched from Antwerp had been furnished with excellent young soldiers, educated, animated by the best military spirit, of whom many had, at the risk of their lives, crossed the German lines to join their brothers in arms. The ranks of these units were reconstituted, rejuvenated and reinforced, and a number of well-trained young men formed at the front a nursery of sub-lieutenants able to take immediate command.

The infantry saw its armaments well kept up, and in perfect condition; the number of machine-guns at its disposal was, at the time with which I am concerned, proportionately greater than in any other army.

Our field artillery equipment displayed admirable qualities of precision and resistance, though it was obliged, after having exhausted all the munitions of the peace establishment stores, to utilise French munitions scarcely suitable to its ballistic characteristics. But later, the base furnished once again "75" munitions made specially for our guns. Heavy field artillery, which did not exist at the time of mobilisation, had been created. It now comprised guns and mortars of great calibre in sufficient number for our strength.

The Belgian Army after a Year of War

Leaving Antwerp with a division of cavalry, the Belgian Army had increased its light forces both in squadrons of cyclists and in squadrons of motor guns and motor machine-guns. Nothing was more superb than its horses, kept in perfect condition, which were the astonishment of the French and British cavalry officers. The cavalry and the cyclist carabiniers received an adequate supply of machine-guns.

The Belgian engineers equalled the other arms in the progress achieved. The proportion of engineers in the Army divisions had been doubled by means of the corps drawn from the fortified places. It was the same with special troops. As to military aviation, it accomplished marvels, having started from almost nothing.

What is to be said of the transport troops? Beginning at the mobilisation with motors and horse-drawn vehicles of all kinds, mostly secured by requisition, they reached the ability to form their transport trains of the best makes, uniform models, with power according to the use for which they were needed. Thus the revictualling which, in the early part of the campaign, worked in a very satisfactory manner, now controlled perfectly homogeneous columns. The trains assured the service of food and munitions, and the removal of wounded under conditions which never existed before. It is thus that, after a year of war, the Belgian Army, which the Germans believed at the onset to be a negligible factor, held better than ever its place at the side of its great Allies.

For nearly ten months prior to the time which I describe the writer did not lose touch with the soldiers of King Albert. He saw their sufferings. He hailed their progress. He passed through their camps and trenches every month. And he dares to affirm, with the certainty that no one will challenge the statement, that in regard to endurance, abnegation, and power of resistance, the Belgian soldiers displayed qualities equal to the best troops in Europe. They had the determination to recover their hearths, to give liberty to their country, to find their relations, their friends, their families. They were proud to fight in the Great Army of Right and of the Independence of the Nations. They had the will to win, and they had the proud and unshakable conviction that, with the aid of their Allies, victory was certain.

Emile Vandervelde

King Albert's Cavalrymen in Action Afoot

A patrol of Belgian cavalrymen acting as infantry and firing from the scanty cover afforded by fallen tree-trunks in a wood in the North of France.

Dismounted Belgian cavalrymen rushing forward to take up a new position on the edge of a wood in the North of France. Inset: Difficult "going" for the dog-drawn mitrailleuses along a rough road in Flanders. Batteries of light quick-firing guns drawn by specially-trained dogs formed a valuable branch of King Albert's Army.

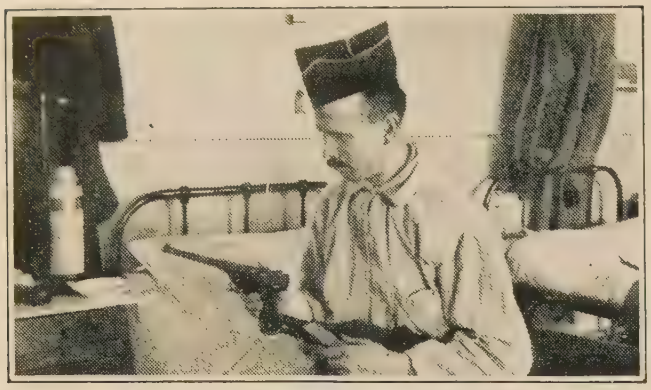
Belgian Forces hold their own along the Coast

Curious fort-like Belgian trenches on the Yser. These were generally elevated above the land level, partly because, the water being so near the surface, it was impossible in places to construct ordinary trenches.

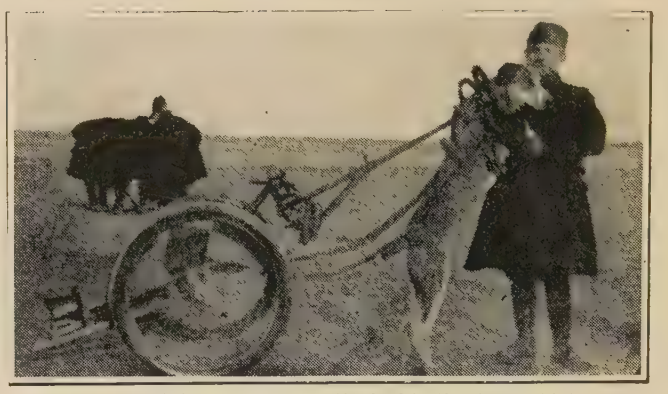
Belgian soldiers building a hospital at the front. On account of the way the enemy threw shells and bombs at these retreats of the wounded, irrespective of the Red Cross emblem, there was ample scope for this special form of industry.

Belgians playing football on the sands at Nieuport. The gallant Belgian Army co-operating with the British forces bravely held its own in that part of King Albert's realm embracing Ypres and Nieuport. The Huns were not able to drive them back, in spite of their massed formations, heavy howitzers, and poison gas frightfulness.

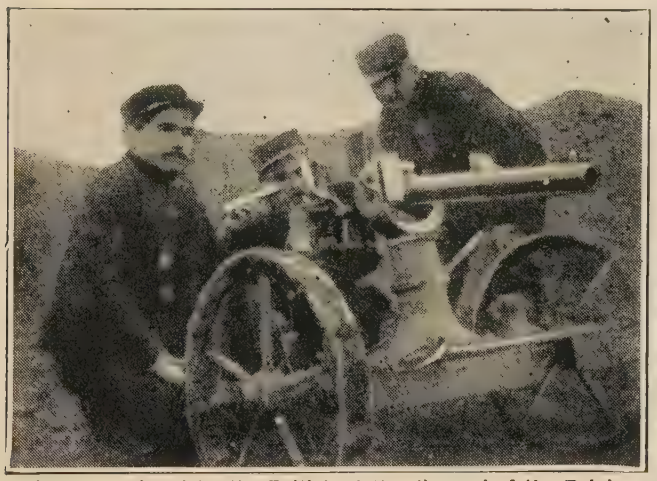
War's Ebb and Flow on the Flemish Coast



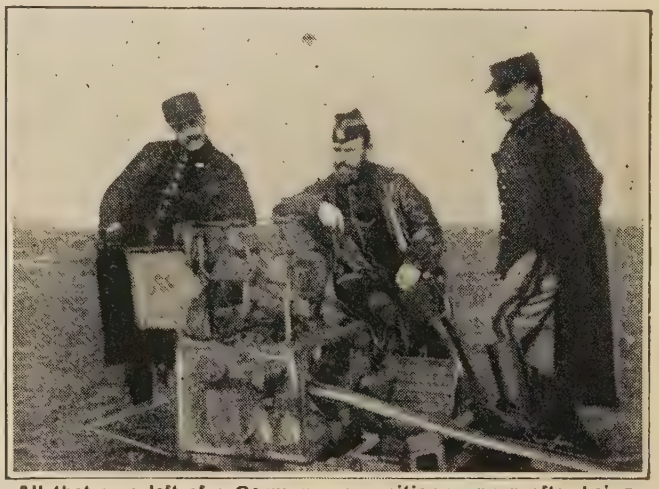
A wounded Belgian soldier in hospital, with a pistol which he took from a German officer. He has ingeniously adapted it into a rifle by attaching a butt.



The Belgian soldiers were very attached to the dogs which drew their mitrailleuse guns. Here is shown the sole remaining animal with the 14th Company, which helped in the defence of the coast.



Light gun placed by the British at the disposal of the Belgian Army, and called by them the "Pa-m Pa-m." It proved very effective against the "Bosches."



All that was left of a German ammunition waggon after being shelled by Belgian artillery from behind the village of Caeskerke, near Dixmude, which was taken and retaken several times.

An appropriate place for work in the cause of the sufferer. Interior of the English Church at Calais, which was turned into a Red Cross hospital. The pulpit, decorated with the Allies' flags, is shown in the background, while on the right is the organ.

Sheltering Belgium's War Dogs among the Dunes

THE two exclusive photographs on this page are interesting, as showing the care taken by the Belgian soldiers of their willing canine helpers. Dogs have been used from time immemorial as draught animals in Flanders, and during the war many of them were requisitioned in the military service of the stricken country.

Belgian soldiers made use of dogs for drawing light weapons, such as Maxim guns, and for carrying messages. It was therefore meet that such faithful servitors should receive kindness and protection from danger. Many survived all the reverses of the Belgian Army. Improvised kennels were made for them in the dunes. These generally consisted of a large hole dug in the sands, over which some kind of wood covering was placed to shield the animals from stray shot and shell. All other belligerents made use of dogs in the war, either for Red Cross or sentry work.

The Germans employed dogs for the purpose of scenting the wounded. Others were attached to regiments, and were used to draw the big drum placed on a small cart. Dog sentinels are an interesting feature of the Russian Army, and were used in the war with Japan with success for guarding railways. Major Richardson's breed of war-dogs is well known, and he supplied about thirty British battalions with animals for work on the Continent.

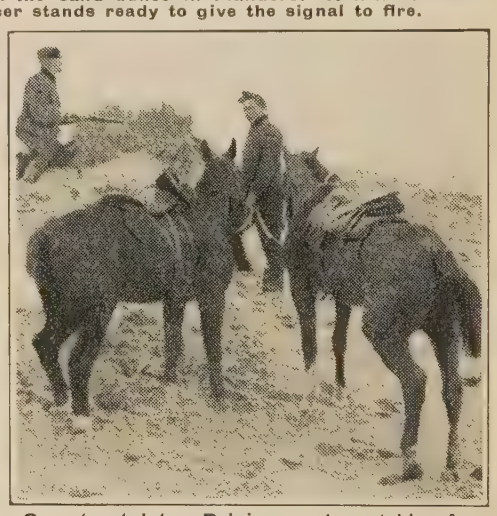
Belgian soldiers placing a Maxim gun-carriage drawn by dogs under cover of some long grass on the sand-dunes.

Our Belgian friends, making use of dogs as they do in the pursuit of the war, take every precaution to keep these faithful allies out of harm's way. This exclusive photograph shows some dogs being hidden in an improvised kennel on the dunes.

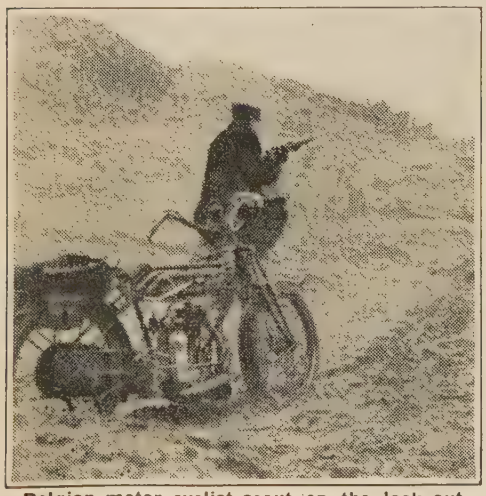
Striking War Scenes from the Belgian Dunes

Grim war's reality in the midst of homely calm. Belgian artillery in action on the sand-dunes in Flanders. It will be seen that a gunner is in the act of placing a shell in the breech, while the officer stands ready to give the signal to fire.

Continuous fighting took place in the spacious sand-dunes along the Belgian coast. Belgian gunners wheeling their gun with difficulty into a new position.



On outpost duty. Belgian scouts watching for the glint of spiked helmets from a sand-ridge.



Belgian motor-cyclist scout on the look-out. The motor-cyclists rendered great service.

Artillery in action on the sand-dunes. The gunner is sighting the gun, while his comrades are ready each to perform his part in sending death to the invader.

The Flame of War along the Flemish Waterways

The small canal boats, armed with quick-firing guns, which took part in the fighting along the Flemish coast, were an instance of the ingenuity with which arms were adapted to the unprecedented warfare. These speedy and mobile craft played a great part in keeping the Germans from the Calais goal. The still waters of Flanders, which for centuries had reflected only silent barges, beautiful mediæval belfries, and world-forgotten convents, became turbulent with the wash of these deadly gunboats. Just as the armoured train was able to harass the enemy by rail, so were these craft able to do so by water.

Brave Belgians in Holland and along the Coast

Some soldiers of King Albert's forces hors de combat for the moment. Group of Belgian warriors in the detention camp at Oldebrock, Holland.

Belgian sentry guarding a point on the sands at La Panne, which remained in the hands of the defenders, in spite of continued German efforts to break through.

Dug-out visited by the Queen of the Belgians, who, resting awhile on a case of cartridges, took keen interest in the work of her defenders.

British sailors who escaped from the siege of Antwerp were not the only alien fighters detained in Holland. Many Belgian soldiers, cut off from their regiments, were compelled to seek refuge in neutral territory as an alternative to gaol-bird life in Germany.

Belgium Resurgent on the Banks of the Yser

With the thoughts of his ravished country ever uppermost in his mind, every individual soldier in King Albert's gallant Army welcomed each opportunity that enabled him to get to grips with a grey-coated "blonde beast." The greater movements of the Allied forces oft-times caused to leave unchronicled minor victories that served to remind the enemy of the day when he would be driven from the fair fields of Belgium and France. On April 5th, 1915, the Belgians, by a brilliantly executed assault, drove the Germans from a redoubt on the left bank of the Yser, and the enemy were nearly all killed or drowned in attempting to escape.

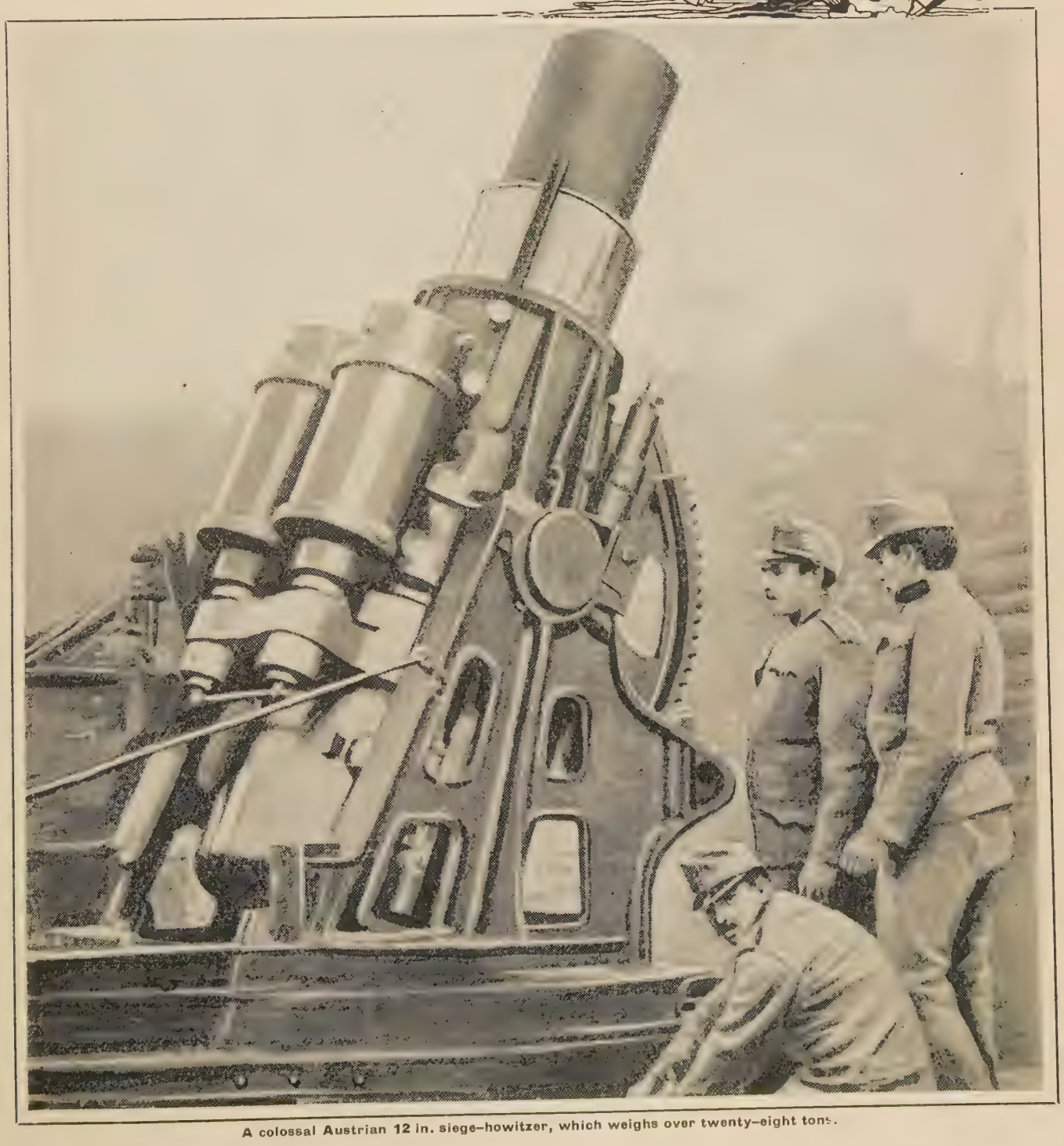
BRAVE BELGIANS CONSTRUCT A BRIDGE OVER FLOODS UNDER FIRE.—The drawing on this page is indicative of the almost superhuman difficulties of flood warfare as waged in that part of Belgium that remained in the Allies' hands. The inrush of the sea converted the lowlands into a sort of miniature archipelago. Most of the territory was submerged, but here and there a small tract was left high and dry by reason of its elevation. Brave Belgian outposts held most of these island forts, which were connected in some way or other with the main army. The communication, in the case of the incident illustrated above, was constructed with bundles of brushwood. Under heavy fire from the Germans holding similar advanced posts in the flooded area, a causeway was made over the treacherous slime for a quarter of a mile. Every five yards was paid for with a Belgian life, but the sappers worked on heroically until the improvised bridge deviated under cover of the position to which it was directed, and the Belgians were able to complete their work in comparative safety.

You thought to grasp the world ; but you shall keep
Its curses only crowned upon your brow.
You that have fouled the purple, broke your vow,
And sowed the wind of death, the whirlwind shall you reap.

We do not speak of vengeance ; there shall run
No stain of children's blood beneath our heel.
No pregnant woman suffers from our steel ;
But justice we shall do, as sure as set of sun.

—EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

With the Austro-German Armies



A colossal Austrian 12 in. siege-howitzer, which weighs over twenty-eight tons.

Super-Huns: The Kaiser's Kings of "Kultur"

General Baron von Scheffer-Boyadel, who was decorated by the Kaiser for his "brilliant strategy" in Poland.

Lieut.-General Wild von Hohenborn, Minister of War.

General von Moltke and his wounded sons—Capt. Wilhelm von Moltke (left), and Lieut. Adam von Moltke—in a Berlin hospital.

General von Woyrsch, Commander of the Landwehr corps that gained a victory in Russian Poland.

Field-Marshal Paul von Hindenburg. Portrait of the General in whom, more than in any other, the hopes of Germany lay.

General von Eichhorn, Hindenburg's lieutenant.

Lieut.-General von Ludendorff, Hindenburg's right-hand man in the eastern theatre of war.

General Ewald von Lochow, decorated by the Kaiser for a "victory" at Soissons.

General von Kluck (nicknamed "Old One O'Clock" by British Tommies) standing between Colonel von Bergmann (left) and General von Kuhl.

Barricade in a village in the Argonne occupied by the Germans.

THE REAL TRIUMPH OF GERMAN "KULTUR"

WITH the exception of the Turks, we British are the most lazy-minded race that ever climbed to Imperial power. To the force of large, new, foreign ideas we are remarkably impregnable. Sometimes this defect is one of the sources of our strength—a way of preserving our national character. We fought Napoleon without recognising what Napoleon stood for. We are now fighting the German Emperor with no clear conception of the great idea he represents. But this time the enemy's idea will prevail upon us.

As yet the "Kultur," of which the Germans proclaim themselves the warrior missionaries, has little meaning for us. But since the Arabs rode across the world to spread their new creed at the sword's point, no such outburst of fanaticism has been seen as that against which we are now contending. The wars of religion, ensuing on the Reformation begun by Luther, were not so generally important as is the war in which we are engaged.

WHAT is the nature of this extraordinary "Kultur" that has inspired a nation, largely composed of great-grandchildren of serfs, to fierce, aggressive action? It entirely occupies the place of religion in the minds of many notable Germans. It is, in fact, a religion—a political religion. First of all modern countries Germany has created the Great State. Not since the fall of the empire of the Incas of Peru has such a thing been done.

Moreover, the German achievement in practical Socialism was based on a mighty warlike power. The leaders of the professed Social Democratic Party had many matters in dispute with their warrior caste. But these matters related to the domestic development of the Great State. When the war for dominion opened the Social Democrats, with few exceptions, rallied to the aid of their military chiefs.

EVEN the trail of slaughter and ruin in Belgium and North-Western France did not disturb the conscience of the disciples of Karl Marx. In their view, Belgium had to suffer for the general benefit of humanity. The Germans, as their professors and Socialist leaders proclaimed, had to organise the rest of civilisation.

And the amazing thing is that these fanatics of "Kultur" are accomplishing their self-imposed task. They are not carrying it out in the way they intended, but they are certainly forcing their "Kultur," by the power of the sword, upon the rest of Western Europe.

BRITAIN, for instance, is being compelled, lest she be defeated, to organise, under State control, her chief industrial and distributing activities. What Germany slowly accomplished in two generations we have been constrained to carry out in eight months. The hostile Great State was so perfectly organised as a fighting whole that Britain and France have had suddenly to model themselves upon her in order to cope with her. The German coal, iron, and metal-working centres were gradually welded into a practical department of the State. There was the rise of trust magnates, the creation of rings controlling output and prices, and acting together in the conquest of foreign markets. Then the German Government took to supervising them, helping their export trade, and linking them with the general financial system. They were, besides, firmly controlled in the clashing interests of the peasant classes—the best soldier stock. All these things took many years to accomplish.

BUT in a month or two Mr. Lloyd George has had to reorganise and manage our machinery of credit and finance. All the railways were at once taken over by the Government. Certain trades were annexed, and more were transformed under official supervision. Difficulties in regard to various necessities of life, such as coal and bread, increased the popular demand for Socialistic control. Then Mr. Lloyd George, that busy man, had to form a committee to run all the factories and workshops supplying, or capable of supplying, the needs of the Army and Navy.

THUS we began to practise the veritable "Kultur," chiefly under the direction of Mr. Lloyd George, who had introduced the German scheme of old-age pensions into our once sternly individualistic kingdom. In all probability the fate of the German will be similar to that of the Greek and the Jew. His idea will triumph, while he and his nation fail. If ever he becomes a disinterested disciple of his own "Kultur"—that wonderful amalgam of the Greek idea of the State as interpreted by Hegel, as developed by French and British communists, and Lassalle and Marx, and then reduced to practical politics by Bismarck—the German will perhaps be satisfied. For good or for evil, he has forced us into his mould.

EVEN as he transformed the movement of religious reform into a matter of practical politics, by showing kings and princes the spoil awaiting them in the rich possessions of monks and nuns, so he has converted us to his ideal of the Great State by a very clear proof of its tremendous power in war. By defeating the Germans we are manifesting the larger triumph of the German idea. We must like it or lump it.

Edward Wright

Comedy and Tragedy with the Germans in France

This photograph was taken in a village near Soissons, the scene of so much heavy fighting. The Germans were anxious to appear friendly to the few remaining inhabitants. This picture was freely circulated in an attempt to refute charges of barbarity. On the right: Germans posing for their portraits in one of their trenches near Rheims.

The grim harvest gleaned by a single French shell. These Germans were pulling the transport cart against which their bodies are seen postured, when they were located by the gunners of a "75." A single well-placed shell took death to every one of them. Inset: Well-carved cross erected by a few (camera) reverent Germans to "Brave French Soldiers" they have buried.

The Teutonic Wave and the Wreck it Left

German infantry rushing to take cover at a new position on their front in France. This photograph of the enemy lumbering over fields that a year before were being prepared for the harvest, and past farmsteads and cottage homes from which the unhappy country-folk have fled, forms, with the picture below, a striking illustration of Cause and Effect.

Graphically suggestive of war in one of its most terrible phases, this photograph, with its atmosphere poignant with hopeless sorrow, scarcely needs a title. What words could tell a more complete story of the tragedy than is depicted by the grass-grown ruins of the little French cottage, the tears of the woman, and the dejection of the peasant who has returned, after months of weary wandering as a refugee, to find his home an empty shell?

Charge of the Uhlans: Martyrdom of Rheims

Company of Uhlans riding out of cover in the Champagne district to charge a body of French infantry. In the early stages of the war these notorious cavalrymen, who went in advance of the invaders, terrorised the non-combatants by their brutality. With the advent of continued dry weather the use of cavalry became more general.

Watching their "higher civilisation" work out its destiny on the time-honoured relic of Rheims. A group of German officers on the highway leading to the French city following through their glasses the effect of incendiary shells on the cathedral, just discernible on the rising ground in the distance. The tree on the left had been shattered by a shell.

THE SOUL OF THE MODERN HUN

By Austin Harrison

Much has been written on the state of mind of the German people, that national egotism which created and set working their wonderful war-machine and turned three continents into a vast charnel-house. This mental perversion of a nation of 70,000,000 people is the most startling phenomenon in history, and one which will continue to engross the world long into the ages of posterity. In view of the interest in this momentous subject, the Editor is pleased to be able to include in this work the following analysis of the German soul by Mr. Austin Harrison, the eminent litterateur, author of "The Pan-German Doctrine," and Editor of the "English Review."

THE soul is a difficult thing to define unless we use it metaphysically, and when we speak of the soul of a people we certainly do not mean that gossamer something which is supposed to emanate from our bodies after death and soar into heaven. But Goethe wrote blithely of "two souls and one thought," and what he evidently implied were the two kinds of spirits or animus which govern our wills and actions often in complete variance with our conscious thought. Most men have two souls even as they have two loves, and most nations have also.

Austin Harrison.

What soul, it may be asked, can the Huns have, seeing that they have assaulted civilisation with an utterly soulless cynicism and savagery? I think, if we accept the definition of soul to be animus or spirit, it can be said accurately that the soul of Germany is war.

During the many years I lived in Germany, in which period, as a journalist, I travelled over all parts of Austria and Germany, saw all kinds of men, high and low—even grew up, as it were, in the German mode of thought—during those ten years I don't ever remember to have heard a German speak with anything but enthusiasm about the right and glory of war. Whereas here we judge a man by certain qualities that "wear well"—qualities of the heart, of character, of nobility, of action—the German estimates a man in the first and last instance in his capacity as a soldier. Here we speak of pluck; in Germany they speak of technique. We single out our sportsmen and "most gallant gentlemen" (and are inclined to slobber over them). The Germans assume the quality of courage, and they call it the Berserker spirit, the heritage of the Goths and Huns, of the Hohenzollerns, and the Mark of Brandenburg, and they regard it as their peculiar mission to be revealed through Prussia and the "King of Prussia" to a less warlike Europe.

The Spirit of "Deutschland ueber Alles"

Soul with the Germans is thus essentially a terrestrial animus, artificially and cynically associated with Divine inspiration. The old Greeks had it unquestionably, but they were Pagans; they loved beauty; they had the noblest sense of perspective in the world. Now the Germans have no perspective. There is nothing beautiful in modern Germany; their ideals are mundane, their ideas are utterly selfish. For the last thirty years no truly great or noble thought has come from the centre of Europe. To find any similarity with the German spirit we must go to the Romans, the Cæsars, and Proconsuls of Rome. The German instinctively possesses the Prætorian spirit, just as the Hohenzollern rulers instinctively regard themselves as Emperors by Divine right. The German bureaucratic system must be very like the old Roman system, their Landräthe or Provincial justices are the exact model of the vice-comes of old. "Civis Romanus sum," the Emperor once said in a notable speech. He meant he spoke as Cæsar, that he wished his subjects to regard themselves as the old Romans, conquerors and possessors of the world. Indeed, it has been for years one of the Kaiser's pet hobbies to restore old Roman camps. The restoration of the Roman Saalburg Castle has been carried out with extraordinary ingenuity and historical fidelity.

A people thinking of themselves as Romans cannot be expected to have much of a soul, spiritually interpreted at any rate, and surely no people are less spiritual. The German stands four square on his legs; he thinks cynically, he acts cynically, his God is the worship of force. Nearly all the professional "strong" men are Germans, for example; in Germany the gymnasium takes the place of our cricket and football. All over the Empire there are "singing societies," which, in reality, are national clubs united by song. Since Sedan and Bismarck's day a totally new conception of life has animated the people, well called the philosophy of valour. It has nothing to do with adventure, romance, chivalry, poetry, such as the discovery of the North Pole; it is a purely racial idea based upon the frustrated ambition of the past united through arms to realise the future.

The Coarse Dream of World-Conquest

"Patriæ inserviendo consumor" was Bismarck's favourite motto, and probably no man in modern history was ever more worshipped by a nation. The Bismarckian spirit penetrated into every homestead in the Fatherland, and found expression characteristically in massive monuments and effigies in stone placed in every town and market-place of the Empire, much as the old Goths sought expression in their Gothic cathedrals. Horrible, huge, ugly monstrosities of a blatant art, these Bismarck statues reveal the soul of fighting Germany as no words can. They are Germany; they epitomise the strong, coarse fierceness of a people set upon defying the world, consciously and inherently barbarians. Old Nero was a poor fiddler compared with Moltke or Kaiser William, and Cæsar a mere pacifist. No nation ever in history went to war with so gay a conscience, with feller or more sinister intentions. When the word war was proclaimed in Berlin last August there was not a German man or woman who did not think that at last the day of German world-conquest had come, and did not rejoice at the thought. But for Britain's intervention the German aim would have been consummated.

We thought the Germans were a nation of philosophers, merchants, tradesmen, chemists, scientists, hagiographers, bacteriologists, and professors leading the spiritual and contemplative life; and so they are. What we failed to see is that in design and purpose they had become a nation of soldiers. Carlyle taught us to laugh at Smellfungus; to-day we find him with his poisonous gases in our trenches. While we were dreaming of international Goethe, the Germans were arming for nationality.

When we thought of Sartor and pre-Kantian mummies, the Germans had indeed got into their uniforms, tailors all for the fashioning of Empire. We mocked the spirit and forgot the clay.

German Savagery and Discipline

Real Germany is quite different. There are more young girls raped in Germany in a year than in all these Islands in thirty years; there are more cases of assault and battery in six months than in this country in five years. An indescribable roughness and brutality characterise the Germans in all classes on a perfectly defined principle of corporal punishment. The way boys are flogged in schools would have astonished even our Dr. Squeers. Horses are beaten on every possible pretext; it is supposed to be the right thing to lash a horse unmercifully if it stumbles. In the Army the men are treated literally with rods of iron, and the suicides in the Army are notorious.

[*Continued on page 872*

THE SOUL OF THE MODERN HUN (Continued from page 871.)

An absolute license reigns about sexual matters. Bebel, the Socialist leader, once said that nearly all shop-girls were living on prostitution. To this must be added the pathological symptoms which generally accompany brutality—the cult of homo-sexuality, sadism, and all kinds of physical perversions reflected in modern German fiction, and quite particularly in the fimetarious beastliness of the German comic Press. Their so-called "new" art is saturated with this morbid obsession.

A Plague Spot in Europe

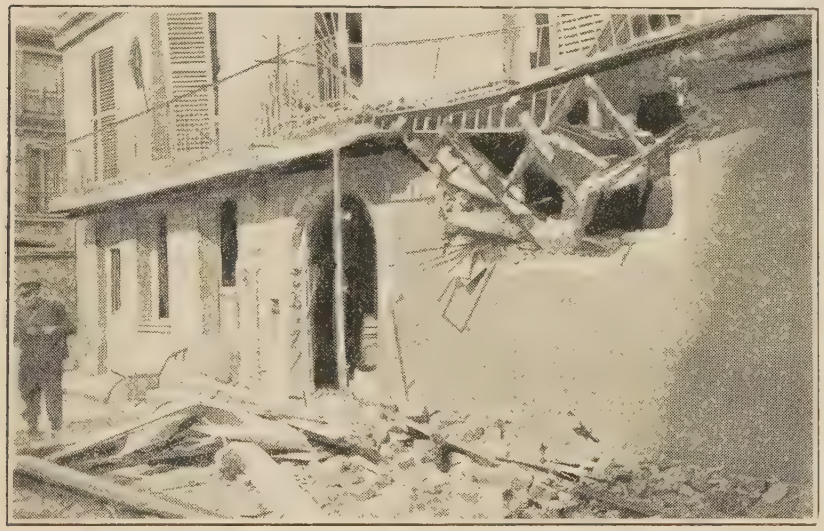
In the last ten years the spread of venereal diseases, of morbid plague-spots, of crime of all kinds, of dishonesty and roguery, of suicides and defalcations, of lust and brutality, have engaged the attentions of many doctors and sociologists, and yet have rather been encouraged than legislated against. It is Germany "in being," men told the inquirer; Germany breaking out, en route for European hegemony. In the lower classes Socialism, or the gospel of physical force, did not tend to lessen the evil. It may be said truthfully that Germany, just before the war opened, was like a people gone mad with vanity and mortal error.

And yet Germany has a soul—the soul of fighting. There is nothing amateurish about this. The qualities demanded are courage, strength, blind obedience, ruthless determination, technical skill, and self-sacrifice. These qualities the Germans possess. They are of their bone and blood; they are the tradition of their history as the warlike people fighting always for their country in the centre of Europe. It is the German special boast that they face facts. They do, and they are able to because new Germany started with a clean slate, and with a definite purpose before her to win to her "natural boundaries"—the mouth of the Rhine, the route via Constantinople to the East—and the reclamation of what they call the Germanic peoples, such as the Flemish, the Swiss, the Dutch, and the reality of European power.

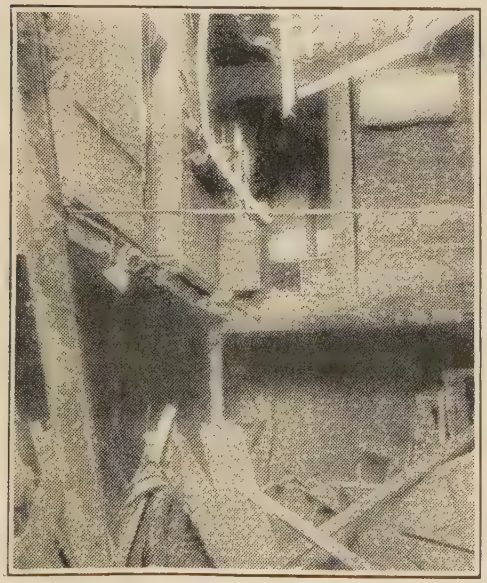
The Kaiser's "God" is Himself

There is no cognisance in Germany such as the French declaration of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." Individualism plays no part in the German life. They have nothing of the Russian Nichevo, or "don't care." Their altar is Mars. When the Kaiser invokes the blessings of the Almighty, he implies himself. The Germans followed him because they believed in their own purpose and nationality, and their power to enforce them. And that, too, is a soul, the soul of Patriotism, even if in its application and philosophy the spiritualism of machine-guns is not to be found in the text of most copy-books.

Ruin caused by a German air bomb in a suburb of Paris



Portion of business premises in Levallois, and a hole in the wall of a house in Rue du Congre, Levallois, made by a bomb from a Taube.



Interior of a Levallois house, and a bed-room in another house, wrecked by a German bomb. The two occupants escaped serious injury.

Hunnish Devastation in & around Historic Arras

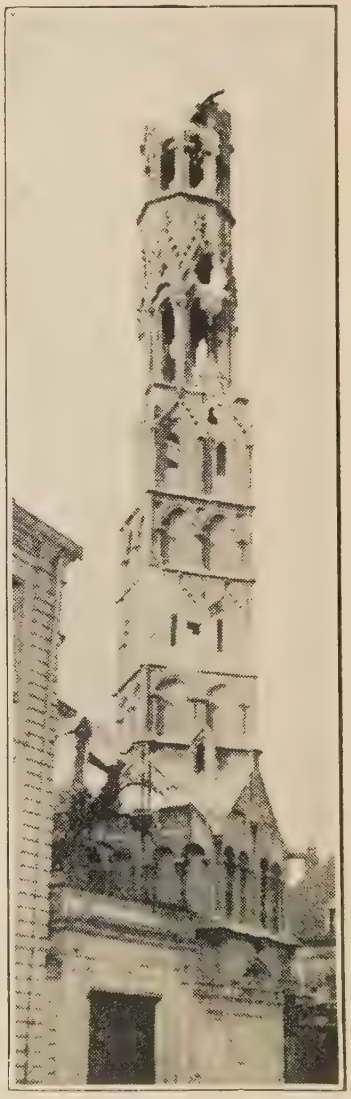
THE photographs on this page form a specially interesting set, taken by a French officer, and showing the destruction in and around Arras, an important fortified town in the Allies' line. For many weeks the enemy tried to break through at this point, but apart from branding the most beautiful architectural landmarks with the foul imprint of "higher civilisation," his efforts were and seemed likely to be vain.

A shattered gem of Gothic art. The Hotel de Ville (or Town Hall) at Arras.

The towers of Mt. St. Eloy, a prominent French landmark, laid in ruins.

Devastating effect of shell on factory chimney in Arras.

An irresistible target for the Germans, whose lust for destruction was insatiable. The debris of the Chateau de la Malterri, two hundred yards from the German lines.



Elegance in ruins. Beautiful tower of St. Ursula, Arras.

Enemy Scouts Working the Wooded Argonne

German patrol on a scouting expedition moving stealthily through a wood in the Argonne district. With rifles at the "ready" and every nerve on the alert, they are trying to get close enough to our Allies' trenches to spy without being detected by the French sentries.

German officer and his men spying out the land on the edge of a wood in the Argonne. While a soldier tries to locate the Allies' position through his field-glasses, the spectacled officer compares the scene with his map and checks the landmarks.

Hun Sneers at British Victims of Poison Gas

"Eye-Witness" recently wrote that the spirit of savagery animating the Germans is almost incredible. An instance is here illustrated from the official description. During the fighting north of Ypres a captured Prussian officer—whose life had been spared by our men even in the heat of a charge, and in spite of their exasperation at the enemy's use of deadly gases—while being escorted to the rear, passed some British soldiers who were lying in agony on the ground fighting for breath, their lungs filled with the ghastly poison fumes. The Prussian stopped, looked at them, and then, pointing to the prostrate forms, he burst into a sneering laugh and said, "What do you think of that?"

With the Kaiser and his Huns in Ravaged France

German cyclist battalion in France. Patrol receiving orders to go forward in advance of the battalion.

Left: The All-Highest War Lord conversing with an officer in the market-place at Vouziers, in the Champagne district. Standing on the left is Chief-General von Einem, Commander of the Third German Army Corps. Above: Shelters built by German soldiers in a wood in France.

Stabling that testified to German thoroughness. These hidden shelters for horses were built in the Argonne forests. Each horse had a canvas tent to protect it from wind and cold, and also to hide it from the allied airmen.

The Germans as War-time Woodlanders

Dame Nature pays heavy toll in lands that are war-trodden. The opposing armies "disguise fair Nature with hard-favour'd rage."

Germans made quick havoc in the woodlands of the Aisne. These photographs show them rolling a log to a captured saw-mill, chopping down a tree, and the interior of the mill where the wood was cut up for use.

Could they Ever be Good Friends Again?

Too happy to want to escape. Contented German prisoners, glad to be out of the firing-line, making friends with their French guard at a wayside station.

Working together with a good will. German prisoners and French captors pushing a truck into a siding.

Preliminaries of a better understanding. German prisoner gives his French guard a light.

Sons of the Fatherland in charge of a French soldier who is about to fill their pans with soup. Are the German and French temperaments reconcilable? Despite all theories to the contrary, Frenchmen and Germans can, under certain circumstances, be friendly.

Woman Spy guards secret German Telephone

A French officer and private were participants in an exciting adventure which reads more like some romantic French novel than actual fact. Having lost their way, they proceeded at nightfall to a French farmhouse in quest of food. The proprietress tearfully complained that the Germans had ransacked the place, leaving her destitute. The two French soldiers, however, insisted on searching the cellar, to discover a secret German telephone in charge of a German soldier who had hidden himself in a barrel. In the course of the struggle which ensued the woman sprang upon the French private and tried to throttle him, but was overcome and taken prisoner. The innocent farmhouse was in communication with the German lines.

With the 'Boches' in France by Field and Stream

German infantry advancing across a flat stretch of country and digging themselves in simultaneously. This hazardous work is carried on, like all infantry advances, under cover of rifle and artillery fire. Frequently in storming a position soldiers carry sacks in order to barricade captured trenches.

"Where every prospect pleases and only the Hun is vile." Animated pastoral scene somewhere in North-Eastern France. German invaders of French territory watering their horses in the running stream.

"Famine" fallacies and other things in Berlin

Owing to an alleged copper famine in Germany, Berlin school children were asked by the authorities to bring door-handles, baths, saucepans, etc., to be used in the manufacture of ammunition. Inset: Government official taking stock of the output of a Berlin bakery. The famine "farce" was worked up to intensify the "hate" and justify the "blockade."

Wounded German soldiers on the Spree with their fair admirers. Steamboat excursions were run on Berlin's river for the benefit of convalescent sons of the Fatherland.

Troops off to the front from Friedrichstrasse Station to the accompaniment of, we hope, some sweeter or lighter strains than the "Hymn of Hate" and "God Punish England."

Gaol-bird life for Patriotic Aliens in Germany

Interior of the hospital ward at Doeberitz, Germany's principal prisoner camp. A wounded Russian soldier in one of the crude, wooden beds is being examined by a German doctor, who, with a staff of dressers, is making his daily rounds.

Post-office in 'prisoners' camp at Doeberitz. A paymaster and his assistants are seen making up their accounts.

Drastic measures were taken with the clothing of the captives at Guben camp. Everything, including boots, was baked in an oven.

The dispensary at Guben. Germany's prisoner population amounted to several hundred thousands. With food so scarce in the Fatherland, their lot was not enviable, especially that of the hated British, and their comfort was not considered.

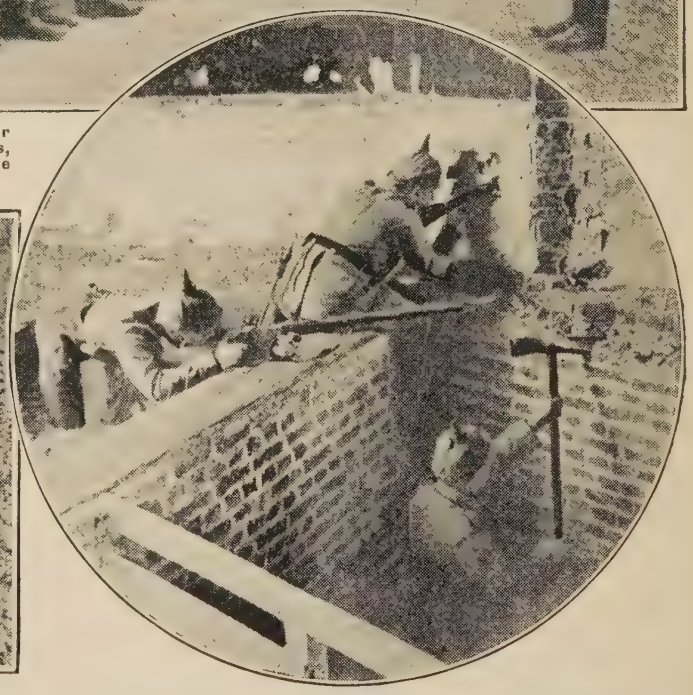
German Inhumanity to British Prisoners

The sickening inhumanity with which British prisoners were treated in Germany has no parallel. It is amazing that a Power, boasting all that is enlightened and cultured, could mete out such barbarous treatment to war prisoners as was described by Sir Edward Grey. An officer, detailing the horrors of his journey to Germany, described the grossest brutality. Officers and men were driven into foul waggons from which horses had just been removed. A British officer was dragged out in front of a waggon by order of a German officer, who, after cursing him in vile language, ordered him to be kicked back again.

The War as seen from the German Side

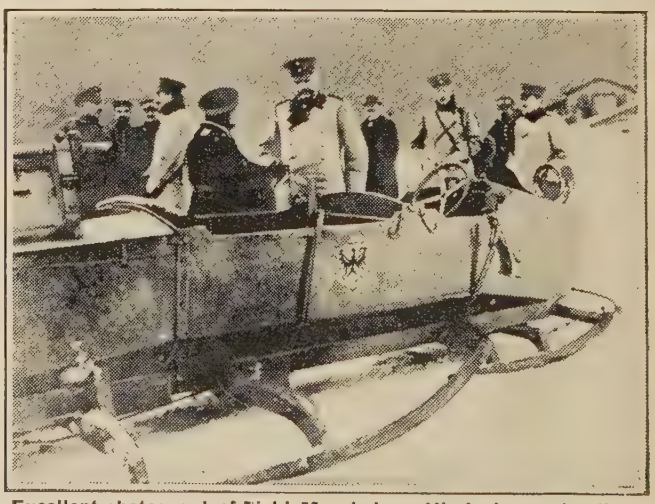
Prussian infantry being inspected by an officer prior to their return to the trenches. They are wearing linen trouser-overalls, fastened by two bands over the shoulders. Their rifles are bandaged to prevent the sights being filled with trench sand.

German officers studying maps of the particular war area in which they are fighting. They are hidden in the thick undergrowth of a plantation in France.



German snipers at work amid the ruins of a shell-wrecked building. Under cover of night the snipers selected their vantage ground near the allied lines, and it is difficult to locate them.

A trifling barricade of cartwheels, in the debris of a wrecked factory, hastily erected by the German troopers, who had sighted the approach of a strong British reconnaissance force.



Excellent photograph of Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, standing with a Staff officer, near his elaborate motor-sleigh, in the snows of Poland. The vehicle was propelled by an aerial screw.

The Kaiser's Huns in various Moods and Places

Soup being served to Germans at the Polish front. By dint of ruthless commandeering, which meant starvation for the helpless peasantry, the Huns managed to live well in Poland.

Snug dug-out in an elaborate German trench on the East Prussian front. The officers are seen at luncheon.

Before the war these caves, near Soissons, were the homes of peasants. During hostilities Germans used them as retreats from shells and bombs. Inset : Humane Huns ! German soldiers feeding a puppy from a bottle in the hope that it will become a regimental mascot.

Austria's Broken Army in Desperate Straits

Near view of an Austrian howitzer battery in action in the Carpathians. The gun on the left is about to be fired.

ANXIETY and bewilderment began to prey on the people of Vienna when the truth about the situation in the Carpathians commenced to leak out in the Austro-Huns' capital.

These photographs were taken under great difficulties, though special facilities were granted by the Austrian authorities. They depict various scenes at diverse points on the Carpathians' front, where the Russians had been so victorious. The Russians, having gained command of the western passes, concentrated their forces over a front of about eighty miles beyond the crest of the Carpathians, and pushed the Austrian forces before them into the plains of Hungary. The enemy reinforcements arrived too late, and the Russians were already in command of many of the roads into Hungary.

In one of the Austrian artillery camps in the Carpathians, where gunners are unloading shells for their big guns.

Austrian machine-gun in action in the snow. It is fitted with sleigh-runners, so that it can be drawn rapidly along by hand.

Austrian engineers repairing a bridge in the Carpathians which had been destroyed by the Russian Army. The Austrians are seen building up a large column of timber to support one of the spans. Inset: Austrians in a trench on the Carpathians' front. It is reported that the Kaiser personally implored the Saxons, co-operating with the Austrians, to stem the Russian advance into the Bukovina.

Some Minor Incidents in "Kultur's" Wicked War

Members of the German Red Cross Society marching along a muddy road in Northern France to the battlefield. It will be noticed that they are armed with rifles. Why? These have nothing to do with succouring the wounded.

On the left: A travelling chapel, which accompanies each German Army Corps to the front. As the Germans smashed so many churches, it was well to have portable ones in reserve. On the right: German soldiers photographed at Landerville, in the shadow of the statue of Gerard, the great Marshal of France under Louis Philippe.

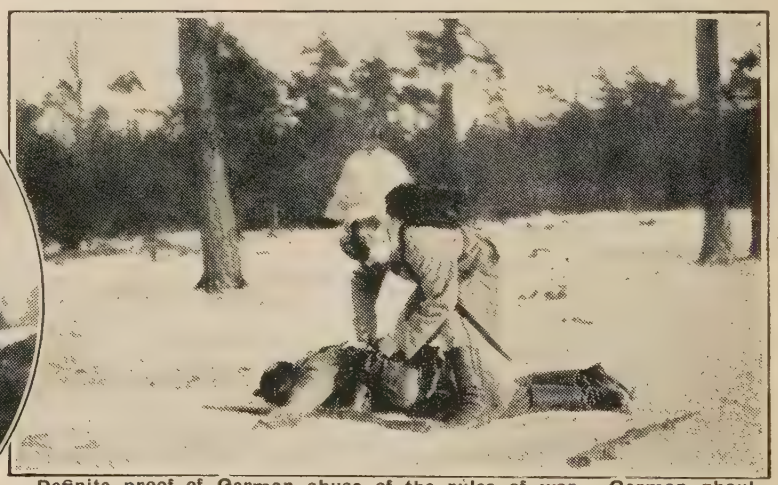
The gentle Hun goes aloft to sleep in a farmhouse of the Aisne.

Unhappy Belgian suspect interrogated by German officers. Woe betide him if he fall into any trap laid for him by his ingenious captors.

With Russians and Germans on the Eastern Front

Germans bringing in a Russian spy who, disguised as a peasant, was captured while using a telephone within the German lines in Poland.

Jewish priests passing through a Polish village before the German occupation. They are carrying their Talmuds with them.



Definite proof of German abuse of the rules of war. German ghoul actually caught in the act of robbing a fallen Russian. This snapshot would not have reached England had the culprit seen it being taken.

Open-air granary along a strategic railway. Store of flour destined to feed part of the Tsar's Armies. Inset above: German barricade in Poland, constructed of logs of wood. The officer is seen with his field-glasses about to watch for signs of Russian troops.

East & West with German Guns & Gunners

Left : German artillery deeply entrenched, and screened from the Allies' airmen. Right : Machine-gun being hoisted into a tree. It is difficult to understand how these Germans worked the gun !

Krupp's "the devil's workshop," sent perambulating repair depots to the front, so that damaged guns could be renovated.

Troops of the Landsturm in the trenches on the shores of the Masurian Lakes. In the tree an alert sniper is posted.

German machine-guns installed in a window and under the thatched roof of a farmhouse near Neuve Chapelle.

Sven Hedin with the Huns · The Lost Rider

Sven Hedin, the celebrated explorer who was so highly honoured in England (second figure from the left), with his staff, watching the result of artillery fire in Poland. Sven Hedin's pro-German tendencies gained him the privilege of following the movements of the Hun forces in the field. But his excessive pro-German sympathies were not approved by many of his own countrymen.

Waiting for the officer who never returned. Amid the debris of a recent battle the orderly remains with his master's horse. The German attack was repulsed with heavy loss, many men being killed and taken prisoners, among whom was the officer who owned the charger seen in the photograph.

The War as Seen Through German Eyes

The innocence of the average German is quite touching! Our top photograph (reproduced from a picture in a German journal) is what he was told took place in the North Sea battle. Beneath this picture was the title: "German airships and aeroplanes foiling an English attack on the Bight and damaging four torpedo-boat destroyers!" In fact, the Zeppelins did even less damage to the British Fleet than they did in their air-raids over cities. The Pirates of Potsdam at last came to realise the gasbag's futility.

Huns always triumphed with the greatest ease — in the pictures by their own war artists! These flights of artistic fancy were doubtless inspired by Germany's "liarless." This fantastic picture was drawn by the well-known German painter, Richard Aszmann. It purports to show a desperate fight in a birch plantation, near Limanova, between Hungarian Nadasde Hussars and Russian infantry. Of course, the latter were routed! There was no account of this "repulse" in Russian reports.

More War Pictures drawn by Enemy Artists

A vivid impression by a prominent German war artist of a Bosnian attack on a Russian trench near Lemberg. Undisputed defeat is, of course, accorded to the Russians. The chief interest in the drawing lies in the fact that the Bosnian Mussulman troops are here represented pictorially—for, we believe, the first time—fighting on behalf of their Teuton masters—the Hapsburgs.

The terrible annihilation of a French battery of "75's" that took place in—a German journal! This drawing is from the brush of a German artist who allowed his imagination full play. Such purely fanciful pictures were eagerly published in enemy papers in order to raise the spirits of their readers. The artists seldom troubled to verify their facts from official sources.

The Prussian eagle's wings are black, the Prussian beak is red,
The Prussian talons tear and rend the wounded and the dead.
Ah, life is short, and peace is safe, and far niente sweet!
But Italy, fair Italy, is rising to her feet.

Not all her sons have fallen 'neath the crescent and the star.
The sound of Garibaldi's Hymn comes ringing from afar.
And Italy, the beautiful, in sacramental awe,
Reveals within her milk-white breast the blood-red heart of war.

—A. Vivanti Chartres.

Italy's Entry into the World War

"Viva l'Italia!" The war-scarred Allies hail the new fighters in Freedom's cause.

Why Italy ranged Herself with the Allies

Being an Account of the History of Italian Freedom, showing how Austrian Policy outraged the National Sentiment of Democratic Italy

By ARTHUR D. INNES, M.A.

ITALY declared war upon Austria on May 23rd, 1915, when the great struggle had already been in progress for very nearly ten months. At the first outbreak of the war everyone was asking the question, "Will Italy come in?" The question then meant, "Will Italy join the Austrian and German Empires against the Allies?"—but gradually the words assumed a new meaning, and for some months before Italy's great move they meant, "Will Italy join the Allies against the Central Empires?" And finally the questions which presented themselves were, "Why did Italy come in at this particular moment? If she was coming in at all, why did she not come in before, and how is it that she is on the side of the Entente Powers instead of the Central Powers?" These were the main questions which we shall endeavour to answer.

The Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente

In 1914 the Central Powers were bound together with Italy in the Triple Alliance. On the other hand, Russia and France were bound together in a close alliance, and Great Britain was bound to them by the Entente, by obligations of honour and mutual interests, differing from the positive engagements of a formal alliance. At the end of July, 1914, before all details were known, it appeared that Austria's ultimatum to Serbia had forced intervention upon Russia, that Russian intervention compelled Germany to come to the support of her ally, that German intervention compelled France to support Russia, that obligations of honour would compel Great Britain to support Russia and France, and that the obligations of the Triple Alliance might compel Italy to support Austria and Germany.

But in the first days of August it became clear that Germany was not being dragged, somewhat reluctantly, into a war imposed upon her by her pledges to Austria, but that she had brought on the war of set purpose. This was the fundamental fact which, coupled with the German invasion of Belgium in total disregard of her solemn pledges, gave an entirely new character to the duty of intervention imposed upon Great Britain, and released Italy from any sort of obligation to join in the war as a member of the Triple Alliance. But it did not impose upon her any more than upon any other neutral the duty of joining the Entente against her allies. Nevertheless, this was what she did about ten months later. But, *prima facie*, when the war began the presumption was that Italy would range herself on the side of the Central Powers, although Italian sentiment was from the outset in favour of the Allies.

How was it then that this curiously paradoxical situation had been brought about? For an understanding of it we must carry ourselves almost to the middle of last century, before the German Empire had come into existence.

The Formation of the Italian Kingdom

In 1865 Italy had become a kingdom united but not yet complete. After a long struggle the Bourbon dynasty had been ejected from Naples and Sicily, and by the aid of Napoleon III. Austria had been compelled to surrender her grip upon a substantial portion of North Italy, though she retained her hold upon Venetia and other essentially Italian districts in the Alpine regions and on the Adriatic. Austria was the grand obstacle to the completion of Italian liberation and Italian unity. Also in 1865 Bismarck was working out his scheme for establishing Prussian instead of Austrian supremacy in Germany, the scheme to which effect was given by the Seven Weeks' War and the decisive victory of Prussia in 1866. For the purpose of defeating Austria, Bismarck procured for Prussia the alliance of Italy, whose reward was to be Venetia. At the conclusion of the war Austria ceded Venetia, and the present boundary of the Italian kingdom was defined, whereby Austria still retained the Alpine region called the Trentino (so called from the city of Trent), geographically a part of Italy, and having an Italian population. She retained also Trieste and Istria, on the Adriatic. In the view of Italian nationalist sentiment there was still a portion of Italy "unredeemed," *irredenta*. So long as this should be the case Italian aspirations could not be satisfied. But if it had not been for Bismarck, Italy would not have acquired Venetia; she was indebted to Prussia, though Prussia's aid had been purely selfish.

Bismarck's Policy Towards Italy

Bismarck had another motive in attaching Italy to Prussia. He was preparing for the war with France which was to establish the domination of Prussia, and to bring the new German Empire into being. It was possible for France to claim that Italy was in her debt for earlier assistance in the war of liberation against Austria. In Italian eyes, that debt had been at least half cancelled by the action of Napoleon III. after his victory at Magenta; when he had arranged the terms of peace with Austria entirely to suit his own convenience, and had demanded and obtained from Italy the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. It was Bismarck's policy, therefore, to impress upon Italy that Prussia, not France, was her friend, and to foster the feelings of disappointment and bitterness generated by the action of Napoleon. During the war of 1870 there were generous Italians who forgot their grudge against the Emperor, remembered the French sympathy for Italian liberty, and fought for the French. But in the main Bismarck's scheming succeeded. The prevalent feeling in Italy towards France was one of distrust and jealousy, and that feeling was carefully fostered a few years later when the French annexation of Tunis was made to appear in Italy as an aggressive movement for the prevention of Italian expansion in Africa.

His Great Game of High Policy

Bismarck had perceived the danger to Germany of an understanding between France on one side of her and Russia on the other. He did not want to quarrel with Russia, but German interests and Russian interests were not always identical. Now that the German Empire was thoroughly established and organised, with Prussia at its head, there was no collision of interests between Germany and Austria. So in 1882 Bismarck secretly formed the Triple Alliance between the three Powers of Central Europe—Germany, Austria, and Italy—the inducement to Italy being security against any revival of Austrian aggression, security against France, and economic advantages to be obtained from the friendship of Germany. The alliance was not to be used for purposes of aggression; ostensibly it was a union which would make Russia and France pause before attempting aggressive action against the Central Powers. From Bismarck's point of view, Great Britain was not reckoned among possible active enemies, and the alliance in no way interrupted the traditional warm sentiment of friendship between Great Britain and Italy.

Austria's Attitude Towards Italy

Italy could hardly ever feel that, in a political sense, she had gained substantially by the alliance; in fact, the Empires took very little account of her interests unless their own were directly furthered thereby; and there was never any love lost between Italy and Austria. In particular, Italy had reason to resent the treatment she had received from her powerful partners when she became engaged in war with Turkey. Nevertheless, the alliance was renewed in 1912, after thirty years. Two points, however, have especially to be borne in mind. The Allies were not bound to support each other in the case of war entered upon by one of them without consulting the other; and

The heroic Garibaldi brothers—Bruno, Constante, Peppino, and Ricciolti respectively. The first two were killed while fighting for France with the Italian volunteers.

specifically, neither Austria nor Italy was to procure advantages for herself in the East except after agreement with the other, and equivalent concessions.

Now, in 1913, Austria approached Italy on the subject of an aggressive war on Serbia, ostensibly to be undertaken as a necessary measure of self-defence for Austria—the scheme, in fact, which was acted upon in the summer of 1914. Italy definitely declined to be a party to any such scheme, of which she disapproved in plain terms, as inevitably involving a European conflagration. When Austria issued her ultimatum to Serbia, Italy was not consulted. It was therefore absolutely clear that no conceivable obligation could rest upon her to support the Teutonic allies when the inevitable result followed.

Italy then, from the outbreak of the war, adopted the attitude of strict neutrality, though it was evident from the outset that popular sentiment was on the side of the Allies, and that a large section of the population would hail with delight a departure from neutrality and intervention on behalf of the Entente Powers. The German invasion of Belgium stirred the Italian passion for liberty to its depths. The grandsons of the men who had received their political gospel from Mazzini, or fought under Garibaldi, could have no doubt of the sacredness of the Cause. But, though passion for a great Cause is the greatest of assets for a nation which plunges into war, statesmen require some further material motive before they dare assume the responsibility—the tremendous responsibility—of drawing the sword. What would Italy herself gain or lose if she remained neutral or if she intervened?

The Great Problem of Italian Statesmen

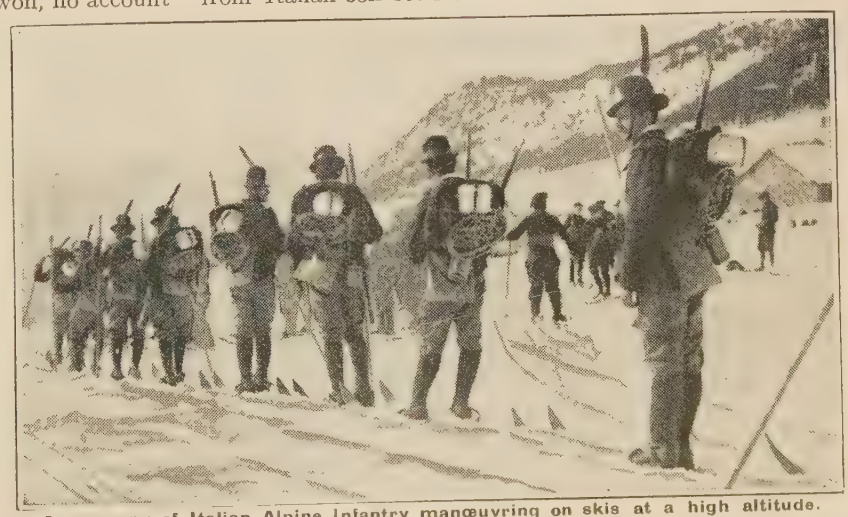
If Italy stood aside, then whichever side won, no account would be taken of Italian interests in the territorial readjustments which would follow. If she threw in her lot with the Allies, and the Empires proved victorious, then could Italy, least of all, hope to escape the most terrific retribution; on the other hand, if the Allies won, all of Italy which still belonged to Austria would then be given to her, and full account would be taken of her interests in the Balkan readjustments. But was there any way of securing her interests and still avoiding war?

Manifestly the Central Powers were extremely anxious that she should remain neutral, even if she could not be persuaded to throw in her lot with them. To secure that end they would make great concessions. And Austria had given Italy very substantial grounds for claiming concessions, since her action in Serbia was in clear contravention of a clause in the Treaty of Alliance. If Italy could be completed, and her Balkan interests safeguarded, without her going to war at all, her statesmen would not be justified in involving her in all the horrors and all the risks of a terrific war, solely for the sake of an Idea. Nor would they be justified, unless the nation was solidly behind them; and as matters stood, the Ministry of Signor Salandra and Baron Sonnino was not actually assured of a parliamentary majority.

But upon one point the Italian statesmen were clear. No concessions would be of the slightest value if they were merely promises. Italy must be put in actual possession of the territories she required without waiting for the end of the war. Of that the German Chancellor's "scrap of paper" was an unanswerable proof. So month after month German and Austrian diplomacy strove to beguile or bully the Italian Government into accepting its terms. The Italian Government listened, criticised, rejected, made counter-proposals; and still the conscience of Italy urged her ever more and more strongly to fling herself into the great Cause, and the intelligence of Italy more and more convinced her that Austria and Germany would make no concessions which they would not have the full power to repudiate if victory crowned their arms—no concessions which, on the other hand, the Allies would be under any obligation to confirm if they should be victorious.

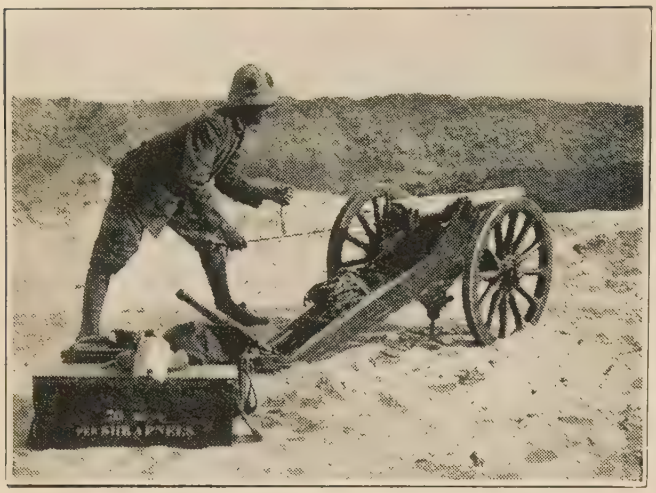
The Final Decision for War

At last, in May, the moment came when the Ministry felt that they could only remain in office explicitly as a War Ministry. Peace in their eyes was no longer justifiable. The last lingering possibility had disappeared of any guarantees which would, in their view, meet the necessities. In the middle of the month Signor Salandra tendered his resignation, on the ground that his international policy demanded a unanimous support from the constitutional parties in the State, which it did not possess. But the King rightly gauged the intensity of the national feeling, the solidity of the national temper. He refused to accept Signor Salandra's resignation. No one could by this time have the smallest doubt that the retention of office by the Ministry meant war, and that within a very short time. It became instantly apparent that no parliamentary opposition was to be feared, still less any opposition worth a moment's consideration outside of parliament. The country was practically unanimous. A hasty exodus of Germans from Italian soil set in. A week later war was declared.



A company of Italian Alpine Infantry manœuvring on skis at a high altitude. Skis are the quickest means of progress over the snow.

Italians impatient to enter the European Arena



Italian artilleryman working a small field-gun which proved exceptionally serviceable in the Tripolitan campaign.

Types of Bersaglieri, the celebrated infantry cyclist corps, who exhibited wild enthusiasm for La Guerra.

Infantry of the 68th Regiment. It will be noticed how similar are their uniforms to those of the French.

Italian cavalry. Some of the impressive dragoons, who are not unlike the famous French cuirassiers.

Italian infantry on the march in Tripoli. Italy had made progress with her new colony in Northern Africa, the Government assisting emigrants to develop the territory; but even Tripoli was not free from German intrigue before the Italians had taken sides.

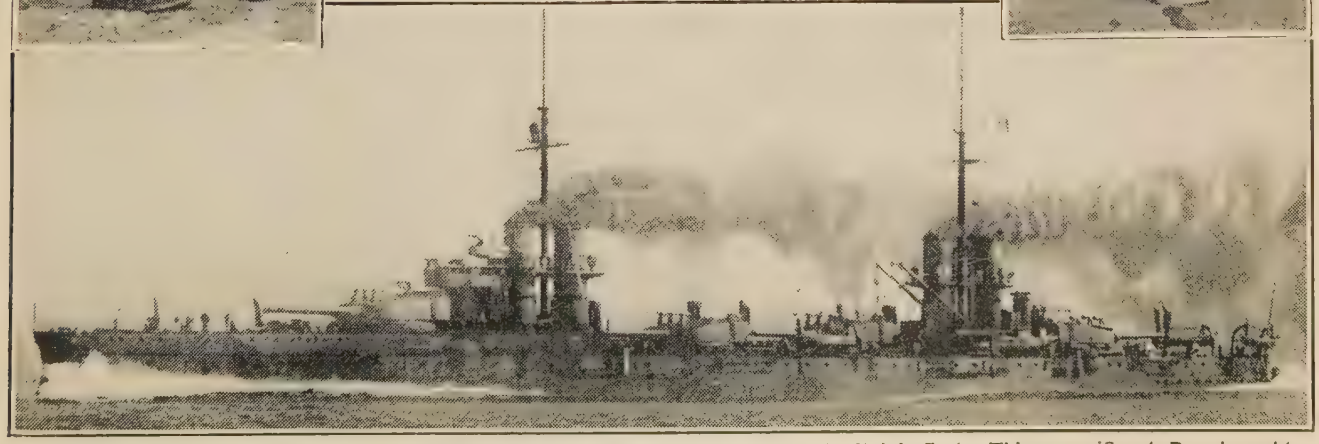
Italy on the Brink—War Excitement at Fever Pitch

Signor Giolitti, whose anti-intervention plot with the German Ambassador, Prince Buelow, was exposed.

King Victor Emmanuel, who recognised the urgent necessity for his country to take sides with the Triple Entente.

Signor Salandra, leader of the Interventionists, who resigned before the machinations of Signor Giolitti, but was recalled.

Types of Italian sailors. Italy possessed a considerable and efficient navy. Inset (on left and right): A typical Italian infantryman and an armed bluejacket. Before the declaration of war Italy had mobilised about two million soldiers.

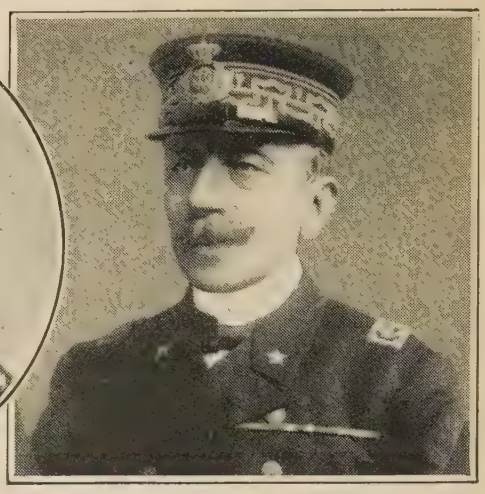


To rule the Adriatic for Italy. The Dante Alighieri, the latest pre-war addition to Italy's fleet. This magnificent Dreadnought, commissioned in 1914, has a displacement of 19,000 tons, and is fitted with engines of 34,000 h.-p. She has a speed of 24 knots, and is armed with twelve 13 in. and twenty 4·7 in. guns, as well as three torpedo-tubes.

Leaders of Italy United against the Modern Huns

General Cadorna, Chief of the General Staff, and Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Armies.

Major-General Vittoria Zupelli, the Minister for War.



Admiral Viale, the Italian Minister responsible for efficiency of the Marine.

Two prominent Italian leaders, General Di Mayo and General Besozzi, inspecting the aviation camp.

AFTER ten months of official deliberation, during which time public opinion was almost entirely in favour of the Allies, Italy entered the European imbroglio in the interests of racial liberty and progress.

The political intrigues of Prince von Bülow and his accomplice, Signor Giolitti, failed hopelessly to prevent war against the Central Empires for a righteous cause.

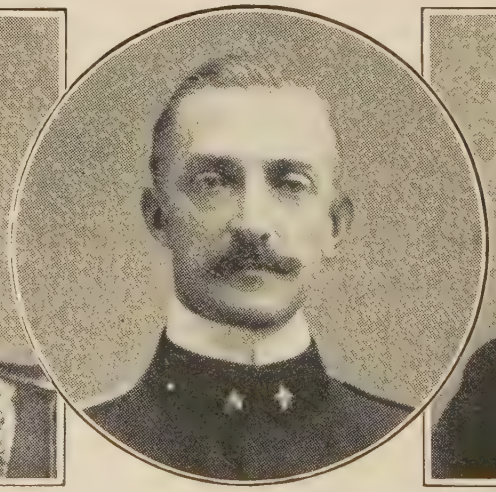
The number of men in the Italian Army was reckoned to be something over three millions. The Tripoli War opened the eyes of the world to Italy's astounding progress as a Great Power, both as regards fighting men and war equipment.

She entered the war prepared for every contingency. Still more important, the men who held the destiny of the nascent Mediterranean Empire in their keeping were leaders of singular ability, fervent patriots animated with great ideals and illimitable genius and energy.

Italy had her "Alsace-Lorraine" to reconquer from the Hun scourge. The Trentino and Istria are racially Italian, and it was part of Austrian policy for a generation to suppress the Italian national sentiment of Austrian subjects of Italian descent.

The photographs on this page are of some of the personalities in Italy's war against the common enemy, prominent military, naval, and political leaders, the directing power of modern Rome.

Duke of the Abruzzi, King Victor's cousin, in command of the Adriatic Squadron.



Duke of Aosta, brother of Duke of the Abruzzi, who went to the front.

Baron Sonnino, the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Alpine Soldiers defend the Snowbound Passes

Alpine infantry encamped in the Italian Alps. Italy's regiments of Alpine infantry, the Alpini, are akin to the French Alpine Chasseurs, whose splendid fighting powers caused the Germans to name them "Blue Devils." The Alpini are all specially-chosen mountain fighters, men of superb physique and stamina.

Machine-gun section of Italy's famous mountain warriors, the Alpini. Once again Italy's splendid Army fought under the leadership of the hero of the Tripoli War, General Cadorna, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian forces.

Bersaglieri and Dragoons: Pride of Italy's Army

The green-plumed Bersaglieri (sharpshooters) are Italy's most celebrated soldiers, and each Bersagliero is an accomplished athlete. To every regiment is attached a cyclist battalion. The bicycles can quickly be taken apart and packed on to the Bersagliero's back.

Italian Dragoons on the march. Though the infantry sections of Italy's Army are splendidly trained and equipped, it is in the cavalry regiments that the country takes the greatest pride. The men rival the Cossacks in horsemanship and in the excellence of their mounts.

King Victor Emmanuel's Warrior-Mountaineers

Alpini, King Victor's fine body of soldier-mountaineers, marching across the Alpine snows. Born and bred in the mountains, these Alpine warriors have been specially trained to fight among the rugged, snow-bound heights and passes.

Alpini entrenched behind barricades of snow in the Julian Alps. It will be noted that they take their colours into action. It was to the South of the Julian Alps that Italian troops crossed the Austrian frontier and occupied a number of towns and villages. Inset above: Italian infantry in action against the Turks during the Tripoli War, Italy's former campaign.

Sons of Italy move against the Hereditary Foe

After months of growing enthusiasm for war, Italy threw down the gage of battle. Her soldiers swarmed to the frontier, intent upon the liberation of the Trentino and Istria. This photograph shows the mobilisation of infantrymen, a daily scene in any large Italian town.

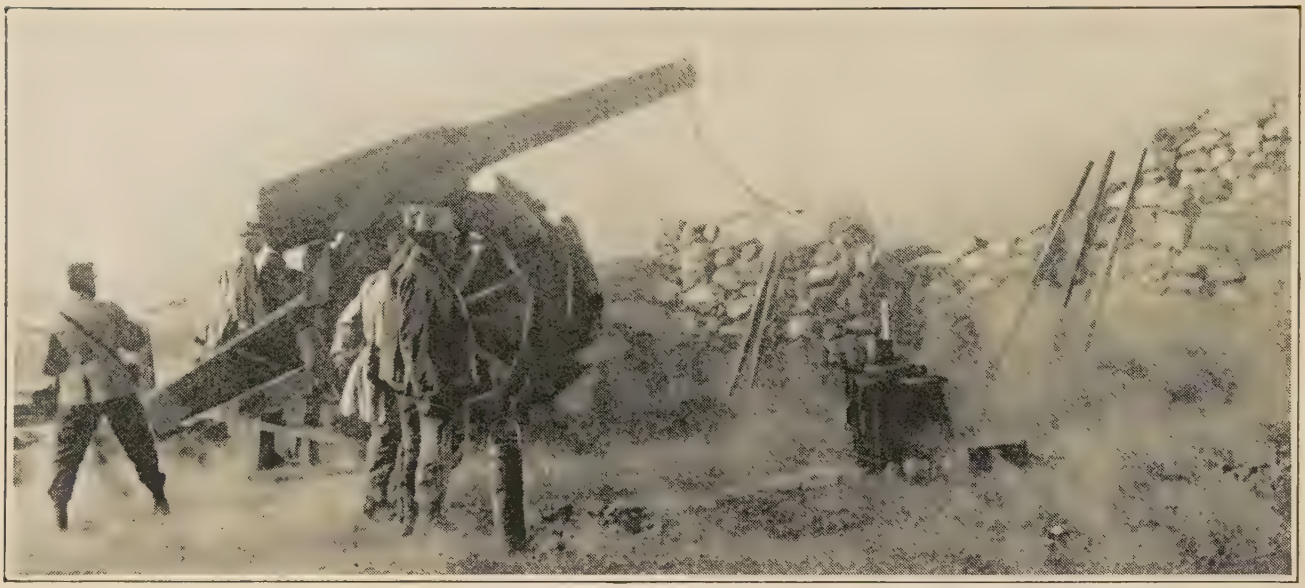
Another mobilisation incident somewhere on the Adriatic coast. Italy, like France and Belgium, abounds in architectural glories, which would meet the same fate as the cathedrals of Rheims and Louvain if the Huns had their way.

Italy's Famous Green-Plumed Sharpshooters

Bersaglieri, when on the "march," always cover the ground at a quick trot, which they can maintain for hours. The Bersaglieri (marksmen) are the pride of the Italian Army, and form picturesque figures in their blue uniforms with red facings, and their black, broad-brimmed hats, adorned with flowing cocks' feathers dyed green.

Men of the famous regiment of sharpshooters at drill. The Bersaglieri were formed in 1836, and played a brave part in the long struggle for Italian unity. The Bersaglieri Regiments now contain about 100,000 men. The Austrians had early experience, to their cost, of the splendid fighting qualities of these fearless warriors.

Italy retaliates on the Ally of Barbarism



One of the enormous Italian guns used to blast a passage into Austrian territory. In size and shape it is similar to the French 155 mm.

Prompted by the humiliating treatment meted out to unfortunate Italians in Austria, inhabitants of Milan wrecked German property to the value of £60,000. This photograph shows the burning of furniture in front of the Settentrionale Palace, Milan.

To face page 905

ON THE WAY TO MONTE NERO: THE ITALIANS, BY GREAT DARING, PLACED GUNS ON THE MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.

Italian Colonel's Heroic Deed on the Isonzo

Conspicuous among the first acts of bravery committed by individual Italians in the field was that of Col. Rossi, of the 12th Bersaglieri. As he led an attacking column over the Isonzo, a section of the pontoon bridge was swept away. Cut off from retreat by a raging torrent in the rear, and confronted by a vastly superior enemy force, Col. Rossi rallied his little band and assaulted the Austrian position with incredible courage. The Austrians retired before the invincible Bersaglieri. Col. Rossi was sorely wounded, but he was rescued from the field, and had the honour of being decorated in hospital by King Victor.

Italy in Harness: Artillery & Infantry on the Move

An Italian field-gun advancing over rough ground to a new position. Official reports from General Cadorna made mention of the excellence of the Italian artillery. In the Western and Southern Trentino, Cadore, the Carnic Alps, the Dolomites, and on the Isonzo, our Ally's artillery fire was very effectively preparing the way for the infantry advances by bombarding the Austrian forts and entrenched positions. Some of the enemy's trenches, being built of concrete and strengthened with metal plating, withstood all infantry assaults, but subsequent bombardment by Italy's big guns demolished them.

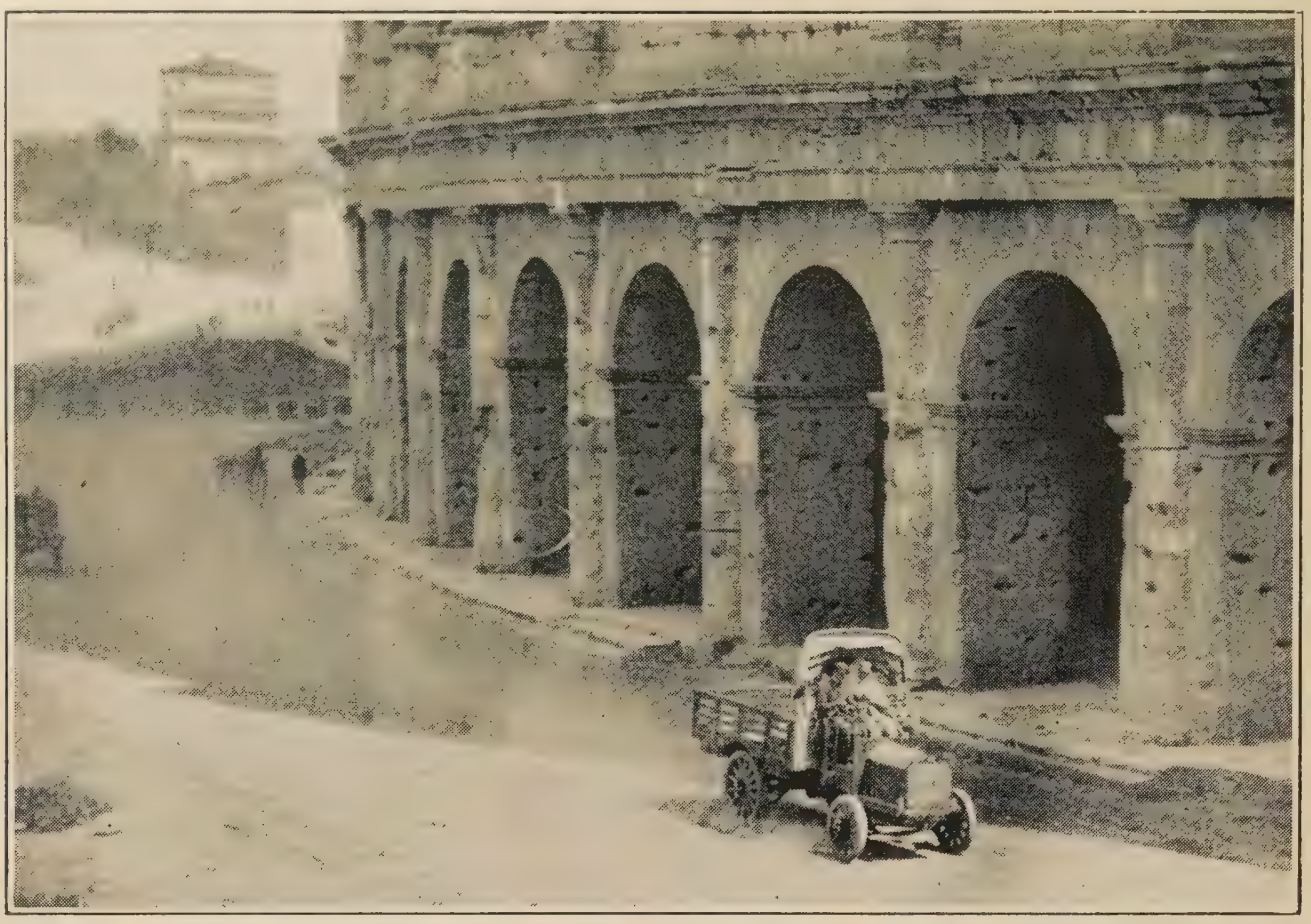
Italian infantrymen marching through a street in Rome to the railway station, there to entrain for the front, and join their comrades in the passes of the Carnic Alps, which were the theatres of the main activities of the Italian forces. The Italian armies continued successfully to consolidate the footings they obtained on their far-reaching front.

Cool Work for King Victor's Fervent Defenders

The difficulties of the Austro-Italian campaign were intensified by reason of the rugged, mountainous country of the Isonzo. Such obstacles only tended to increase the enthusiasm of the Italians. This photograph shows cavalry crossing a river on inflated bags.

While the Allies in Northern France were fighting in midsummer heat, Italian soldiers were forcing the passes leading into Austria knee-deep in Alpine snow. This photograph shows the Italian corps, which is equivalent to the daring Alpine Chasseurs of France.

Mars' Modern Chariot and the Ancient Coliseum



Rome, like her great sister city Paris, began to assume a serious aspect. The mobilisation of Italy's Army proceeded effectively, and our new ally was well aware of the immensity of her task. This photograph, taken during the early day of the "call to colours," has a peculiar interest. It illustrates veritably the meeting of the ages. In the shadow of the ancient Coliseum at Rome, which once rang with the tumult of gladiatorial displays, a clumsy motor-transport, expressive of 20th-century progress, lumbers off to a war the like of which Cæsar and Mark Antony never conceived in their wildest imagination.

Italian infantry resting by the roadside after a long march. Gradually our southern ally's fighting-machine was set working, and many thousands of her men passed the frontier to do battle with the hereditary opponents of Italian liberty and progress.

THE WAR ILLUSTRATED · GALLERY OF LEADERS

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL OF ITALY

The head of the eighth nation to take up arms against Germanic Despotism

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

ONE day in December, 1869, about nineteen months after the marriage of Prince (later King) Humbert to his beautiful cousin Margherita of Savoy, and a year before the City of the Seven Hills, captured by the troops of King Victor Emmanuel II., was formally incorporated in United Italy, an incident of prefigurative import took place in one of the long corridors of the Capodimonte Palace at Naples. Queen Margherita was met and greeted by one of the Garibaldian veterans, who rushed forward and eagerly kissed her proffered hand. "Italy has a son!" exclaimed the soldier, while big tears rolled down his cheeks. "Italy has a son. Italy will have a good king!" was the proud mother's reply.

Preparation for Kingship

The heir to the Italian throne was then about one month old, having been born on November 11th, 1869. He was a small child, with little promise of virility about him. The world to-day knows how true his mother's instinct proved; but it was long before Young Italy took any particular interest in the Prince's welfare. Meantime his mother, as soon as he was old enough, instituted for him a course of the strictest and most thorough mental training, while his father—all his life a lover of the open air—saw to his physical equipment.

By what appears almost a miracle the fragile child grew up into a vigorous youth. His chief hobby was the collection of coins, but he developed a gift for languages, being able to write elegantly in Latin, and both to speak and write English and French. He had also a taste for water-colour sketching. He found time apart from that devoted to his studies to cultivate his inborn love for the sea, and also became an expert horseman, able to sit for hours in the saddle without fatigue.

Entering the Army at the age of eighteen, he proved a keen, if somewhat bookish soldier, and a stern disciplinarian. Queen Victoria, who saw something of him during her periodical visits to the Continent, described him as "the most intelligent Prince in Europe"; and an eminent Italian statesman and author, Professor Ruggero Bonghi, has declared that "No youth in Italy has been educated with greater care and more scrupulous diligence." On October 24th, 1896, the Prince of Naples, as he then was, married Helena, the beautiful and cultured daughter of Prince (afterwards King) Nicholas of Montenegro. In 1897, he represented his father at the Diamond Jubilee celebrations in London, and the excellent impressions he then made upon those who were privileged to meet him were confirmed in 1903, three years after his accession, when, accompanied by his Consort, he returned the visit which had been paid by King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Rome a few months earlier.

He Succeeds an Unpopular Father

At the close of the nineteenth century Italy was in a very critical condition. Thoughtful observers have told us that the revolver-shot of the assassin Bresci saved the country from civil war. Passionately devoted as were the people to Queen Margherita, all King Humbert's punctilious performances of the tasks duty laid upon him failed to make up for his shortcomings in other respects. He preserved a kind of aloofness in his ordinary daily life which the nation, newly alive to its possibilities, resented. He reigned for twenty-two years, but was never, perhaps, regarded with popular affection. He was absolutely without physical fear. When Naples was visited with cholera in 1884, he visited the hospitals regardless of the efforts made to dissuade him from such a course. After the second attempt on his life he declared, in words widely quoted at the time, that "Attempts at assassination were amongst the risks of his profession." The great charge against him was the creation of the Triple Alliance, which was threatening to burden Italy beyond endurance. But when, at Monza, on July 29th, 1900, the third attempt on his life succeeded, there was a great reaction in favour of the dynasty.

At the time Victor Emmanuel was away yachting in the Levant. He was away, also, from the knowledge of the people over whom he was so suddenly and tragically called upon to reign. Except for a few, the people knew nothing about him. His marriage had been no popular success. In addition, there were no children of the union. The outlook was not of the happiest, though the feeling of loyalty had been strengthened under the stress of national emotion.

It was soon made clear, however, that Italy was to have no *roi fainéant* as ruler. Victor Emmanuel III., in his first speech in the Senate Hall in Rome, set forth his views on the ideals and destiny of Italy in words which sent an electric thrill through the whole Peninsula. "I dedicate myself," he said, "to my country with all the warmth, all the vigour within me, all the strength derived from the examples and traditions of my House. We need the concord of all good men to develop our intellectual forces and our economic energies. Let Italy have faith in me as I have faith in the destinies of our country, and no human force shall destroy that which, with such self-sacrifice, our fathers have builded."

An Example of High Purpose

The King's second speech was even more direct and unmistakable in its tone. "In Italy," he declared, "no man does his duty. From the highest to the lowest the *laissez-faire* and laxity are complete. Now it is to the accomplishment of their several duties that all, without distinction, must be called. I begin with myself, and am trying to do my duty conscientiously and with love. Him who fulfils his duty, braving every danger, even death, I shall consider the best citizen." Within three years a prince who had been all but half-despised became the sheet-anchor of the nation's best hopes—in foreign relations as well as in home affairs.

Coming to the throne at a tragic hour it seems as if Victor Emmanuel III. were destined to touch most closely the hearts of his subjects in times of trouble. The active solicitude of King and Queen when earthquakes laid low the populations of Messina and Reggio, in 1908, will never be forgotten. And not within living memory has Rome witnessed such scenes of tumultuous and thrilling loyalty as those which took place on March 14th, 1912, when the young anarchist, Antonio Dalba, made his happily unsuccessful attempt on the King's life as his Majesty was driving to the Pantheon to attend a memorial service on the anniversary of King Humbert's natal day. A foreign observer who was in Rome at the time said the mighty wave of emotion which swept over the capital was not only the expression of immense devotion to the person of the sovereign, but it was as if the angel of death had suddenly hung over the whole nation and had as suddenly passed away.

Army Leader as well as King

When Italy joined in the war against the dual foes of freedom and civilisation in Europe her King appointed his uncle the Duke of Genoa his lieutenant-general, investing him with the Royal prerogative, and himself assumed the supreme command of all his land and naval forces, going to the battle-front to share the hardships and run the same risks as his soldiers, and to have the same responsibilities as his generals. Gifted as a speaker, Victor Emmanuel III. was trusted absolutely because he had always loved deeds before words.

On the 1st of June following his accession, his Consort presented him with a daughter, the Princess Jolanda. There followed three other children—Princess Mafalda, born on November 19th, 1902; Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent, born on September 15th, 1904, and Princess Giovanna, born on November 13th, 1907.

The "glory that was Greece" in our own time has centred in the person of M. Venizelos; the "grandeur that was Rome" has been revived in the person of the grandson of the famous Re Galantuomo.

"Poles,—The hour has sounded when the sacred dream of your fathers and your grandfathers may be realised. A century and a half has passed since the living body of Poland was torn in pieces, but the soul of the country is not dead. It continues to live, inspired by the hope that there will come for the Polish people an hour of resurrection and of fraternal reconciliation with Great Russia. . . With open heart and brotherly hand Great Russia advances to meet you. She believes that the sword with which she struck down her enemies at Gruenwald is not yet rusted. From the shores of the Pacific to the North Sea the Russian armies are marching. The dawn of a new life is beginning for you, and in this glorious dawn is seen the sign of the Cross, the symbol of suffering and the resurrection of peoples."

PROCLAMATION BY THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES.

With Russian and Serb

Przemysl at last! Austria's defence failed to prevail against the hosts of the Tsar.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

Prasnysch and the Battles of the Masurian Lakes

FOR the second time Field-Marshal von Hindenburg profited by the fact that he used to spend his holidays every year in the wild, watery waste of Masurenland. It is said that he came to know the depth of every lake and almost every bog in the primeval wilderness that stretches between the River Pregel in East Prussia and the Niemen, Bohr, and Narew Rivers in Russia. For years the old, neglected warrior, retired from the active list, passed his time in a café in Hanover over his railway map of Prussia, or moved to the border lakes and marshes, where he plodded about, calculating how deeply a gun would sink into the morasses.

Hindenburg : The Kaiser's only Hope

He undoubtedly became a specialist in warlike operations in the Masurian Lake country, and when the fashionable German courtier-generals of the new school were defeated and routed in East Prussia by Rennenkampf and his Cossacks, old Hindenburg remained the only hope of his country. Twice he partly justified that hope when fighting in his favourite wilderness. On the first occasion he trapped, towards the end of August, 1914, a Russian army under General Samsonoff, and captured a large number of Russian troops, with their guns.

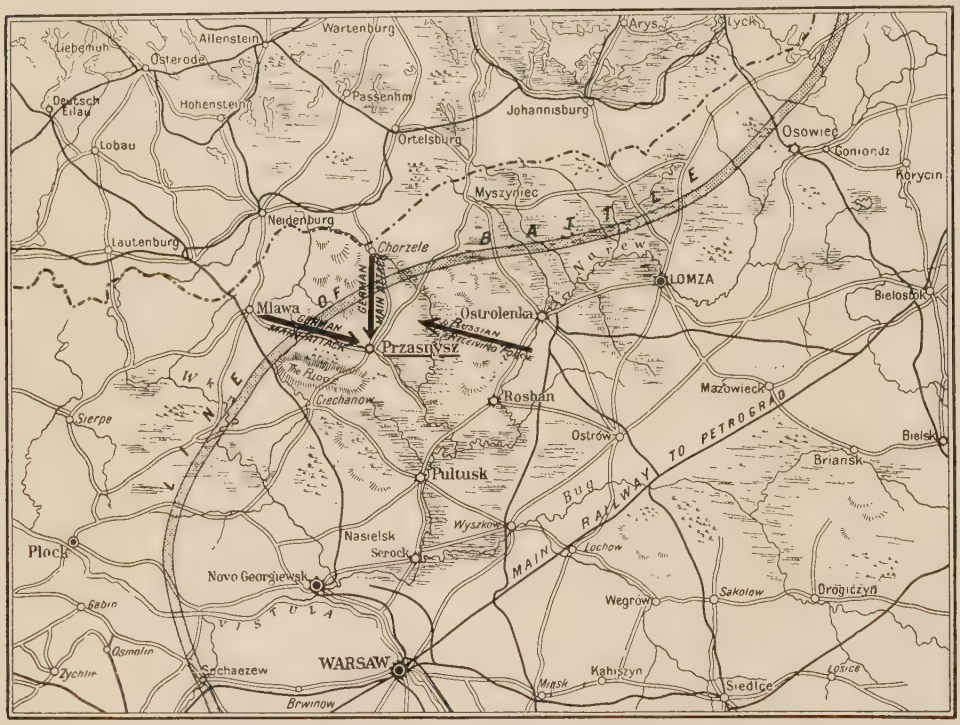
On the second occasion he did not himself conduct the operations, but merely planned them. Their execution was entrusted to a younger German commander, General von Eichhorn, on February 7th, 1915, just after the grand German frontal attack in the neighbourhood of Warsaw had failed. This attack had naturally resulted in the Russian Commander-in-Chief concentrating all available forces round his menaced position. On his distant northern wing, amid the Masurian Lakes, he had left only four war-worn army corps. It was this situation that tempted Hindenburg to try again the coup with which he had stricken Samsonoff. He collected about half a million troops at Thorn and Graudenz, and launched them, by the two parallel systems of East Prussian railways against the 140,000 Russian troops who had again invaded German territory.

Hindenburg at the time was thinking of the future. All the lake and marsh districts in Prussia and Russia were then frozen and covered with snow. The transport of heavy artillery was easier than at any other time of the year. In about a month the snow would begin to melt, and would overflow the lakes and turn the marshes into immense stretches of water, extending for a hundred and thirty miles from the Niemen almost to the Vistula.

This tremendous waste of flood-water in early spring would be an impassible barrier to a modern army. Consequently, the Russians would be able to rely on it for the protection of their northern flank. Their main line of railway communication between Warsaw and Petrograd, running at one point barely ten miles from the marshes, would be safe from attack, and the four Russian army corps operating in Prussia as an advanced guard for the Warsaw railway could be withdrawn to strengthen the main Russian armies on the Vistula.

These were the reasons which induced Field-Marshal von Hindenburg to throw half a million men northward to the Masurian Lakes. The movement was obvious, but he redeemed its obviousness by the force and swiftness with which he struck. Before he apparently ceased trying to break through the main Russian front south of Warsaw, his new army, under Eichhorn, was thrusting its way furiously into the lakes of Masurenland. The position of the smaller Russian forces in this district then became critical. There was a Russian army corps near Insterburg; struck suddenly and heavily, it reeled back towards Kovno.

The Russian front was then broken. Eichhorn threw three of his army corps into the gap. In the Augustovo Forest, in the middle of February, they got behind the Twentieth Russian Army corps, commanded by General Bulgakoff, and at the same time three other German army corps closed round the front of this Russian force. Farther south were two other Russian army corps. They began to fight their way back to safety, one retiring on the Russian frontier fortress of Osoviec; the other making for the high ground round Prasnysch.



Map of part of the swampy Masurian Lakes region, showing the area of the German attack on Prasnysch (or Prasnysz), including the ridge where six thousand Russians held forty-eight thousand Germans till the relieving army arrived.

What should have happened

In the ordinary way, three-fourths of the Russian forces, suddenly caught amid the lake country, should have been annihilated or captured. The German blow was so swift and overwhelming that only the army corps retiring on Kovno should have escaped, considerably damaged. Before the Russians could have brought up another army the passage of the Niemen would have been won, and the railway feeding Warsaw and a million Russian troops would have been cut off. The main Russian army, starving and ammunitionless, would then have to retire with extreme haste across the Vistula to its second main railway head at Brest Litovsk. Nearly all Russian Poland would have been conquered—without even attacking the main Russian army

With the Russian Army in Poland and Galicia

The authorities of Radom, Poland, with the Governor at their head, held a parade in honour of the fall of Przemysl. This photograph, taken after the ceremony, is of a group of the leading officials.

The Russian military Governor of the Przemysl fortress, General Artamonov (standing), at lunch with his Staff.

Though arsenals worked day and night in an endeavour to cope with the demand for arms, there was a shortage, and our Russian allies, immediately after a battle, sent round automobiles to collect rifles and ammunition from their wounded. Inset: How headquarters kept in touch with the firing-line. Russian officers transmitting orders to the field by telephone.

It will thus be seen that Hindenburg was no mean strategist. But, on the other hand, General Bulgakoff, with about twenty thousand bayonets, was no mean fighting man. Though closed in a ring of guns and steel, and attacked with cross-fire bombardments by enemies more than six times their number, the commander and men of the heroic Twentieth Army Corps fought on for days. Then, as no help came, they fought on for weeks. No unwounded Russian was captured until he had fired his last cartridge. The corps lost about half of its guns, but one division, after one of the most magnificent struggles in all the annals of warfare, got its artillery away. Apparently not many of the infantrymen escaped, though some companies cut their way into the Russian lines at last, after having held the paths and blockhouses in the bogs for more than three weeks.

An Immortal Band of Heroes

But, though most of the corps perished, it did not die in vain. For it held the main forces of the enemy so long that the Russian Chief of Staff was able to line the natural river frontier with strong reinforcements. By the end of February only one point remained in extreme danger. This was the village of Prasnysch, lying amid the hills, between the Prussian frontier and the marshlands of the River Narew. Forty miles southwards, across firm, dry land, was the great Russian fortress of Novo Georgievsk, defending the Vistula and Warsaw.

The capture of Prasnysch would thus give Hindenburg a new and easy line of attack against Warsaw, with opportunities for a cutting movement against the Warsaw railway. So he ordered Eichhorn to make good Prasnysch and the country southwards, and on Thursday, February 18th, two German army corps moved over the frontier to attack. By Saturday, February 20th, the six thousand Russian troops holding Prasnysch were partly forced back. The Germans did not attack them, but swept in two strong columns on either side of the village in an encircling movement. A third German column swept still more southward to encircle a ridge in the endless snow-covered flat waste. But some of the six thousand Russian troops held this ridge for four days, with one German column attacking them on the west and another German column assailing them on the east. The columns closed and held the Russians encircled, by eight men to one, from February 20th to the 24th.

It was a repetition, on a smaller but just as important a scale, of the struggle that was still going on farther to the north-east between the Russian Twentieth Army Corps and six German army corps. At Prasnysch, however, the odds were still heavier against the Russian troops. It was six thousand men against forty-eight thousand, reckoning the actual fighting forces in bayonets. Half the brigade held the village, and half held the ridge below. About dawn on Wednesday morning the Germans captured the village and most of its heroic defenders, the ridge being still held by some one thousand Russians, with their dead and wounded around them.

But this was the last forward movement of the Germans. For the Russian Chief of Staff had thrown a strong army along the Narew, about twenty miles away on the south-east. He had merely left Prasnysch and its ridge and lessening band of immortal heroes as a bait to the enemy. And he timed exactly the hour at which the bait would be taken. For, on Thursday evening, February 25th, the Russian relieving army crossed the river, and marched up in the darkness over the wilderness of snow. Then at daybreak, as the Germans attacked Prasnysch, an overpowering force of Russians fell on their flank, and at the moment when the Germans won their little victory, they were taken by surprise.

The Russians Turn the Tables

The encirclers were encircled. The foremost German army corps broke and fled. Half of it was captured, and most of the other half fell on the reddened snow. The second German army corps got away by using the first as a rearguard, but its losses in dead and wounded were almost as great as those of the first corps, for the fighting was as long as it was furious. From Wednesday, February 24th, to Sunday, February 28th, the Russians gripped their trapped and overmastered foes, and fought them all along the line from the Orzec River to the hills of Prasnysch. By Monday morning, March 1st, the victory was fully achieved.

The general German offensive movement had failed; and at the springtime flood Russia could look forward to possessing an immense stretch of impassable country to protect her northern flank. It is worthy of remark that Hindenburg failed also on the first occasion when he reached the rivers beyond his favourite lakes and marshes. Only on one spot, seemingly, could he win a battle, and this battle he could never follow up.

Russian transport on line of advance in Poland.

Slav v. Teuton: Incidents Bellicose and Pacific

Enemies unite in aiding the wounded. Russian and Austrian Red Cross doctors attending an injured Austrian soldier.

The charity that follows in the wake of the invader. Russian priest and soldiers distributing money to poor children of Galicia.

Some Austrian prisoners conversing with their friends at Lemberg while under a Russian guard. Inset: A soldier of the Tsar posts a letter at the military box, Lemberg.

Cossacks moving out of Lemberg to follow up the Austrian rout along the Carpathians. The failure of the Hapsburg cause under Hohenzollern direction led to a great deal of friction between the chiefs of staff of the Teuton allies. Many soldiers fighting for Franz Josef manifested Slav sympathies, and accentuated the differences between the Austrians and the Hungarians.

The Tsar assures Himself of Russia's Progress

The Tsar of Russia giving important orders to the Etat Major on the occasion of one of his Majesty's visits to his immense armies. The "Little Father," as the Tsar is known throughout his Empire, became one of the most popular of royalties.

WHILE the Germanic "humorists" were still overworked in the manufacture of vulgar cartoons, purporting to represent the complete annihilation of the forces of Grand Duke Nicholas, and the frustration of his strategic plans by the inimitable Hindenburg, the Russian army was making sure progress towards the domination of the Eastern front.

The photographs on the left and below are evidence of undoubted Russian progress. They both represent desperate acts of destruction on the part of retreating Teutonic forces. That on the left is remarkably interesting. Frequently an army in precipitate retreat was compelled to destroy war stores whose transport would retard its progress, even if they be essential food supplies, such as are seen in the snapshot.

Scene of desolation in a town on the East Prussian frontier. The debris was once an imposing railway-station. This, together with the supply depots, was destroyed by the Germans in a retreat from the Russian forces. Inset: Remarkable photograph illustrating one of the most bitter ironies of war. The rocklike substance was in reality the cinders of thousands of sacks of flour burnt by the Austrians at Suwalki as an alternative to leaving them a prize to the victorious Russians following close on their heels.

Where Slavdom held the Central Empires at Bay

Near the scene of the most frightful battles in history. Striking photograph of members of the Automobile Section of the Russian armies dining al fresco in a pleasant part of Poland.

Like the Germans, who tapped the natural resources of occupied French territory, the Russians in the conquered province of Galicia quarried for stone with which to construct blockhouses. Inset: Touching expression of Slav religious tolerance. The crosses indicate the graves of Russian soldiers of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. The Greek symbol has three cross-pieces.

THE SIEGE OF PRZEMYSL

Great Episodes of the War

THE siege of Przemysl ranks with those of Sebastopol and Port Arthur. Its capture was a decisive event of the war. It was not, however, decisive in the straightforward, ordinary way. Some of the subtlest and most brilliant moves of the Russian Chief of Staff were concealed behind the ring of flame and steel which for four months cut Przemysl off from the Austro-German armies.

Przemysl was first attacked towards the end of September, 1914, by the Bulgarian general, Radko Dimitrieff, after he had swept through Lemberg and Jaroslav. He tried to take the great stronghold suddenly by storm, sending his infantry against the forts, without using siege-guns. But the only result was a heavy loss of life. And when Hindenburg, in October, relieved the pressure that Dimitrieff was bringing to bear upon Cracow, both that place and Przemysl were freed for awhile of the besieging Russian armies.

Hindenburg, however, was hurled back from Warsaw to the German frontier, and the besieging Russian armies returned to the two great fortress cities. In November Dimitrieff drew his lines partly round Cracow, and on the twelfth of that month General Brussiloff entrenched some of his troops on a thirty-mile circle all round Przemysl, under the command of General Selivanov.

Strangest Siege in History

It was then that the siege of Przemysl began. It was the strangest siege in military history, for the besieged troops were stronger in guns, ammunition, and numbers than the men who were trying to starve them out. General Selivanov had only about three army corps, with their ordinary field artillery. Their heaviest pieces were 6 in. howitzers, that could not reach the great concrete armoured forts defending the hill-town amid the Carpathian Mountains. The Austrians had 13 in. and 14 in. guns, mounted in nine large forts, and operated by electricity. There were also ten smaller forts, furnished with motor batteries, and sixteen concrete field fortifications, connected by a track, along which the mobile artillery moved.

It was no wonder that Radko Dimitrieff had failed to carry by storm so well-equipped a fortress with a garrison of 170,000 troops. Even in the middle of November the position of the besieging Russians was one of extreme difficulty, for they could not spare more than 72,000 bayonets for the investment of the stronghold. But General Selivanov, a veteran of the Russo-Turkish War, was a man of genius to whom a difficulty was an inspiration. He posted his guns on a ring of hills some ten to fifteen miles beyond the city, and entrenched his troops a thousand yards or so in front of the guns.

German Strength Wasted

In this way he controlled every road, path, and railway leading to and from Przemysl, and waited, with terrible, imperturbable Russian patience, for famine and disease to do their deadly work. All the costly work of attack against guns, quick-firers, and machine-guns was left to the Austrian, German, and Hungarian troops, under the command of General Kusmanek. They were encouraged to waste their strength in continual sorties against the ring of heights held by the Russians. Neither the Austrians nor the Germans seemed to have relished the tactics imposed upon them; but the Hungarian militia, the famous Honved divisions, were of a more fiery and daring character. Under their gallant leader, General Tamassy, they began, towards the close of November, to try to storm through the distant Russian ring. To the very end they maintained their dash and intrepidity. For the last act of the Przemysl garrison was a violent and desperate attempt to cut through the Russian trenches, made by the 23rd Division of the Honved on March 20th, 1915. (*Continued on page 920.*)

Map showing the relative position of Przemysl, Cracow, and Budapest, emphasising the mountain barrier to the Dual Monarchy and the important passes Dukla, Lupkow, Uszok, the area of the protracted struggle which culminated in the fall of Przemysl on March 22nd, 1915. A study of the map tends to show the great advantages of the Austrians over the Russians in strategic railways. The former had at least seven main lines for transport to the Galician frontier as compared with the two or three lines of the latter. The possession of Przemysl, as an important rail centre, was bound to help the Russian plan greatly.

Victors of Przemysl in Action and at Rest

Tea (with lemon) in place of vodka. Russian soldiers drinking at a wayside stall. The pretty Russian girl is delighted at the opportunity of having her portrait taken in company with her brave countrymen.

Temporary burial of the hatchet. Russian soldiers laughing and joking with their German and Austrian prisoners round a field cooking-stove.

Cossack patrol galloping into action on one of the snow-covered Galician roads. The last Cossack is seen loading his carbine.

The " Little Father " among his soldiers. The Tsar inspecting his Cossack troops at the front and wishing them luck on the field.

Russian field artillery dashing into the firing-line in the northern corner of East Prussia, where, in March, 1915, a Russian force reached the town of Memel, and defeated two regiments of Landsturm.

THE SIEGE OF PRZEMYSL (Continued from page 918)

Except for these sorties, the siege went on very quietly for the first two and a half months. If the garrison had possessed a year's store of food and ammunition and supplies of typhoid and cholera vaccines, they might have lived in happy, armed peace in the beautiful old garden-city of the Carpathians. For a very curious thing happened at the headquarters of General Selivanov towards the end of January, 1915. By this time some fifty great howitzers, with a longer range and heavier shell than the Teutonic ordnance, were ready for use in the Russian lines. It would only have taken about a fortnight to wreck the forts of the eastern sector, and thus to blow a wide path for the advance of the Russian Army into the doomed town.

Purpose of the Russian Delay

But General Selivanov had no need of the new monster howitzers. He advised that some of them should be used to strengthen the defences of the small Russian fort of Osoviec, on the Niemen front, where Hindenburg was again trying to break through. None of the great siege pieces was railed to Lemberg for use by the army besieging Przemysl until Hindenburg's attack on the Niemen front had broken down.

This was why the Siege of Przemysl was so extraordinary. The Russians did not want to capture the fortress that they had invested! Their siege operations were designed to induce the Austrians and Hungarians to expend the best part of their remaining strength in attempting to relieve "the Gibraltar" of their almost lost province of Galicia. In between Przemysl and the Austro-Hungarian armies sent to relieve it rose the snow-covered, freezing, wind-blown heights of the Carpathian Mountains. General Brussiloff's main army held most of the passes and debouching valleys on the Galician side, and the nearer Przemysl approached to famine the more strenuous were the efforts that the Austro-Hungarian force made to cross the Carpathians. Terrible were the difficulties under which they had to fight. More of them perished from the rigours of the mountain winter than from the bullets and bayonets of the Russians.

By keeping Przemysl as a lure to them, General Brussiloff and General Selivanov in the awful winter campaign sapped the remaining strength of the Austrian and Hungarian peoples. About the beginning of March, 1915, the enemy's offensive movement across the Carpathians weakened, while the opposing Russian force increased to three-quarters of a million.

The Final Act in the Great Siege

Przemysl had done the work that the Russians intended. So it could now fall. In the second week in March some of the big siege-howitzers were brought up, and the chief hill forts in the eastern sector were bombarded. Then the Russian infantry began to storm over the field fortifications, and on March 21st General Kusmanek ordered his garrison to cut their way out, but only the twelve thousand Hungarians had the heart to attempt this magnificent adventure, and those of them who were not shot down were made prisoners. The next day Przemysl was captured.

GERMANY'S ARMY OF PRISONERS.—Russian prisoners captured by the Germans in the second battle in the Masurian Lakes district of East Prussia. They are here seen awaiting removal to Augustovo. The Germans claimed that they captured 105,000 Russians in this battle, but the Wolff Bureau was notoriously haphazard in its calculations for the consumption of the Fatherland.

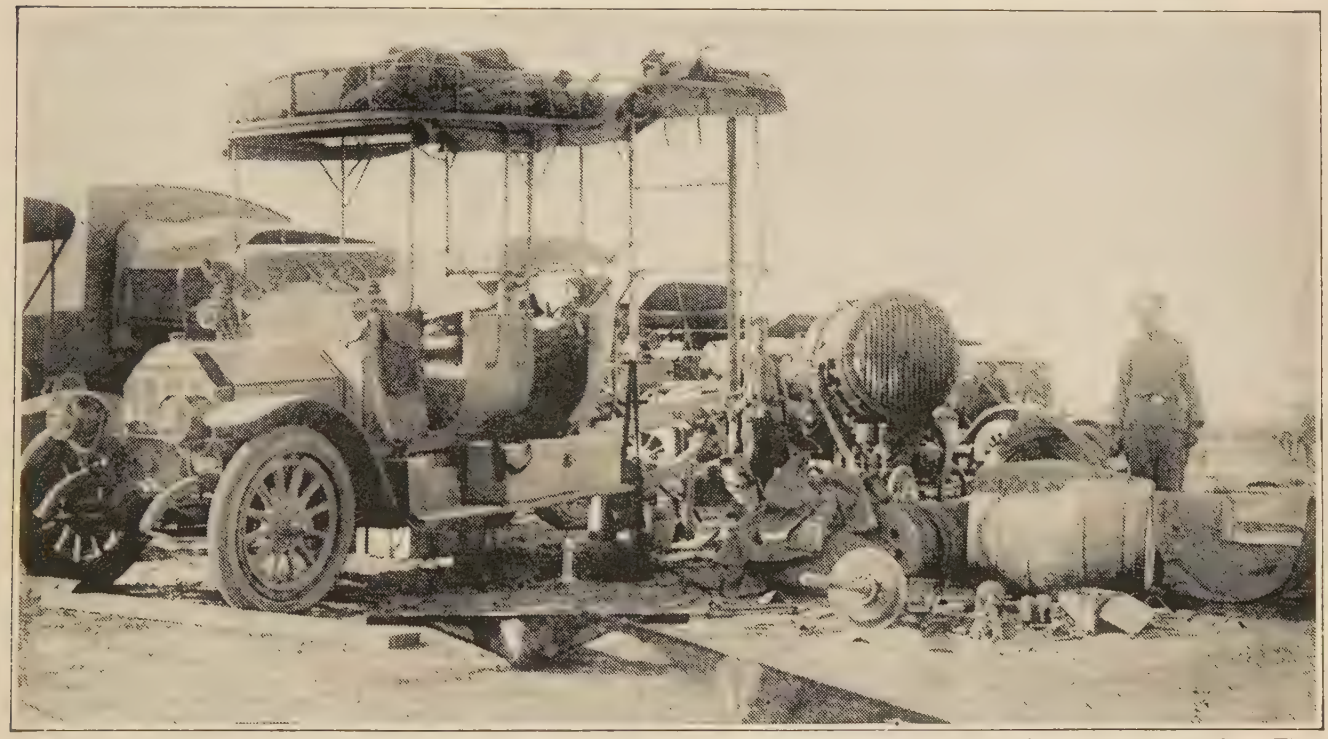
RUSSIAN TROOPS MOVING TO THE ATTACK IN THE CARPATHIANS.

This photograph was taken by Captain Adrian Simpson, acting A.D.C. to the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, commander of the Caucasian Native Division operating in Galicia. The troops are seen passing through a defile in the Carpathians and across a tributary of the River San.

To face page 920

Scenes on the East Prussian Battle Front

Vast Russian artillery encampment awaiting transport to an East Prussian battle-front. Every gun and waggon has been disguised by straw, and Nature has helped to render the weapons invisible to Taubes by partially covering the straw with snow.



Specially-equipped searchlight car, serving with the Russian forces, which has been dismantled for temporary repairs. The searchlight is the immense circular apparatus standing immediately to the right of the car.

In spite of the advance of spring, transport work in East Prussia continued to be fraught with difficulty, and frequently a motor surface over the mud had to be made with pine-trunks. This work was done by the Automobile Section of the Russian Army. The above photograph shows a motor track under construction, and in the background are typical carts for carrying the logs.

Peeps at Przemysl after its Surrender

Right: Immaculate Austrian officers, captured when Przemysl fell, driving to Lemberg, while starving and wounded men are compelled to go afoot. Left: Types of Austrian soldiers en route for Lemberg, resting for food given them by their generous captors.

THE surrender of Przemysl to the Russians revealed a state of affairs in the Austrian Army which eloquently explained the notorious defeats of the soldiers of the Dual Monarchy. For months the officers, indifferent to honour and patriotism, and intent only on their personal comfort and pleasure, lived a life of luxury. Every delicacy of food, wines, liqueurs, and cigars were the portion of these representatives of the decadent Hapsburgs. The fact that the enemy was drawing nearer daily entirely failed to impress them with a sense of responsibility. It tended to harden the lot of the unfortunate rank and file fighting in the trenches. The photographs on this page were taken as the triumphant Russians marched into the fortress after its surrender to the combined effects of hunger and assault.

Scene in the principal street of Przemysl immediately the victorious Russians entered the city. Part of the Austrian garrison, no doubt happy to regain a temporary release after six months' confinement in the beleaguered fortress, proceeding to Lemberg for detention. Inset: General Hubert, chief of Przemysl garrison staff. From all accounts, Austrian officers in the beleaguered city indulged in a life of luxury while their soldiers suffered great privation.

Victory and Counter Victory on the Eastern Front

Unlike the brutal relations generally existing between German officers and their men, a pleasing camaraderie prevailed among leaders and troops in the Russian Army. This striking photograph shows a Cossack officer in the centre congratulating his men on a recent success with friendly appreciation and unreserve.

A Russian surrender before a violent Austrian bayonet charge. One of the most remarkable photographs of the war published, showing the actual onslaught of the Austrian soldiers. The enemy trench is being stormed, and its defenders stand in an attitude of surrender. It will be seen that some of the attacking Austrians have been shot down in the assault.

Scenes from the Battle-lines in Poland

Although the Germans destroyed many bridges across the Vistula, they did not prevent the Russians from crossing. Some soldiers are here seen on the ferry in company with field kitchens.

Germans guarding the ruins of a bridge they have wrecked on the Vistula. This photograph was taken by a captured Russian officer, who managed to escape the following day.

Striking photograph from Poland. Three Germans entrenched. The centre one was about to fire as this snapshot was taken.

Russian soldiers displayed the same cheery spirit shown by their British brothers-in-arms. The foremost figures are soldiers "made up" as a bear-man and "bear," who is about to dance.

(Inset above): Remaining inhabitants of a Polish village watching the explosion of a German shell in the distance. A Russian soldier is pointing to the spot where the shrapnel is bursting.

Triumphant Russians forcing Carpathian Passes

Russia was fiercely determined to bring Austria to the knee as speedily as possible. Less than a fortnight after the fall of Przemysl the Austrians sent to relieve the fortress had been driven across the Carpathian Mountains and forced to retreat many miles, with the victorious Russians harrying their communications. Great battles took place in the mountain regions, and the important victory in the centre of the zone of conflict—the capture of the Rostok Pass—enabled the Tsar's troops to advance south, and provided an opportunity for them to form a wide front on Hungarian territory.

Serbia's Heroic Fight with Typhus and the Hun

Little Serbia gathered in a vast number of Austrian prisoners in her determined fight against the Hapsburg realm. Some types of captives are seen in this photograph arriving at Nish.

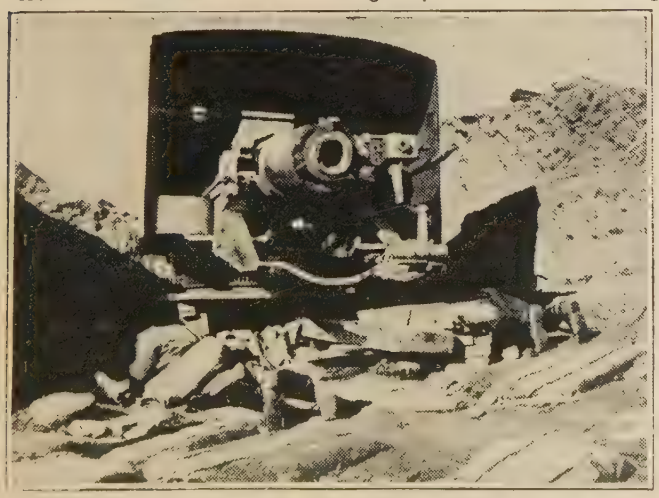
Serbia's greatest enemy was typhus. Her gallant fighters were daily falling victims to this terrible plague, which ravaged the whole country. The bullock waggons with their loads of suffering soldiers pulled up outside the crowded hospitals, and the sick resting in the roadway awaited their turns for admission, as seen in the inset photograph. Beneath: A wounded Serbian warrior relating his experiences.

Typhus adds to War's Terrors in Serbia

Women who wait. The sympathy of all women who had menfolk at the front will be with these poor Serbians waiting outside a hospital for news of loved ones.

Serbian artillerymen travelling with their guns to the front. Sir Thomas Lipton, who took the British Red Cross unit to Belgrade, is seen in the bottom right-hand corner.

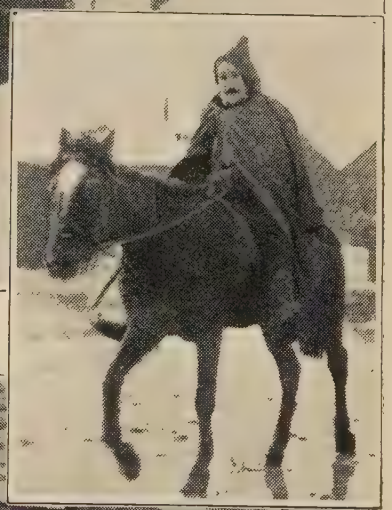
Prince Alexander, King-Regent of Serbia, talking to three Austrian prisoners in Nish.



Serbian gun that was badly damaged by the Austrian fire. It was placed in one of the courts of Belgrade. Note the men on each side.

Shells and shot were not the only things the Serbians had to contend with; the ravages of typhus caused great loss of life among them.

Spartan Serbia still defying Austrian Huns



The picturesque Serbians upheld a long and splendid resistance against the superior forces of Franz Joseph. A military ox-waggon is seen passing along a flooded road in Nish.

The gallant armies of Serbia fought stubbornly in weather as severe as in Flanders. King Peter's soldiers sheltering under an improvised tent at the rear of a transport waggon.

Wounded Serbian soldiers refreshing themselves at the camp water-cart. Inset: Serbian cavalryman warmly cloaked and hooded riding along one of the flooded roads in Nish.

To-day, while mightier conflicts shake
The plain where princely Hector fell,
What ancient echoes stir and wake
In Ilion's windswept citadel?

Where timbers charred and giant stone
Witness her deathless story, lo!
The clash of bronze, and, faintly blown,
Her trumpets, silenced long ago.

—EMMA GURNEY SALTER.

"Kismet!"—Foreshadowing the doom of the Turk in Europe.

As the fall of Constantinople was only a question of time, the problem of its future guardians loomed large upon the political horizon. The article below, written by an acknowledged authority when the guns of the Queen Elizabeth and of her consort ships were battering the forts of the Dardanelles possesses a permanent as well as a contemporary interest. This photograph shows various points in and around the capital of Islam, including the Golden Horn, Galata, and Stamboul in the foreground, and the position of the Bosphorus in the rear.

CONSTANTINOPLE

By JOHN FOSTER FRASER, Author of "The Land of Veiled Women"

THERE will be no pelting of Constantinople with half-ton shells, flung from ironclads so far away that they look like a pat of smoke on the skyline. The Turk is too sensible for that. He hates the dog of a Christian, but he accepts kismet and loves Stamboul.

It is the most beautiful city in the world—if you don't visit it. If our Jack Tars see it on a sunny afternoon, they will think it much better than the grand Bagdad scene in the Portsmouth pantomime. For it will be a heave of creamy white domes and slim minarets, and mysterious blank walls, and shuttered casements. It will be the enchanted city, laved by a sea that is blue and canopied by a sky that is bluer still. It will be so exquisite that middies will forget the glorious banging through the Dardanelles, and think of Oriental houris, and wonder about the charmers of the harem.

Where Distance Lends Enchantment

But if the British sailors want to have an abiding love for Constantinople, they had better not land; in the interests of poetry, shore leave should be prohibited. For the capital of the Caliphs—the Sultan is Caliph, and therefore a sort of monarchial hereditary archbishop of the entire Mohammedan world—is smelly; the streets are mean and unclean, and though you will meet folk who are simply enraptured with the quaintness of the East, you may take it as a pose, and that they are exercising the rhapsody with which they hope to make untravelled friends jealous when they return home.

Yet it is interesting, fascinatingly interesting, because it is an extraordinary jumble of East and West. There are bits of Asia and bits of Europe, and the whole thing is jumbled up like a broken kaleidoscope. The modern Turk, while he wears a red fez, also wears a frock-coat. He goes to music-halls and drinks beer. The modern Turkish lady likes to dress in Parisian gowns—or perhaps just now they are Berlin gowns—and she reads French novels. The rules of the harem still hold. According to the Prophet, women must hide their faces from strange men. In Constantinople the wealthier ladies obey in the letter only, for their veil is nothing but thin gauze stretched across the face below the lustrous eyes, and so piquancy is added to the features. The middle-class women rarely bother with a veil; their costume in the street is quakerishly demure, and, rain or shine, they all carry a cheap Austrian umbrella, as a shield against inquisitive male eyes.

Constantinople ought to be Eastern; but it is in Europe, and has got contaminated. It is not European and not Asiatic, but a bad blend of both. You will get a better idea of an Oriental market-place in the play "Kismet" than you will get in Stamboul, which is the Turkish name—its customary name being in commemoration of Constantine the Great. It has had lots of buffeting during the ages, and a catalogue of the sieges to which it has been subjected would fill half a column. But, up to the hour of writing, it has fallen only twice—in the fifteenth century, when the Turks got it, and in the thirteenth century, when the Crusaders got it. The place is full of mosques, three hundred of them. The most interesting is that of S. Sophia. I shall never forget attending the midday prayer, when there was a mighty congregation of Moslems, and they all knelt with foreheads on the ground and gave thanks to Allah. High on the walls of S. Sophia you see the cross, relic of the time when the Crusaders were here, and it was a Christian church. After being Mohammedan for five hundred years, will it revert to the Christian faith, I wonder?

Fair Without, but Foul Within

The notorious Constantinople dogs have been got rid of. Generations of particular dogs lived in particular streets, and terrible was the uproar when any adventurous mongrel from a neighbouring lane strayed into a forbidden area. The dogs were scavengers, grew fat and presumptuous, refused to move, and bit humans who attempted persuasion. So most of them were put on board ship, taken to an island in the Sea of Marmora—and that closed the chapter. The folk who have the cleansing of the Constantinople streets will never get a diploma from an international health exhibition. There is ever a pervading odour of defective cesspool, garlic, and decayed Turk. Much of the city has crumbled to actual disappearance; huge uneven walls tell of its greater dimensions; up weird alleys are the ancient-type buildings, and behind the latticed windows you may be sure are peering eyes of the womenfolk.

Now and then you will meet the old Turk, bearded,

(Continued on page 932.)

Prussian Plotters with their Turkish Dupes

Left: Ali Abdjeeh (second from right), sheikh of the Senussi, who was bribed by the Germans to stir up ill-feeling against the Allies among his tribe. Right: The German Lieutenant Heiden, in command of the Turkish observation post, with three native soldiers working the field telephone in the background.

Sultan of Turkey driving in Constantinople before leaving for Broussa, the Asiatic retreat of the throne.

On the right, Djemal Pasha, who organised the disastrous Turkish attack on Egypt. Behind him is General von Frankenburg, his German Chief of Staff.

Saracen Turks set out on another anti-Christ campaign from the scene of the Crucifixion. Turkish troops at Jerusalem rest awhile on their march to the area of hostilities. Much disaffection prevailed among the Turks over the arrogance of their Teuton tyrants.

CONSTANTINOPLE *(Continued from page 930.)*

turbanned—a green turban if he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca—strict in religious observances, sitting on his haunches twirling amber beads and spitting on the ground when you pass, for your infidel presence pollutes the air.

The End of a Long Story

He is the relic of the old régime, and who when the Turk, officially rather than individually, is cleared "bag and baggage" out of Europe, will take his way to Brussa, the real Turkish capital, in Asia Minor. And that will be the end of a long story—for you remember that in the Middle Ages Turkish dominion extended right up to the Danube. For the last hundred years she has been pushed back, out of Serbia, out of Bulgaria, out of Macedonia, and now everything indicates she will be pushed out of the continent altogether.

That will be terrible to the Young Turks, who have come too late to regenerate their native country. Many of them were educated in Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. They imbibed European ideas. They deposed Abdul Hamid from the Sultanate — he had the most tragically unhappy face of any man I have ever seen —and they adopted that final evidence of advanced civilisation, a parliament. And wanting to be modern, Germany lent them its kindest aid, until Turkey got tied up in the German mesh, had to come into the war when the Turks did not want, and now the price will have to be paid. I can remember as a little fellow hearing the popular song, "The Russians shall not have Constantinople." Things have altered somewhat since then.

Minor effect of the Dardanelles forts bombardment. Ottoman porters removing petrol stores to a place of safety. Inset: Turk captured in Suez fighting.

Fair Women—Veiled and Unveiled

Of course, the seizure of Constantinople does not mean the clearing out of all Mohammedans. Russia has millions of Mohammedan subjects. But the changes which some of us have noticed during the last twenty years will be accentuated.

Already motor - cars meet the Orient Express to whiz you to your hotel — although, you understand, there has been no Orient Express from Paris to Stamboul since the war began. On the Galata side, where the Europeans live, there are as many uncovered ladies as there are those who are veiled. The gossamer-veiled ladies from the harem of a pasha, and in charge of flabby negro eunuchs, drive along the Grande Rue de Pera, and no doubt envy their infidel sisters who can go where they like. And these Turkish ladies, when they visit Europe—Vienna, Paris, London—cast their Orientalism behind them, and their enlightened husbands expect them to conform to custom.

I have sat next to a Turkish lady at a London dinner-party, and a week before she was in the harem at Constantinople.

How Constantinople Will Change

When the fall of the city comes, without any destruction of property, and the inhabitants have got over their fright, the life of Constantinople will be resumed—with changes. The Turkish Government will have gone, and soldiers of Russia, France, and Britain will be in possession. The lovely palaces along the Bosphorus, including the Yildiz Kiosk, the residence of the Sultan, will become museums.

Other flags than that with the crescent will flaunt. Other sacred buildings besides mosques will lift their heads. The transformation of Constantinople into a European city will grow apace. The veiled women and the shutters of the harem will be matters left to story-books. Some of us who liked to roam the uneven causeways of old Stamboul may have a few regrets. We will have many regrets if the romantic view from the Sea of Marmora is destroyed—and that must never be.

"Allah be with us!" Typical Turks, too old to be Germanised into the Kaiser's service, discuss events on the steps of a Constantinople mosque.

Ottoman sentry on duty on one of the large Turkish troopships from Anatolia to Stamboul.

Turkey's Death Struggle with Forces of Progress

Band of Turks officered by Germans on their way to meet the allied troops that had just landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula. It will be seen that they were equipped much as European soldiers.

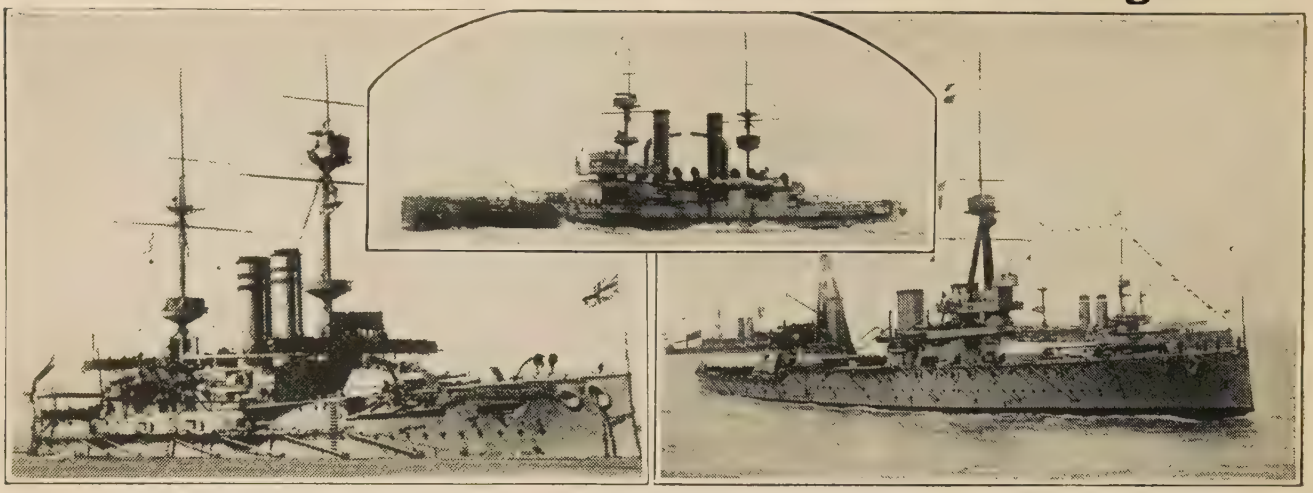
A Turkish infantry column resting by the wayside during the march to the Gallipoli Peninsula to combat the soldiers of civilisation.

Africa helps to thrust out the Turk from Europe. A large number of French Senegalese soldiers formed part of France's expeditionary force. This photograph shows these black warriors on their way to embark for the Dardanelles from Alexandria.

British Marines and a sailor with a landing-party in the Dardanelles returning to ship with a keg of fresh water.

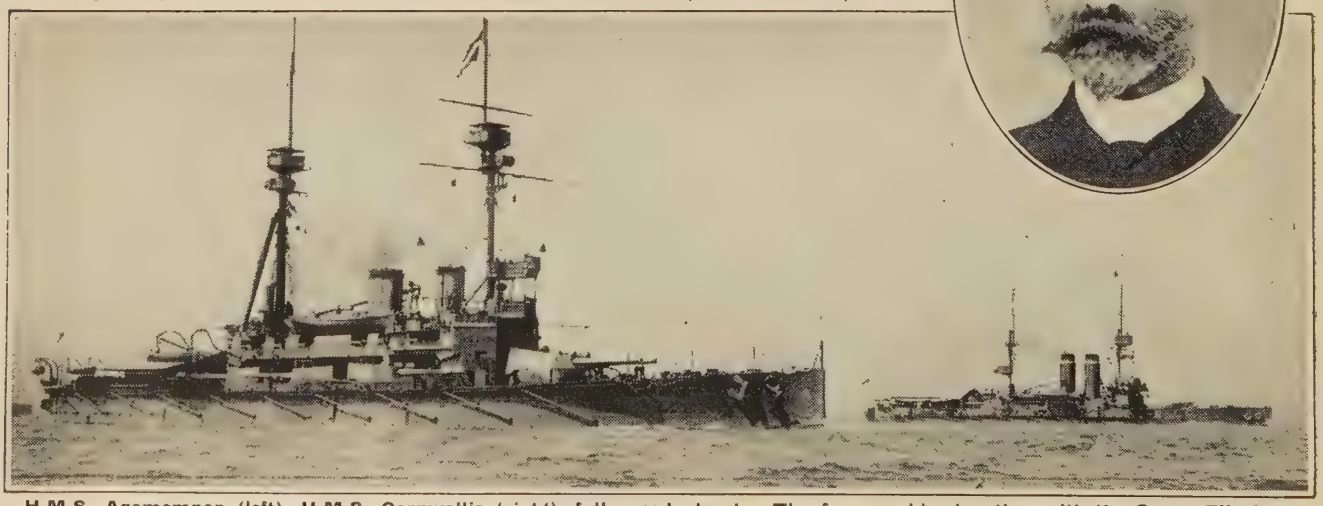
Men from old Gaul and the Island Continent fraternise aboard ship. French and Australians in happy camaraderie at the Dardanelles.

First Blows at the Gate to Islam's Stronghold:



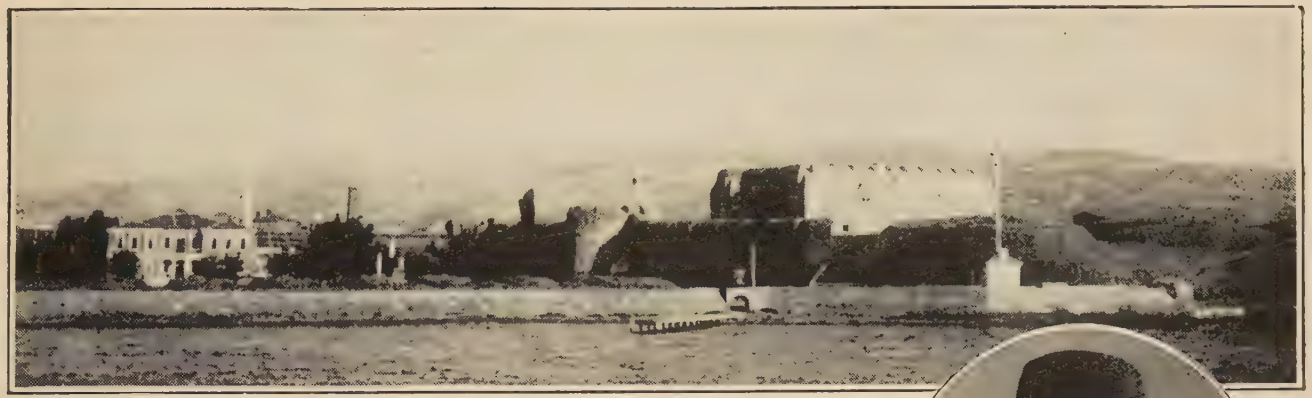
Left to right: H.M.S. Vengeance, which at close range assisted in the destruction of Cape Helles Battery. H.M.S. Triumph, which worked in conjunction with the Vengeance and Albion. H.M.S. Inflexible, battle-cruiser of Invincible class, armed with eight 12 in. guns.

A sight to strike terror into the treacherous Turk. The allied ships as they appeared at the entrance to the Dardanelles. Inset: Vice-Admiral Sackville H. Carden, of the British Squadron.

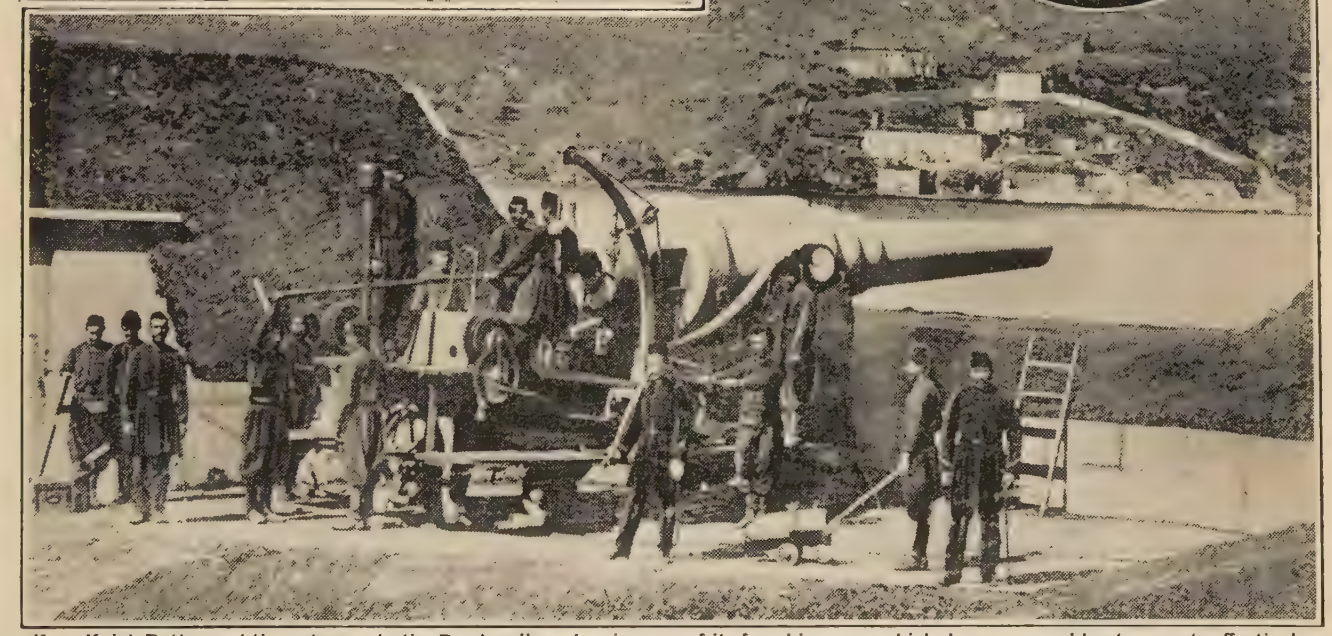


H.M.S. Agamemnon (left), H.M.S. Cornwallis (right), full speed ahead. The former ship, together with the Queen Elizabeth, bombarded the Dardanelles forts at long range, and a shell from Cape Helles Battery struck her at 11,000 yards, killing three men and wounding others. The Cornwallis, under cover of the long-range fire, helped to complete the destruction of this fort.

Attacking the Waterway to Constantinople



Fort Sedel Bahr, just inside the straits on the European bank. Other big defences destroyed by the Allies were Cape Helles Battery, Forts Orkhenieh Tabia, and Kum Kaleh.



Kum Kaleh Battery, at the entrance to the Dardanelles, showing one of its four big guns, which, however, could not compete effectively with the Allies' fire. The action in this erstwhile impregnable zone was substantial proof to Balkan neutrals of the extent of the Allies' power. Insets : General view of Constantinople, the objective of the Allies, and the Sultan of Turkey.

Preparing for the inevitable attack on Constantinople. New Ottoman troops drilling in front of the Turkish War Office.

British Marines in Islam's Forsaken Forts

"Water-gunners," as the Royal Marines were nicknamed, in Turkish forts built with German money. Left: Sentries in an abandoned Turkish redoubt. Right: Good cover behind a dismantled Turkish fortress.

Left: Royal Marines arriving to take up guard duties ashore. Right: Marine sentry interested in the native method of washing clothes by beating them upon rocks.

Turkish women and children soon became quite used to the presence of sturdy British bluejackets and Marines. They quickly realised that these men did not wage war on non-combatants, and that they were perfectly safe. "Jack," especially, was always a prime favourite.

Brave Marines at the Gallipoli Landing

THE co-operation between the Marines and the soldiers at the great landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula on April 25th, 1915, was absolute. The ranks of both were fired by a common enthusiasm for the work in hand. According to the account of a special correspondent with the operating forces: "I believe I am right in saying that the first Ottoman Turk since the last Crusade received an Anglo-Saxon bayonet in him at five minutes after 5 a.m. on April 25th. It was over in a minute. The Turks in the first trench were bayoneted or ran away, and a Maxim gun was captured."

As evidence of the spirit animating the men who did the dangerous work we may quote further from the same eye-witness:

"The first authentic news came with the return of our boats. A steam pinnace came alongside with two recumbent forms on her deck, and a small figure, pale but cheerful, and waving his hand astern. They were one of our midshipmen, just sixteen years of age, shot through the stomach, but regarding his injury more as a fitting consummation to a glorious holiday ashore than a wound, and a chief stoker and petty-officer, all three wounded by that first burst of musketry which caused many casualties in the boats just as they reached the beach."

The despatch from the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Sir Ian Hamilton, which gave a detailed account of the landing operations, told a story of unprecedented daring and heroism. Units from Australasia, from India, from Britain, detachments of the Royal Naval Reserve—all fought with invincible doggedness in the face of terrific odds, until they gained, held, and improved their position on the hostile Turkish coast.

Wonderful Photographs of Britain's War in the Levant: Reducing Turkish Forts

General view of Seddul Bahr, one of the first gates to Constantinople on the European side of the Dardanelles, after it had been battered to pieces by the Allied Fleet. A British torpedo-boat destroyer patrolling in front of the fallen fort, while sister ships were forcing the difficult Narrows. Inset on left: A fountain of steaming foam. Impression of a Turkish field-gun shell, having fallen wide of its mark, exploding in the water.

The veil which shrouded the Allies' stupendous operations in the Dardanelles was to some extent lifted by the occasional publication of photographs, such as the above, from the scene of operations. The last snapshot, taken close in under hot fire, shows Kum Kaleh Fort in its death throes. The big Turco-Teuton guns, silenced for ever, are seen still standing in the embrasures. Kum Kaleh is on fire, and a cloud of smoke obliterates the horizon. In the centre a British landing-party shelters under the glacis of the fort.

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Great Landing Battles of the Dardanelles

STRIKINGLY strange are the changes in position between our last great war and the present one. In the spring of 1801 a British fleet, with troopships carrying a British army, anchored off the Turkish coast near the Dardanelles, to allow our soldiers and sailors to practise landing exercises. When the Scotsman commanding them reckoned they were excellent at their work, he left the Turks, whom he found useless as allies in modern warfare, and by a storming attack against Napoleon's troops entrenched round Aboukir Bay, he conquered Egypt with a British army of not more than 15,000 men.

This used to be the greatest landing feat in our history. It took Sir Ralph Abercrombie only a single day to beat down the opposition of the enemy, and land his troops by boat under the fire of powerful hostile guns. But the glory of Aboukir Bay has now been eclipsed by the achievement of another Scottish soldier—Sir Ian Hamilton—commanding troops from nations which did not exist in the days when the British made their first conquest of Egypt. Terribly different from the flat Egyptian shore was the tangle of hills and of thorn-bush valleys, surmounted with forts, in the Gallipoli Peninsula, guarding the Dardanelles. A few months before, a combined British and French fleet had met with serious disaster in a vain attempt to force the passage guarded by the forts. So part of the strange new British army of Egypt had been called out to help their naval comrades.

"The Strange New British Army"

There was an Australian contingent, linked with the New Zealand contingent, under the command of General Birdwood. Acting with the Colonial army was our 29th Division, under General Hunter Weston, with a French Colonial Division, under General D'Amade, famous for his achievements in Morocco. Sir Ian Hamilton was in high command of all these military forces, and Admiral de Robeck directed the naval side of the operations. The Turks holding the natural fortress of Gallipoli seem to have numbered about 80,000. They were commanded for the most part by German officers, and strengthened by a large force of German artillerymen, who employed motor-batteries as well as ordinary field-pieces, and heavy guns set in entrenched camps.

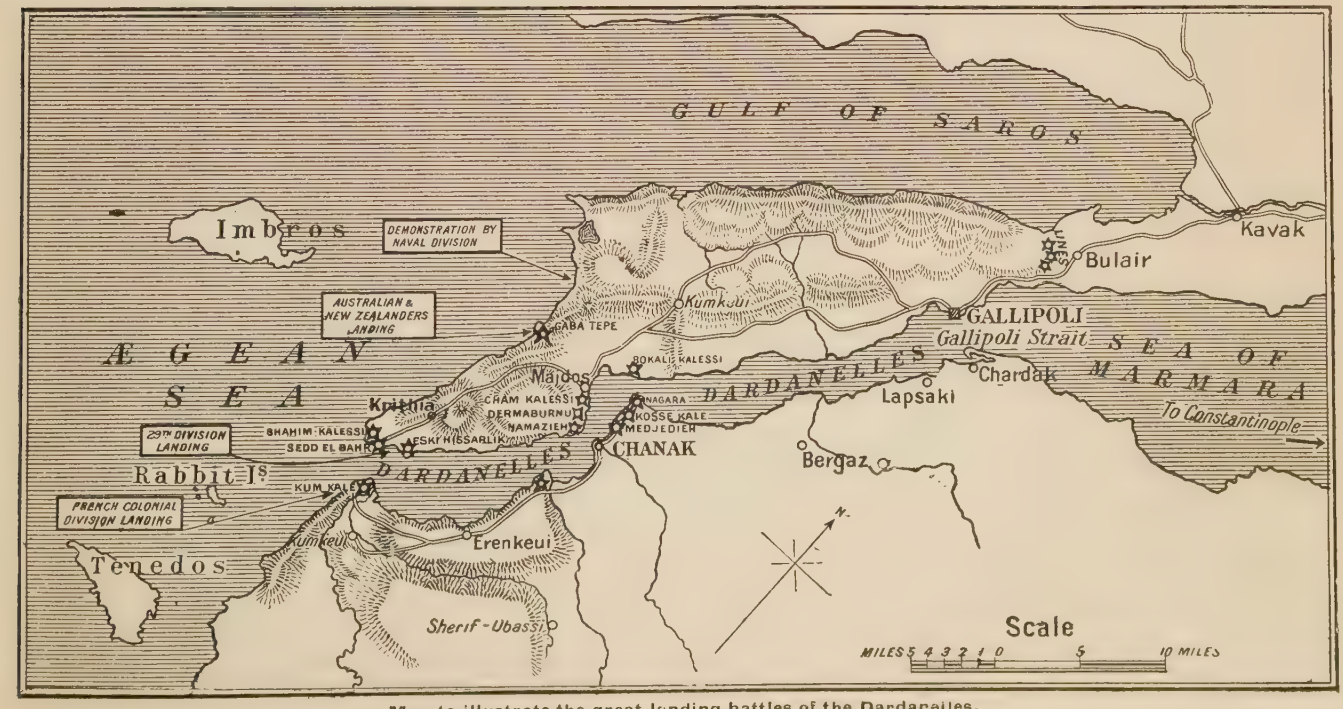
Owing to the lie of the land, the tremendous ordnance of our fleet could not clear a path for our Colonial troops at their selected landing-place, for the cliffs were so steep that no direct fire could be brought to bear upon the Turkish lines. Such was the position at the promontory of Gaba Tepe, on the sea side. The only other practicable landing-place was just inside the Dardanelles, near the fort of Seddul Bahr. Here was an inviting bay, giving easy access to the mountainous land behind. But the trouble was that this bay was dominated by powerful guns of German motor-batteries, firing from the other side of the strait, near the fort of Kum Kale. The Allied Fleet could not keep down the fire of these motor-batteries; in fact, the German artillerymen gave the battleships that came within their range a warm time.

The Allies' Two Useful Feints

On these facts, the plan of operations was drawn up, and put into execution on the night of Saturday, April 24th, 1915. Admiral de Robeck provided a naval division, which drew off the Turks, by preparing to force a landing on a strip of flat land some miles north of Gaba Tepe. This was only a feint. The real attack was made against the steep sandstone cliffs of Gaba Tepe, by the Australians and New Zealanders. At the same time the French Colonial Division feinted at the Plain of Troy, and, having attracted the Turkish forces to this neighbourhood, they swerved in landing and stormed the battered fort of Kum Kale. The result was that the German motor-batteries had to retreat southward. But this Kum Kale attack was also only a strong and useful feint. It was intended to clear away the German guns, and allow our 29th Division to embark on the other side of the strait in the bay near Seddul Bahr. There were great rejoicings in Constantinople over the defeat of General D'Amade's Division on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. But all that happened was that the French troops first ensured the safe embarkation of our men, and then crossed the strait themselves, in accordance with the original plan of attack, and reinforced our 29th Division.

There were thus two small Allied armies attacking from the west and the south the formidable natural fortress of Gallipoli. Two great mountain masses separated them from each other, and they had to operate for weeks without being able to give any mutual assistance, until they had each driven a great wedge into the German-

(Continued on page 940.)



Map to illustrate the great landing battles of the Dardanelles.

 Continued from page 939.)

Turkish army. At the time of writing we do not know much about the fortunes of our 29th Division and the French troops acting with it.

After effecting a landing by nightfall on Sunday, April 25th, they were held up all the next day by Turkish infantry and German artillery entrenched on the hills behind massive wire entanglements. But on Monday evening the leading troops of the British force stormed the first line of heights near Seddul Bahr, from which they were able to cover the disembarkation of the rest of the division. On Tuesday evening they were joined by the French troops, and then, with the guns of one of our battle squadrons clearing their way, they advanced up the slopes of the height of Hill 730, east of the village of Krithia. It took the combined army corps of allied troops a week and more to advance from Seddul Bahr to Krithia, a distance of only four miles! It was an eight days' raging, incessant, night and day battle, in which our troops beat back stronger forces, through wire entanglements, land mines, wolf-pits, and broken, scrub-covered rock.

An Incessant Eight-Day Battle

It is hard to say whether our southern or western forces had the more arduous job. But certainly the Australians and New Zealanders had, from the beginning, a terrible time of it. If, when they were training in Egypt, they envied the heroism of our Regular soldiers in forcing the passage of the Aisne, they lost all ground for envy when they themselves landed in the light of a half-moon beneath the cliff of Gaba Tepe. They were conveyed in boats at three o'clock in the morning, towed by steam pinnaces, with British battleships behind them. Just on five o'clock, when the boats were close to the beach, a line of Turkish troops, entrenched on the foreshore, opened fire with rifles and machine-guns. No reply was made from the boats, though many of our men were struck; but when shallow water was reached, a party of Australians leaped into the sea, without charging their magazines, and took the Turkish trench with the bayonet, capturing a machine-gun.

Halfway up the wall-like cliff was another Turkish trench from which the enemy was pouring a deadly fire on boats and troops. The Australians stopped to charge their magazines; then, clutching at the scrub on the face of the cliff, they climbed up. Some were shot down, but in fifteen minutes the others had bayoneted or scattered all the Turks and captured the second trench.

By this time it was clear daylight, and the misty central mass of mountain by Gaba Tepe could be seen rising immediately in front of the landing-party. The nearest summit was nine hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and it sloped down in ridges of broken ground, seams of water-courses, and patches of thornbush, all giving good cover for thousands of Turkish sharpshooters. These concentrated their fire at almost point-blank range on the crowded boats, and all day long the work of disembarkation had to be carried on under the ceaseless fire of the Turkish snipers.

But the enemy did not have things all his own way. For at daybreak our fleet opened fire with all their smaller guns, while the advanced companies of Australians fought their way to the top of the first ridge, and then opened battle. Their way of fighting was heroic and venturesome. They did not entrench under the shelter of a covering fire from the naval guns, but crept forward, east and north, round the central height, searching for their foes. No help could be given to them by the fleet. For the Turkish positions had not been discovered, nor was the strength of the Turkish forces at this point known, so the Australians set out in search of information. They drove back, in fierce little spurts of guerilla warfare, the Turkish line near the sea. Then the German commander sent forward a strong reserve force, and tried to outflank the Australians. But they too were reinforced, and they held the ridge against all counter-attacks.

Meanwhile some of the enemy's guns came into action from a concealed position, from which they enfiladed all the beach with shrapnel fire. One of our cruisers steamed close to the shore, and knocked out the battery with a tornado of shells. Then, as night fell, the grand German-Turkish counter attack came. In dense columns they advanced, the men who desired to save Constantinople and the Ottoman Empire. They were brave to death, these descendants of the last great conquering race of Asia. But the men of a remote and newly discovered continent in the southern seas had that within them which no Turk could withstand.

The Flash of the Colonials' Bayonets

The freest-born of all men, these sons of the new Commonwealth of the Southern Cross, without the help of a single gun ashore, beat back the defenders of the Dardanelles, and then advanced again and again against the storm of shrapnel fire. Dawn broke with no lull in the great decisive landing battle. For just before daybreak the Turkish army was again strongly reinforced. From the fighting-tops of our battleships the sailors could see new hostile batteries being hauled into position on the heights.

But the Colonial troops had now done the main part of their work in the landing operations. For the positions and forces of the enemy were fully disclosed. And as the Turkish infantry descended in large masses to drive our men into the sea, Queen Elizabeth, with her 15 in. guns, and other warships, with 12, 6, and 4 in. armament, opened fire. In a single shell from Queen Elizabeth there were 20,000 bullets. She fired eight of these shells at every salvo, and repeated the dose in less than a minute. The mountainous ground occupied by the Turks was transformed into a smoking volcano with common shell and shrapnel from the British fleet. For two hours the ships continued to fire, and under the arch of death and flame and thunder which they formed, our Colonial troops advanced and dug themselves in. Then there was a sudden silence. The bayonets of Australia and New Zealand flashed on the height, and the shattered Turkish forces broke and fled.

Turkish troops drilling at Taxim Barracks, Constantinople, before proceeding to Gallipoli Peninsula to meet the allied forces.

In the Shell-swept Waterway of the Dardanelles

THE British and French naval attack on the Dardanelles in the month of March, 1915, was a movement daring in its conception and strong in its effort. That it was not immediately successful is no reflection upon the wisdom of the decision that undertook it. The prize that would have fallen on the stroke of success was something well worth risking a great deal for—nothing less than the paralysis of Turkey for further offensive, the opening of the trade route that would have admitted a stream of much-needed munitions and military supplies to Russia's southern ports, and have freed her stores of grain to feed her Allies in the west, and an object lesson on the strength of the Allies to the hesitating Balkan neutrals.

The illustration above is a bird's-eye view of H.M.S. Triumph, which destroyed the forts at Smyrna, with another battleship ahead, moving up the Straits behind the mine-sweepers and under heavy shell fire from the Turkish land forts. The news of the naval activities in the Dardanelles conveyed two surprises to the world—the fact that the Queen Elizabeth with her huge 15 in. guns was in commission and thundering at the entrance to the waterway to Constantinople, and that the Ark Royal, the first ship made to accommodate aeroplanes, was also doing her part in naval warfare. The great range of the Queen Elizabeth's guns enabled her to fire her mammoth shells from the Saros Gulf over the intervening hills into the forts of the Narrows.

Britons Invade the "Impregnable" Peninsula

Shrapnel fired from British men-o'-war in the Dardanelles Straits bursting over the Turkish troops, which were opposing the landing of forces from the transport to the left of the photograph.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Captain Walford, members of Lieut.-General Sir John Maxwell's Headquarters Staff in Egypt.

THE first stage of the Allies' journey to Constantinople was over when our troops had landed and firmly entrenched themselves astride the Gallipoli Peninsula, facing the heights of Achi Baba, the first of the Turco-German forces' commanding positions that we had to gain before we could move up the Peninsula and open the gates of the Narrows for the Allied Fleet.

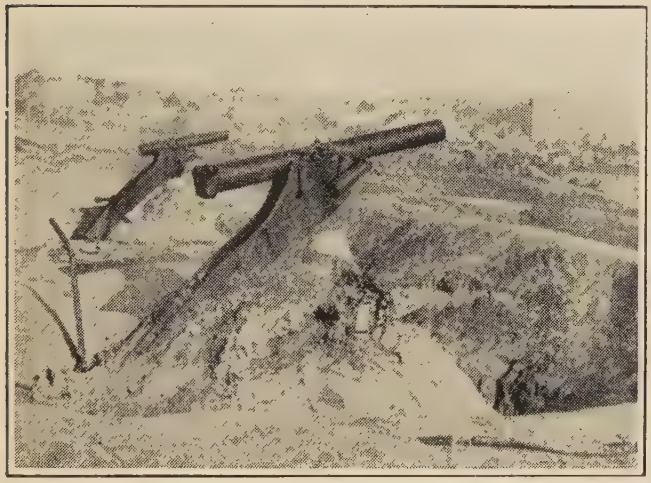
When our Navy is through the Narrows, then the end will have come for the Turks and their German leaders. Meanwhile, the enemy fought his hardest to carry out General von Liman's command to drive us into the sea. This, however, could not be done, for the Allies' position was impregnable. Still, as the official correspondent at the Dardanelles stated, "Victories leading to decisive results can no more be gained in a day on the Gallipoli Peninsula than they can be in France or Belgium."

Two of the striking photographs on this page illustrate a portion of the great work of our Navy and Army on that memorable 25th of April, when, under the covering fire of our warships' guns, yet in face of difficulties that seemed insuperable, the landing-parties gained their first footing on the Peninsula.

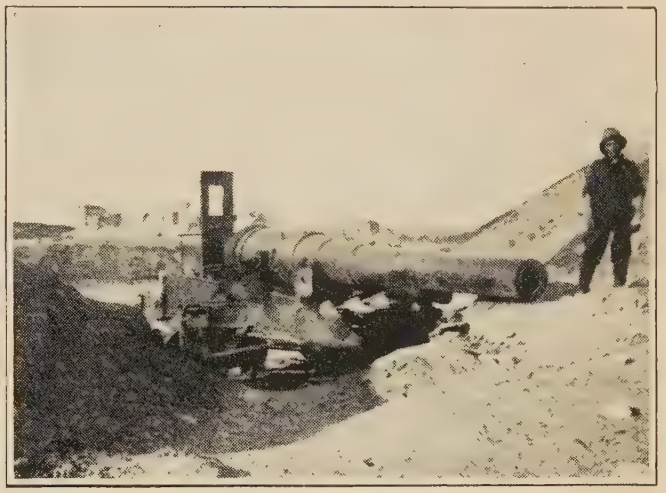
Australian members of the Expeditionary Forces at the Dardanelles landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula under covering fire from British and French battleships, whose guns kept the Turks at bay until the British troops had obtained their footing ashore.

Historic Landing on Gallipoli under Fierce Fire

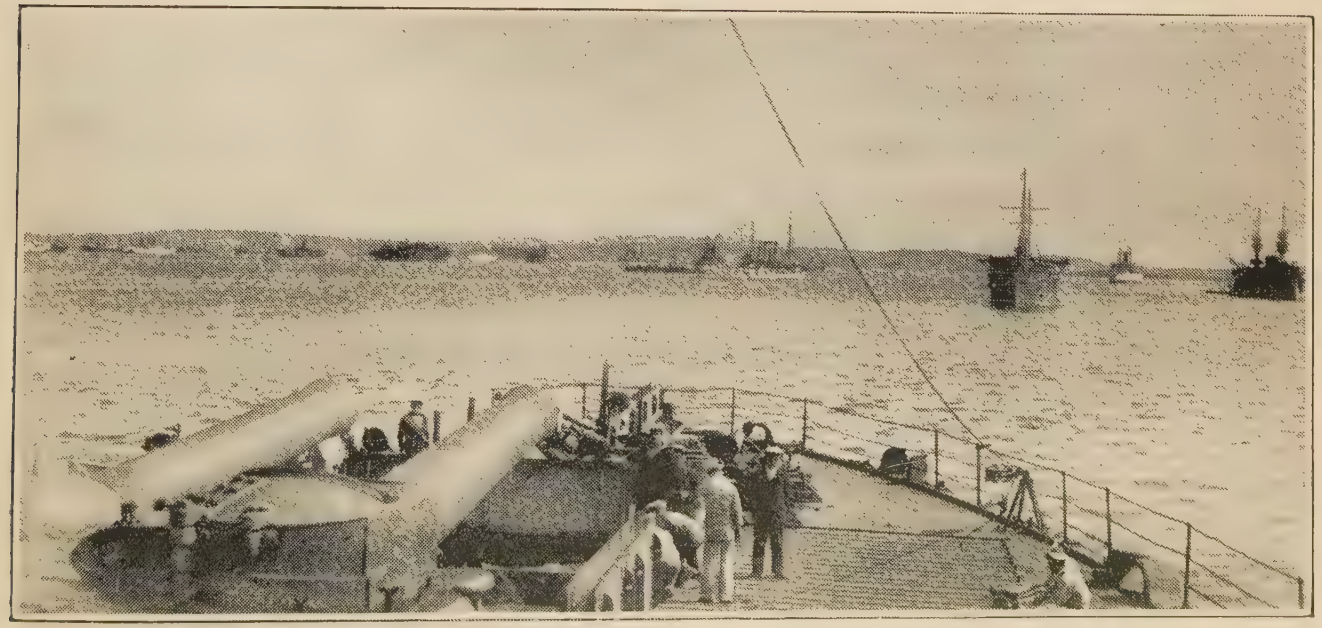
Australian troops disembarking under fire on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The photographs on these pages were received from Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett, the famous journalist and official correspondent with the British forces in the Dardanelles.



Captured Turkish trenches and cannon that defended the shore at Sedd-ul-Bahr, where a terrible battle was fought in April. Part of the town of Sedd-ul-Bahr is seen in the background.



Another view of Sedd-ul-Bahr, showing the fortress of the town that was captured by the British, and one of the Turkish guns. Behind are the ruins of a monastery.



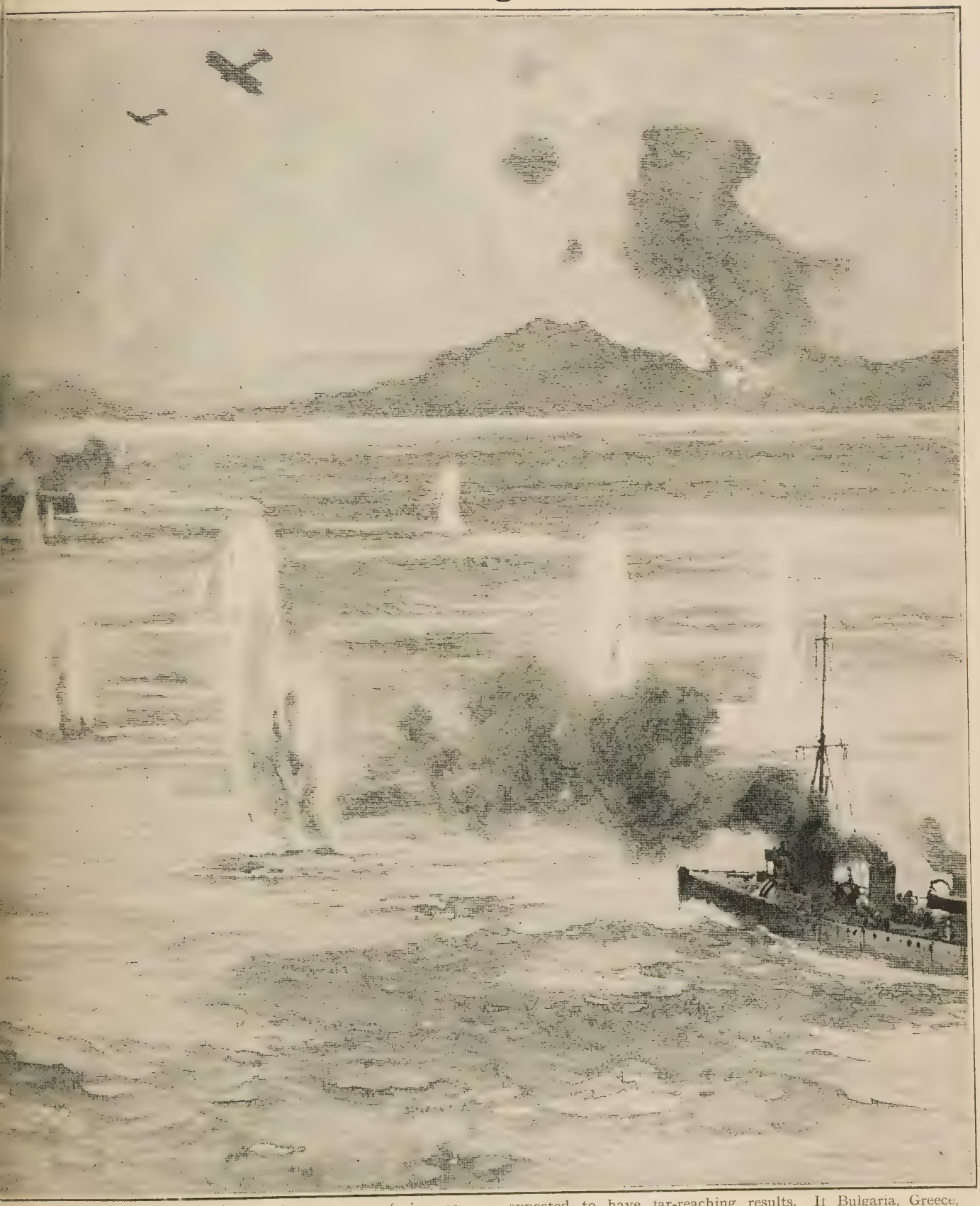
Ships of the Allied Fleet off the Dardanelles. A photograph taken aboard a British man-o'-war while British and Colonial troops were being landed on the shores of the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Sealing the Fate of Constantinople — T

WITH the advent of British and French battleships in Turkish waters the Islamic world became all a-tremble for the fate of Constantinople, so long immune from attack by sea. Thanks to the progress of scientific armament, the impregnability of the Dardanelles was proved as mythological as the swim of Leander across the Hellespont near by.

All forts as far as the Narrows were very soon silenced. A point there were eleven formidable defences on the Europear and three at Chanak on the Asiatic shore. Here the su power of the new and amazing super-Dreadnought Elizabeth enabled an indirect ton-shell bombardment fro Gulf of Saros over five miles of the Gallipoli Peninsula. T

Allied Armada Forcing the Dardanelles



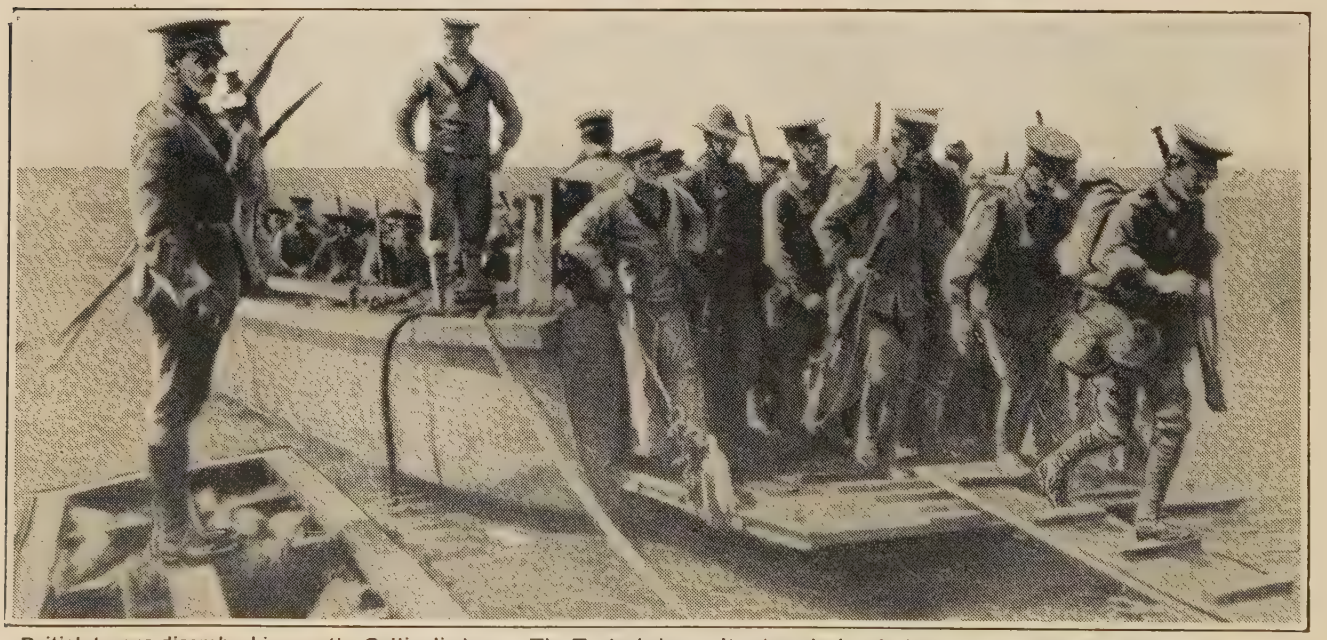
the gunners could not see their objective, accuracy of aim was assured them by seaplane scouts and other ships.

Apart from the great military significance of the opening of the Straits—for the fall of Constantinople was calculated to bring about a disruption in Turkey, and possibly her secession from Germany as an ally—the political effect in the Balkans was expected to have far-reaching results. If Bulgaria, Greece, and Rumania were to benefit by the complete expulsion of the Ottoman from Eastern Europe, their duty lay in armed action against Teuton and Turk. The drawing shows consecutively the Cornwallis, Gaulois (French), Vengeance, and Suffren (French), within the Dardanelles, replying to the fire of the Turkish forts.

The Empire's Great War in the Dardanelles

Disembarked Australian troops about to proceed to the firing-line in Gallipoli. The men from the Island Continent got ashore at Gaba Tepe, and immediately distinguished themselves. In the background a British man-of-war and transports may be seen.

The camp of the Australians somewhere in the Levant. A body of men are rigging up a tent, work with which they should be thoroughly conversant in view of their experience in the backwoods as pioneers.



British troops disembarking on the Gallipoli shore. The Turks being well entrenched and abundantly supplied with machine-guns, the successful landing of our Dardanelles force may be considered a great triumph, though it was only possible of achievement under the covering fire of British warships in the straits.

"Holy" Warriors in British Safe Keeping

The obvious sequel to the Turkish attack on Egypt fiasco. Several hundred Ottoman prisoners on their way to internment. Most of the "holy" warriors were only too happy to get away from their overbearing task-masters, the infidel Huns. Djemal Pasha's romantic plans for Ottoman reconquest of Egypt failed hopelessly. As it happened, only an inconsiderable force of Turks actually took part in the fight for the canal. The main army, apparently realising the superhuman difficulties of the campaign, retreated towards Beersheba without attempting a serious attack.

Another view of Turkish prisoners marching to a detention camp under an escort of Colonial troops. Inset: Wounded Turks being assisted aboard the hospital-train for Cairo by native railway guards.

Brothers in Empire and Arms under Egypt's Sun:

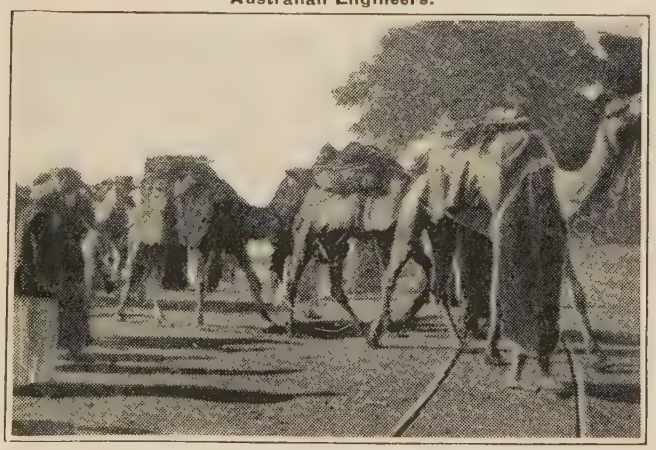
Members of the Lancashire Territorials, who were in training during the winter months of 1914–15 in Egypt, on a route march.

EARLY in November, 1914, the lads from the cotton mills and collieries of Lancashire left home for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the arts of modern war on the spacious sands of the dead empire of the Pharaohs. Then for many months, week in, week out, they marched and manœuvred from five-thirty in the morning, or thereabouts, till the rapid sundown of the Orient. The work was strenuous, but, from all accounts, the "Terriers" did wonders in their vast sandy training-camp during their "winter in Egypt."

Twelve hours' mimic fighting daily in the desert, locating a friendly "enemy's" trenches, elusive as the Turk himself, in the yellow glare, sharpened the Lancashire men's sense of war and developed a natural sense of humour. For an example of the latter, the remark of a cheery son of Wigan to an exhausted, perspiring, digging Australian, "Yon's not t'shortest waay t'Australia, laad," is very characteristic of Lancashire fun. Yes, the "Terriers" from Manchester and Wigan became as keen as any Regulars. They learnt things during their winter "holiday."

The Turk refused to go out of his way to meet them, but as events around Constantinople developed the Lancashire lads looked forward to the opportunity of meeting him on his native heath.

New bridge construction near the ancient Pyramids. A military suspension bridge, the work of the 3rd Field Company of Australian Engineers.



"Ships of the desert" come to safe anchorage after the storm of war on the canal. Camels returning from the front.

A group of the Territorial Engineers Section, and one of the pontoon boats that they have built.

Sunburnt Lancashire "Terriers" and Australians

Members of the Territorial Red Cross marching out from Cairo. Inset below: Some of the Queensland Transport Service men, with stores, leaving the capital for their encampment.

Australian engineers engaged in pontoon-bridge construction over an irrigation canal near the Pyramids.

Imposing funeral ceremony in the streets of Cairo. The body of a loyal Arab sheik, or chief, is being conveyed to its last resting-place with the solemn pomp and custom of the East. Blind men are leading the procession, a curious Mussulman funeral rite.

The Entente Cordiale in the Land of former Feuds

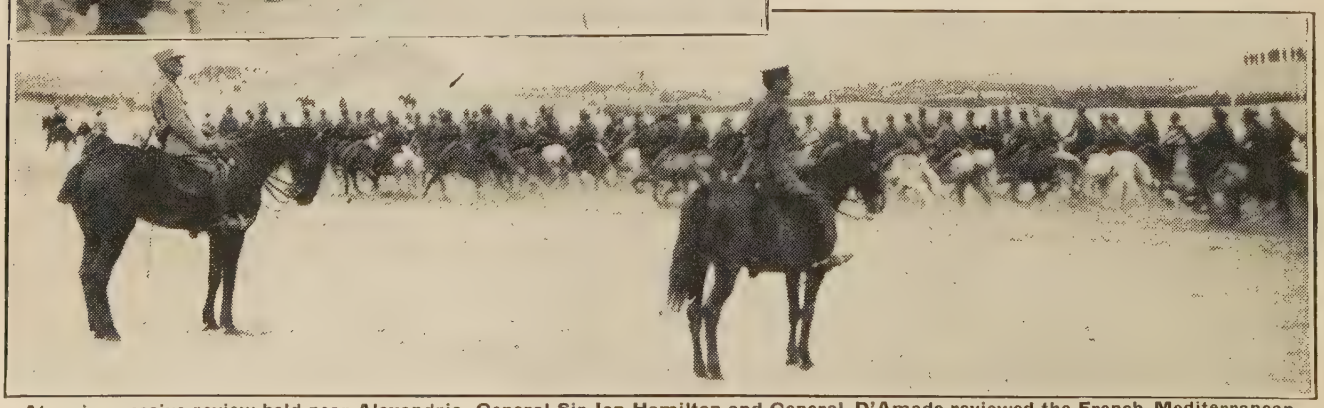
French Artillery marching along the desert road to Alexandria. This was the first time that French troops had visited Egypt in force since the memorable campaign of Napoleon in 1798.

Noted Franco-British Generals co-operating in the East. Generals D'Amade and Sir Ian Hamilton.

NAPOLEON'S memorable campaign in Egypt was recalled by the disembarkation in the Land of the Pharaohs of the descendants of his victorious armies, the French Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. By the exigency of time, the Tricolour came to fly over the sandy plains of Egypt, not in defiance, but in closest alliance with British power.

Sir Ian Hamilton, the Commander-in-Chief of the Dardanelles Expeditionary Force, reviewed with General D'Amade the French Mediterranean troops near Alexandria preparatory to a determined concerted movement against Turkey.

General D'Amade is the illustrious French soldier who was military attaché with the British Army during the Boer War. He afterwards commanded the French forces in Morocco with conspicuous success.



At an impressive review held near Alexandria, General Sir Ian Hamilton and General D'Amade reviewed the French Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. These last two photographs show respectively French infantry marching with the Tricolour in a typical Oriental setting, and the two Generals watching the dashing French cavalry moving in the desert sand.

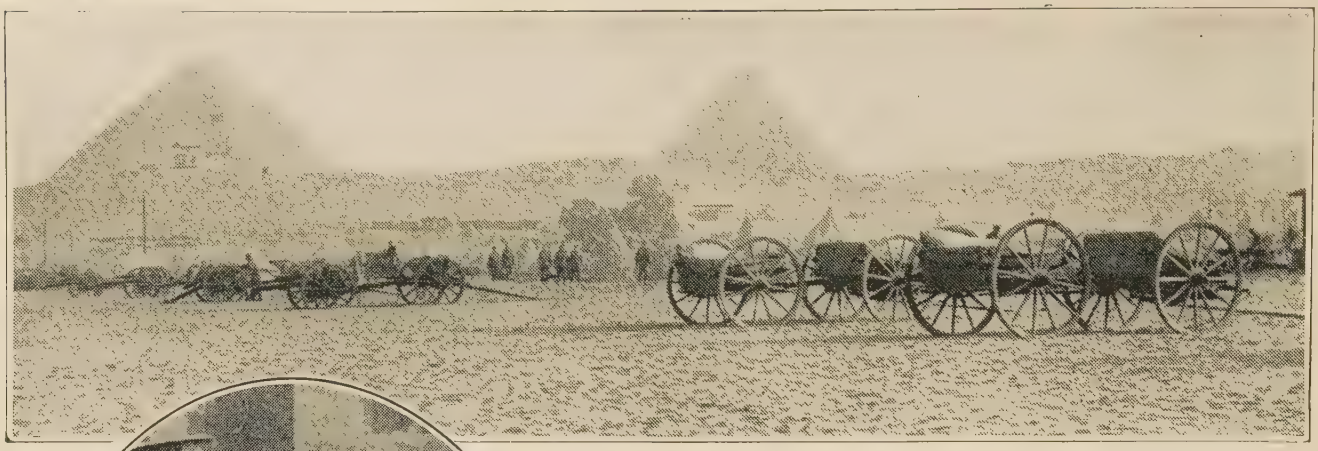
French Soldiers leaving Alexandria for the Dardanelles

French soldiers leaving their camp by tramcar for Alexandria, to embark for the Dardanelles. In the background is the Sultan's summer palace, the typically Eastern building, forming a strange contrast with the up-to-date electric tram that might have been taken from Shepherd's Bush. On the right: Parts of captured German locomotives at Alexandria.

Red Cross train at Alexandria that had brought wounded Indians from the Dardanelles. In front French soldiers are marching to embark. Inset: Departure of Senegalese troops for the Dardanelles. In the foreground, an Arab lemonade-seller.

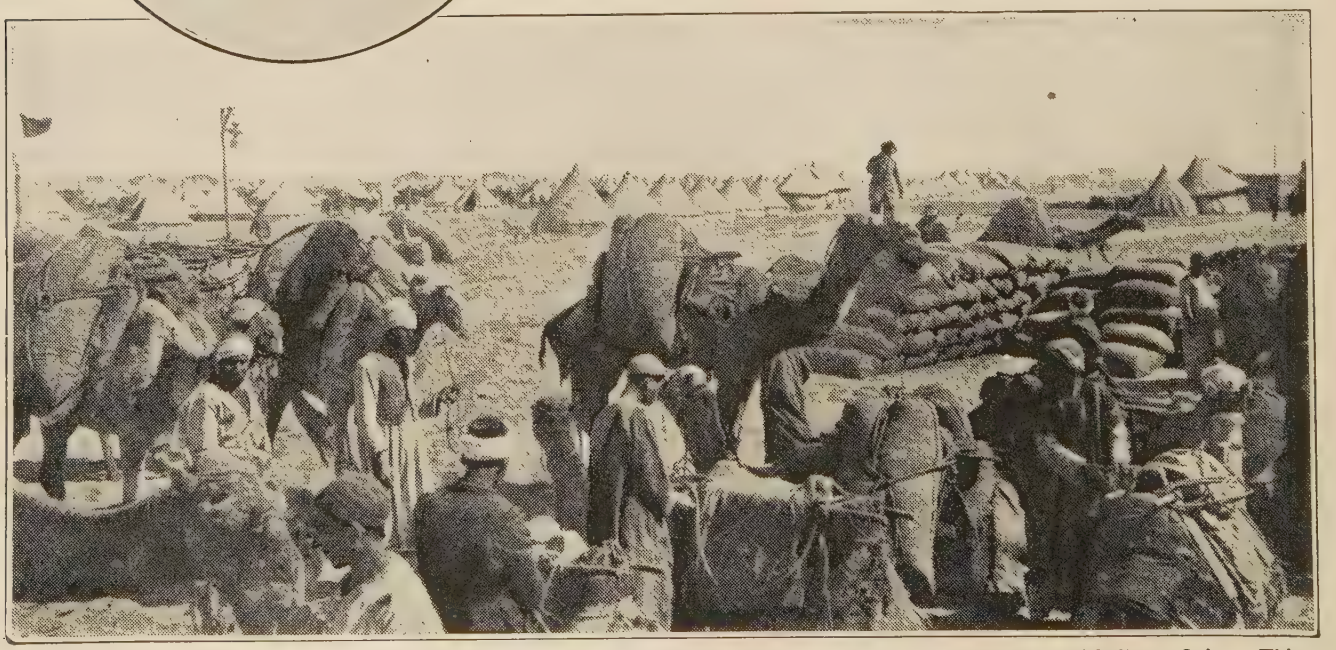
French cavalrymen with their horses on the quay at Alexandria just prior to embarking for the Dardanelles. The transport boats to take them to the fighting area are seen at the quay-side.

Egypt Wide-awake for any Turkish Trickery



Guns and ammunition-waggons of the Australian Field Artillery strike an ultra-modern note in the scene of war-preparation near the ancient Pyramids.

Left: An Arab drink-seller, clad as were his forefathers, and a British "Tommy" in the streets of Cairo. Right: British sentries at the Citadel, Cairo.



Crushed barley being unloaded from camels for the use of the New Zealanders at their camp on the desert at Leitoun, Cairo. This photograph admirably depicts the unchanging life of the Orient blending with the modern military activities of the Western rulers.

To face page 953

DESTRUCTION OF THE GERMAN CRUISER DRESDEN OFF JUAN FERNANDEZ ON MARCH 14TH, 1915.

Our battleships and cruisers
Are bodies built of steel,
With brain and nerve controlling,
That think and guide and feel.
And where the need is greatest
To guard, to fight, or save,
Is found the steel-built family,
The Watchers of the Wave.
'Tis through the men who 'gan them,
Who build, equip, and plan them,
The brains and nerves that man them,
Those bodies think and feel.

—Walter Jerrold.

In the small conning-tower of a submarine, whence havoc to great surface ships is launched.

BRITAIN'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE DEEP

H.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

The most powerful warship of her day, and the first of a new type of super-Dreadnought. She took part in the forcing of the Dardanelles, and is armed with eight 15 in. guns, that can send a projectile of nearly a ton in weight twelve miles. She has a displacement of 27,500 tons ; a nominal speed of 25 knots ; is 600 feet in length, and uses oil-fuel only.

The Dresden's Doom off Robinson Crusoe's Island

Near the scene of the sinking of the Dresden. View on the coast of Juan Fernandez Island, known to romance as the scene of Robinson Crusoe's adventures. Inset: Capt. Luce, H.M.S. Glasgow.

H.M.S. Glasgow, which took part in the sinking of the Dresden, the notorious German cruiser seen on the left.

Another coast scene on the beautiful Juan Fernandez Island. The Dresden, which escaped from the Falkland Islands Battle, eluded pursuit for over three months. On March 14th, 1915, she was discovered in hiding off her temporary base, Juan Fernandez, by H.M.S. Glasgow, Kent, and Orama, and after five minutes' action, hauled down her colours. The crew, including several seriously wounded, were rescued from the sinking vessel. Inset: H.M.S. Kent, which assisted in the destruction of the Dresden.

By permission of "The Illustrated London News."

THE DOGGER BANK BATTLE: SIR DAVID BEATTY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER ATTACK.—During the Dogger Bank Battle on January 24th, 1915, it was reported to Admiral Sir David Beatty at 11.3 a.m. that the injury to his flagship the Lion was incapable of immediate repair. He then directed the Lion to shape course N.W. At 11.20 he called the destroyer Attack alongside, shifting his flag to her at about 11.35 a.m. He then proceeded at utmost speed to rejoin the battle-cruiser squadron, and met them at noon retiring N.N.W. He then boarded and hoisted his flag in the Princess Royal at about 12.20 p.m., amidst the enthusiastic cheering of the crew. Admiral Beatty paid a notable tribute to the good seamanship of Lieut.-Commander Cyril Callaghan, of the Attack. The photograph shows the gallant admiral on the bridge of the Attack approaching the battle-cruiser Princess Royal.

British Sailors Rescue Drowning Enemies

ON March 14th, 1915, the German cruiser Dresden, that escaped destruction in the Falkland Islands Battle on December 8th, 1914, was sunk at the Chilian Island of Juan Fernandez by the British cruisers Glasgow and Kent and the armed merchantman Orama. The British sailors, true to the instincts of chivalry which constitute a national heritage, saved as many as possible of the drowning Germans, and the war-artist responsible for this picture has portrayed the scene where the German marines are being rescued from what would otherwise have been a watery grave by the crews of the British warships.

It was a fact—both remarkable and significant—that British sailors invariably exerted themselves to save the lives of drowning foes, and no less significant is the fact that there was no evidence of similar exhibitions of humanity when the positions were reversed, as they were when the Good Hope and the Monmouth were sunk by Admiral von Spee in the naval action off Coronel on November 1st, 1914.

The deadly comparison was mentioned by Sir Edward Grey in a despatch to the United States Government, transmitted to Germany, and although the German Government received the announcement "with loathing," it did not modify the gravity of the charge. The bombardment of unfortified English watering-places, the Lusitania incident, the German submarine policy of attacking merchant ships and neutrals, contrary to all the international laws of war, and the Zeppelin bomb policy that killed and wounded women and children are all evidences of the German spirit of "frightfulness" in warfare

THE GREAT EPISODES OF THE WAR

The Demoniacal Destruction of the Lusitania

WHEN the Lusitania left New York for Liverpool on May 1st, 1915, the Great War had been going on for nine months, amid every circumstance of barbarity on the part of the enemy, yet without the British people being stirred to a full depth of active indignation. But as Froissart said many hundred years ago of the English, they are very patient under great suffering, but in the end they pay back terribly.

It wanted but little at last to arouse our strangely sluggish and mild race to a complete sense of all that is involved in the crusade for civilisation. For this reason it is probable that the torpedoing of the unarmed Cunard liner may prove to be, from the British side, the most important event of the war.

Why Full Speed was not Maintained

The actual facts concerning the loss of the Lusitania are brief and simple. After an easy, pleasant voyage across the Atlantic, the superb ship passed the Fastnet at eleven o'clock on Friday morning. There was then a fog at sea, and the Irish coast was veiled in haze. To avoid any danger of colliding with small vessels, Captain Turner ordered his engineers to slow down to fifteen knots. But the weather cleared up, and the coast-line became plainly visible across the blue expanse of sea, and the speed of the ship was increased to eighteen knots. As a matter of fact, the Cunarder was the fastest liner afloat, and could be put to a speed of twenty-five knots or more. Captain Turner, however, kept her down to eighteen knots so that he should not arrive too soon by the bar at Liverpool, and have to wait, exposed to submarine attack, until the water was high enough to float the ship over the sand.

Meanwhile all the bulkhead doors were closed and the boats were swung out, as the ship neared the danger zone, about two o'clock in the afternoon. For the Old Head of Kinsale, fifteen miles south of which the Lusitania was steaming, was one of the chief places on our coasts from which ships took their bearings, so the sea assassins of Germany were lurking there.

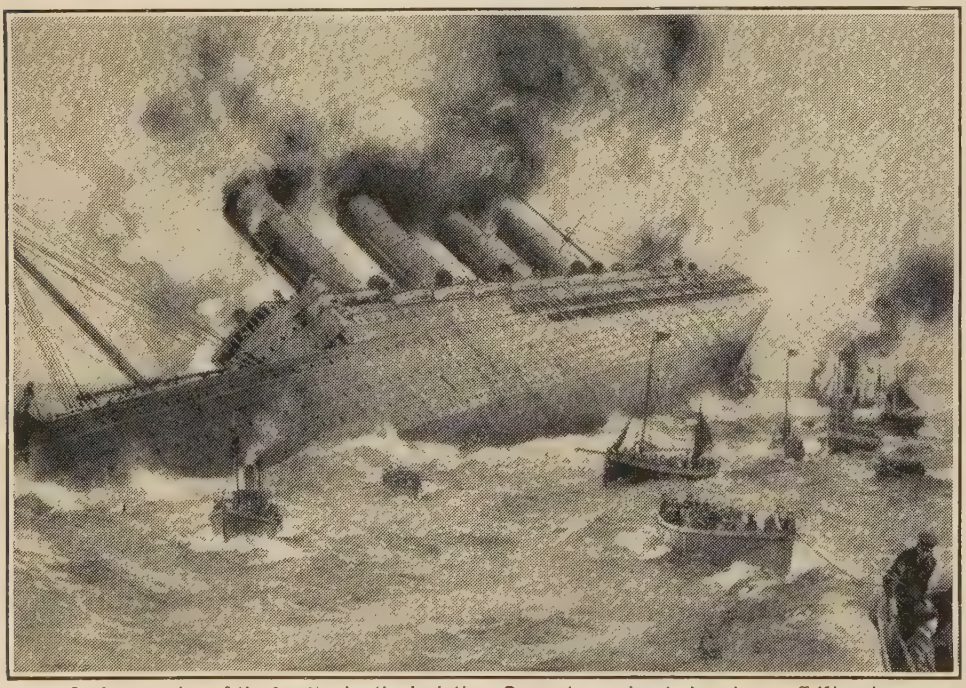
There were 1,906 men, women, and children on board the Cunarder, and, though most of them knew that the German Government had threatened to sink the ship, they felt perfectly safe. For, if the fastest passenger steamer in the world could not escape from submarine attack, when slower British troopships had for months worked across the Channel without a mishap, then all was not well with Britain. And the passengers, including hundreds of Americans and members of other neutral nations, thought with amusement upon the warning notice from the German Embassy at Washington, published in American newspapers. Lunch was finishing, and the band was playing "Tipperary," when a torpedo struck the Lusitania by the engine-room. Immediately afterwards there was another loud report; but it was not known whether this was due to an indirect explosion or to the impact of a second German torpedo.

Danger in Launching the Boats

The large amount of high explosive contained in the torpedoes used by the enemy submarine burst open some of the bulkhead doors and broke the steam-pipe, putting the engines out of action. The immense ship listed to starboard the moment she was struck, making it impracticable to lower boats on the high side. Moreover, as the engines were useless, it was impossible to get the way off the ship, and she continued to move until she dived. It is always extremely dangerous to attempt to lower boats from a moving ship, and though Captain Turner and his heroic crew laboured with calm and eager skill to save the passengers, there was a natural tendency to wait until the vessel slowed down. As in the case of the Titanic disaster, it was expected that the great ship, with her double skin and numerous water-tight compartments, would float for an hour or more.

Meanwhile, lifebelts were served out, and the women and children were helped into some of the boats that had been lowered to the rails, and some of these boats were launched safely. The captain's orders were promptly obeyed, and, with few exceptions, everybody was calm.

Most of the great loss of the lives of 1,134 non-combatants, a large proportion of whom belonged to neutral nations, was occasioned by the terrible rapidity with which the ship sank while she was still in motion. She was struck at fifteen minutes past two, and she dived at thirty-three minutes past two. The extraordinary suddenness of the final disaster appears to have been due to the immense damage done to the watertight bulkheads by the two explosions. Among the dead men remarkable for their heroism was Mr. Vanderbilt, who gave all his time to getting little children into the boats. Another American, the theatrical manager, Mr. Frohman, said a fine, memorable, and consoling thing. "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure in life!" That was the way the victims of the German sea assassins met their Maker. The quiet, patient Anglo-Saxon people are not easily cowed, as the savages of Europe will in the end discover.



An impression of the Lusitania, the leviathan Cunarder, going to her doom off Kinsale.

"My Handiwork!" By the Pirate Emperor

The banner of the Death's Head Hussars, which should also be the flag of the Kaiser's pirate fleet. The "Jolly Roger" is the most appropriate ensign for the Undersea Huns.

THE KAISER
in the uniform of a Death's Head Hussar.

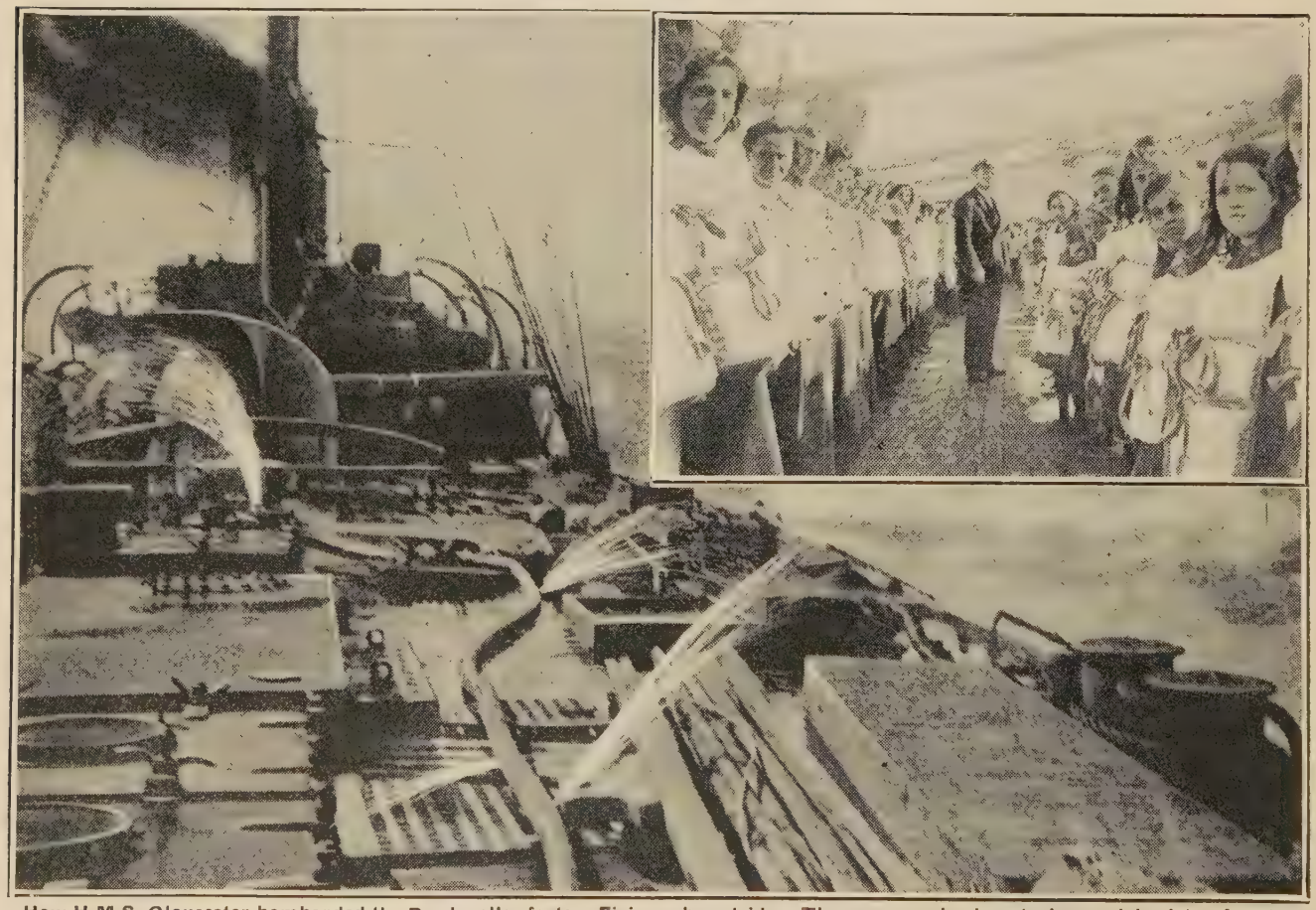
"LET us ring the joy-bells in Berlin to celebrate a great German victory. Let the news of our prowess penetrate throughout the Fatherland and to the remotest corners of the earth. Rejoice, ye Huns, over this spectacle of sixty-four coffins which contain the mortal remains of innocent women and children. At my orders have they and countless others been done to death. Have I not told you that I am more terrible than Attila, more ruthless than Nero and Herod? Woe to humanity! Woe to civilisation!"

These words, if not actually used by the Lord of Torture and Bloodshed and Vanity, no doubt are expressive of his sentiments in regard to the Lusitania outrage. He is the arch-fiend—his the shame.

Touching scenes were witnessed in the picturesque little cemetery of Queenstown when the unfortunate victims of the Kaiser's blood-lust were interred. This photograph was taken at the moment when the last rites were being celebrated over one of the graves, dug by the soldiers training in the district, and containing sixty-four coffins.

War-time Life on the Rolling Main

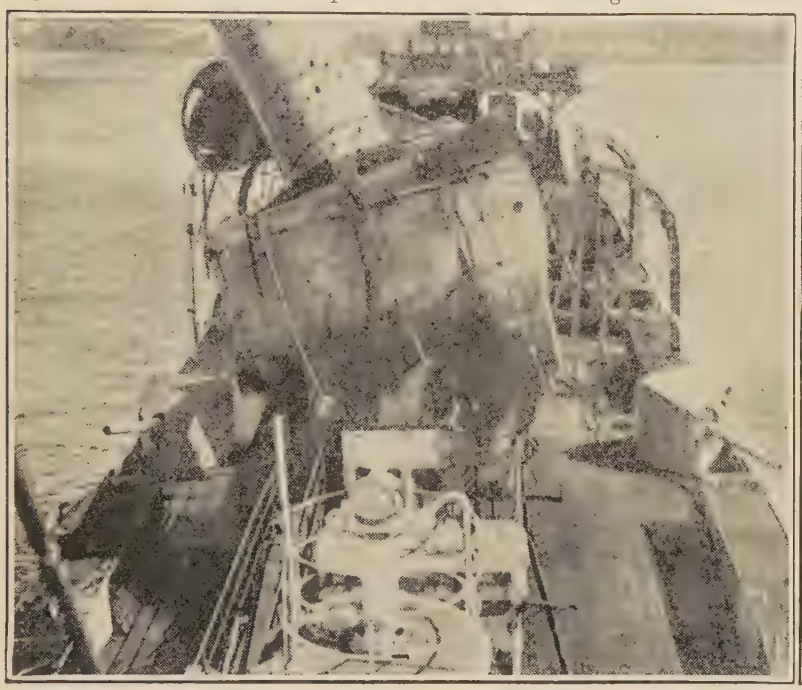
It was further proof that Britannia still ruled the waves, that the Germans could only find room beneath the seas. The deserted docks at Hamburg and other enemy ports, too, bore witness to the ruin wrought on Germany's overseas trade by the British Navy. Here is seen a British cruiser about to take a German prize in tow.



How H.M.S. Gloucester bombarded the Dardanelles forts. Firing a broadside. The gun crew is almost obscured by jets of water from a burst hose-pipe. These keep the decks constantly wet, so as to guard against fire during an action. Inset: Timely precautions by ocean passengers against the pirates. War-time life-belt parade on board a liner.

Destructive Power of British Naval Gunnery

THE photographs reproduced on this page are a special selection from a number taken of the notorious German raider, the Emden, after its fatal duel with H.M.A.S. Sydney. Although this subject has frequently been treated pictorially, and may perhaps be considered a hackneyed one, the exceptional merit of these photographs makes their publication imperative from an historical point of view. Here we get a really clear idea of the herculean power of British gunnery that tosses funnels about like shuttlecocks and reduces tempered steel to so much cindered scrap. And this was the work only of 6 in. guns. Conceive the destructive power of the Queen Elizabeth's 15 in. guns! Can it be wondered that the German Navy preferred to hide within the fastnesses of Kiel?



The battered Emden seen from the mainmast with Keeling Island in the background, on which she eventually grounded

A study in steely chaos. The Emden's funnels tossed about like shuttlecocks.

An impression of the fearful devastation on the starboard side of the German raider caused by H.M.A.S. Sydney's fire.

ITALY'S WATCH-DOGS OF THE ADRIATIC

THE DREADNOUGHT LEONARDO DA VINCI

Completed in 1914, she has a length of 577 ft., a displacement of 22,000 tons, and is armed with thirteen 12 in. guns, eighteen 4·7 in., fourteen 3 in., and three torpedo-tubes.

THE BATTLESHIP ROMA

Completed December, 1908, she has a length of 475 ft., a displacement of 12,625 tons, and is armed with two 12 in., twelve 8 in., twenty-four 12-pounders, two 3-pounders, two Maxims, and two torpedo-tubes.

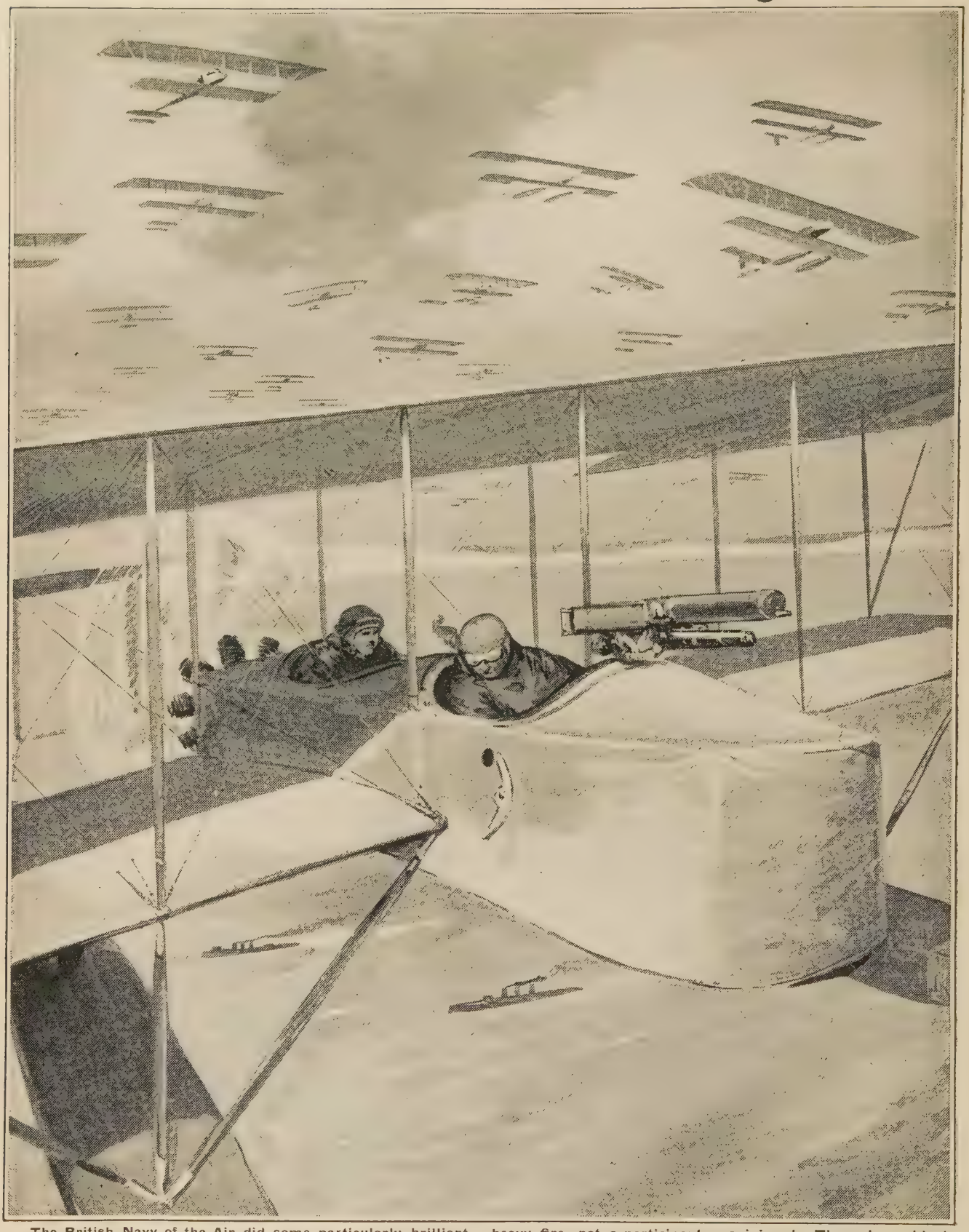
Allied Sea Men and Piratical Sea Huns

Present-day pirates. Men of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, the German cruiser that sank the U.S.A. grain ship William P. Frye, with their pets.

Left: Happy British and French "tars" on shore-leave "somewhere." Right: Crew of a 12-pounder on a British patrol vessel in action in the Channel. They are about to fire a warning shell.

"Jack Tars" of our Ally. Representative group of the gallant French sailors who have been doing valuable work by backing up the British Navy in the Dardanelles operations. These men are French naval gunners on their ship Jaureguiberry.

The Great Air-Fleet Raids on the Belgian Coast



The British Navy of the Air did some particularly brilliant work. Never before had so many machines acted in unison as when, on February 12th, 1915, Wing-Commander Samson, the Nelson of the Air, led thirty-four aeroplanes and seaplanes in a great attack on German submarine bases. Although flying part of the time through a violent snowstorm, and exposed to heavy fire, not a participant was injured. The only accident was the immersion of Flight-Commander Grahame-White in the sea off Nieuport. An even more ambitious expedition took place four days later. Forty Allied aircraft dropped 240 bombs on German positions in the same districts. Eight French aeroplanes took part in this magnificent exploit of aerial warfare.

German Airman's Fate after Battle of the Skies

A thrilling duel in the air between a British airman and a German Taube was witnessed near Zeebrugge. The "baby-killer" continually endeavoured to rise above the British machine, but the latter kept over the foe. They flew in the direction of Bruges, where they fought a sharp duel, lasting half an hour. Spectators below could hear the crackling of the airmen's machine-guns. Suddenly the German machine, with wings quivering, hurtled down to earth, and was dashed to pieces. The victorious British airman speedily rose higher and higher, and finally disappeared. His foe was dead; the machine a heap of splinters.

PERSONALIA OF THE GREAT WAR

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN JELLICOE

BY force of heredity, by what is called the accident of birth, and by service since his early years, John Rushworth Jellicoe belongs to the sea. Away back in his family history was an ancestor—Admiral Patton—who held high office at the Admiralty in Nelson's day. His father was Captain J. H. Jellicoe, a director, and for many years commodore, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. He was born within sound of the sea—at Southampton—on December 5th, 1859, and spent his schooldays on the Sussex seaboard at Rottingdean.

Boyhood Promise of High Ability

Entering the Navy as a cadet on July 15th, 1872, John Jellicoe quickly displayed that bent of mind which eventually led to his distinction as one of the finest gunnery experts of our own time. He passed out of the old training ship Britannia loaded with prizes and some hundred marks ahead of his fellow cadets. Gazetted a sub-lieutenant on December 5th, 1878, he secured his lieutenancy on August 23rd, 1880, with a "triple-first" certificate.

Going to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, in 1883, he was awarded the special £80 prize for gunnery lieutenants. Three years later, while serving on board the Monarch, he secured his first medal—the silver medal of the Board of Trade for gallantry in saving life at sea. He commanded a gig which went to the succour of a stranded merchantman near Gibraltar in a heavy sea. The gig capsized, and its occupants were washed ashore. After serving in the Colossus and on the gunnery staff of the Excellent, he was, on June 30th, 1891, promoted to the rank of commander, and became, in turn, assistant to the Director of Naval Ordnance and first lieutenant of the Sanspariel.

His Escape from the "Victoria" Disaster

The future admiral came more prominently before the public eye on that fateful June day in 1893, when Admiral Sir George Tryon's flagship, the Victoria, was rammed by the Camperdown and sank with admiral, twenty-one officers, and three hundred and fifty men. Commander Jellicoe was on the sick list of the Victoria at the time, down with Mediterranean fever. When the collision occurred, instead of making his way to the upper deck, he dived below, and was the means of saving many lives, since hardly any of those who were below when the ship suddenly heeled over and sank came to the surface again. Jellicoe went down, but came up again, and by the help of Midshipman West, kept afloat till help arrived. It was then that he lost his first medal, which, it is said, the Board of Trade offered to replace—if the gallant officer paid for it!

His Work During the "Boxer" Troubles

Following a period of service as commander of the Ramillies, on the Mediterranean station, Jellicoe was promoted captain on January 1st, 1897, and joined the Ordnance Committee. In the year following he was appointed Flag Captain to Admiral Sir Edward H. Seymour, in the Centurion, on the China Station. In 1900 occurred the terrible Boxer rising, and Captain Jellicoe was put in command of the mixed naval brigade sent to the relief of the Legations in Pekin. This little force fought its way as far as Peitsang, a place about thirty miles beyond Tien-tsin. Here it was attacked by the enemy in overwhelming strength, and compelled to fall back on the last-named town. In a hotly-contested rearguard action Captain Jellicoe was severely wounded—so severely that but for his splendid constitution he would hardly have seen the English shores again. At the best, the surgeons thought he would lose the use of his left arm.

However, a few months later he was able to play for a Centurion cricket eleven against Singapore, and scored 124 not out! Admiral Seymour's despatches on the operations in China contained the following tribute: "Captain John R. Jellicoe, my flag captain, was, as always, of most valuable help, both by his judgment and action, till disabled by a serious wound at the Battle of Peitsang, on June 21st." This led to Captain Jellicoe's promotion to a Commandership of the Bath. American comment was as cordial as Admiral Seymour's; and the Kaiser bestowed upon the subject of it the Second Class of the Order of the Red Eagle, with crossed swords.

In November, 1901, Captain Jellicoe became Superintendent of Naval Contracts, and married Florence Gwendoline, a daughter of Sir Charles Cayzer, Bart., head of the Clan Line of steamships. One of his four little daughters is named Prudence Patton—Prudence in memory of a distinguished kinswoman who kept the flag flying over the ancestral home while her Cavalier brothers were attacking the Cromwellians in the field; and Patton after the gallant admiral of Nelson's time.

Raising the Gunnery Effectiveness of the Fleet

After acting as assistant to the Controller of the Navy, Captain Jellicoe was, in August, 1903, commander of the armed cruiser Drake, which under his inspired and zealous guidance took a leading position as one of the best shooting ships in the Navy. Known now as one of "Jacky Fisher's" men, he, in 1905, became Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes, and within twelve months after his appointment the percentage of hits out of rounds in the naval gunnery tests was raised from forty-two to seventy.

Receiving the C.V.O. in 1906, and promoted to the rank of rear-admiral on February 8th, 1907, Jellicoe hoisted his flag in the Albemarle, and soon afterwards became second in command of the Atlantic Fleet and a K.C.V.O. In 1908, he was Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, and in 1910 Commander of the Atlantic Fleet. In 1911 he was given the command of the second squadron of the Home Fleet, with the rank of vice-admiral, and the K.C.B. In 1912, he was Second Sea Lord, and in the year following, during the naval manœuvres, created no small sensation by "raiding" Grimsby, the Humber, Sunderland, and Blyth with a force considerably inferior in strength to that opposed to him.

Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleets

In the ordinary course of events, it was announced in July, 1914, that Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe would be Commander-in-Chief, Home Fleets, in succession to Admiral Sir George Callaghan, who would complete his tenure of command at the end of the year. The outbreak of war in August precipitated the official notification that the vice-admiral had been appointed to the supreme command of the Home Fleets, with the acting rank of admiral, and with Rear-Admiral Charles E. Madden, C.V.O., as his Chief of Staff. Rear-Admiral Madden was married to a sister of Lady Jellicoe.

On his appointment the King sent to Sir John the following memorable message: "At this grave moment in our national history I send to you, and through you to the officers and men of the Fleets of which you have assumed command, the assurance of my confidence that under your direction they will revive and renew the old glories of the Royal Navy, and prove once again the sure shield of Britain and of her Empire in the hour of trial."

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, who hoisted his flag in the Iron Duke, had long inspired confidence and affection on the part of all with whom he had come in contact. A man slightly under middle height, clean-shaven, with alert, grey eyes, strongly-shaped lower jaw, high, thoughtful forehead, easy, unaffected, and decisive in speech, he is typical of the modern British naval officer, who is trained seaman and scientific fighter, and devoted body, brain, and soul to the great Service to which he belongs.

Our brief recital of the leading points in Sir John Jellicoe's distinguished career leaves one point palpably clear—namely, that he had no small share in shaping the Fleet of which he was to assume command. Between him and his Chief of Staff, Sir Charles Madden, there was understood to be the most absolute accord on matters of strategy and tactics. Both, it is noteworthy, were members of the famous Dreadnought Design Committee. Sir John's great opportunity came to him just when he was at the zenith of his powers.

This I can do for England :
Be patient ; know not fear.
I can nourish sober counsel ;
I can keep my judgment clear.
I can walk the selfsame pathways
That in happier days I trod ;
And pray for the brothers who fight and die,
And leave the rest to God.
—Arthur Coles Armstrong.

Britain in Wartime

"Shells, Shells, and still more Shells!" The ammunition worker "does his little bit."

Copyright 1915 by Miss Marie Corelli in the U.S.A.

Portrait of Miss Corelli

Workers and "Shirkers"

By Miss MARIE CORELLI

All our great publicists, our famous novelists, leaders of thought, lent the weight of their pens in their country's cause, and the influence of the written word was inestimable in helping the public to a sane view of the situation, in inducing that spirit of quiet, resolute determination which enabled each one to perform his or her part, however humble, in this epochal struggle against the brute forces of military despotism and selfish national ambition.

But woman's share in the struggle was no less noteworthy than man's, and we did not hear enough, perhaps, from representative women writers on questions arising out of the war. The Editor is glad, therefore, to be able to present his readers with this stirring article by Miss Marie Corelli, who deals in characteristically virile fashion with her subject.

WE hear a vast deal of talk about the "Shirkers," but not half enough about the "Workers." The public emotionalism of the hour is apt to become rather more hysterical than reasonable, and before we begin to groan and scream in the Press about the "unpatriotic" men who strike for more pay in a time of national difficulty, it might be wiser for us to consider the position dispassionately, not only from the Workers' point of view, but also from that of the Shirkers. In sober earnest, we, as a nation, are ourselves to blame for the Shirkers. We have led them the example; we have taught them to "shirk." It is a verb of our own making—"I shirk, Thou shirkest, He shirks; You shirk, We shirk, They shirk." The long and splendid peace enjoyed in these fortunate isles of Britain—a peace too little appreciated or gratefully recognised—has created around us an atmosphere of comfort and security which has, in its turn, engendered personal selfishness. Like a fine fruit kept too long in wadding, and beginning to deteriorate into rotten pulp, so we have hardly shown ourselves aware of anything going on outside our protective wool. And we have deliberately encouraged our Workers not to work, just as we have deliberately encouraged our Shirkers to shirk. For many years the ethics drawn from our particular form of civilisation have been those of

pure egoism and rank materialism.

And, with every respect for the Press, that vast power for good or evil has, owing to financial demand and necessity, evaded the throne it might easily have occupied to mix with the vulgar push and scramble of the world's "Vanity Fair." Where it might have guided, or at least persuaded, the people to the best of all that is in them, it has too frequently and voluntarily pandered to the worst, often without any necessity. By this I mean that it is not actually incumbent upon the world's Press to drag a Bernard Shaw to light, or persistently deify an Oscar Wilde; and "sensational" paragraphs concerning the lovers, dresses, and jewels of the latest dancer or comedy actress are not exactly the kind of food on which the brains of the million are likely to thrive. Surely it should be possible for the Press to inculcate wisdom without dulness, humour without coarseness, wit without malice, and emotion without hysteria?

Thus balanced and strengthened, it could do more for the nation than Governments. But for many years it has played on the gamut of "selling quality" only, and has, rightly or wrongly, concluded that to "sell" it is necessary to sink to the lowest forms of thought.

I entirely disagree with this view, and believe that even a non-intelligent public can, through such a daily, one might say hourly, medium be accustomed to take as keen an interest in noble and inspiring things as in gross and debasing ones; and where Workers and Shirkers are concerned the potentiality of this educative influence becomes a question of national importance. What do the Workers and Shirkers read? At the present time it would seem they are both "fed up" with haphazard wedges of abuse. If the Workers demand a little extra pay for extra long hours of very strenuous labour, the newspapers teem with tirades on

their "unpatriotic" conduct.

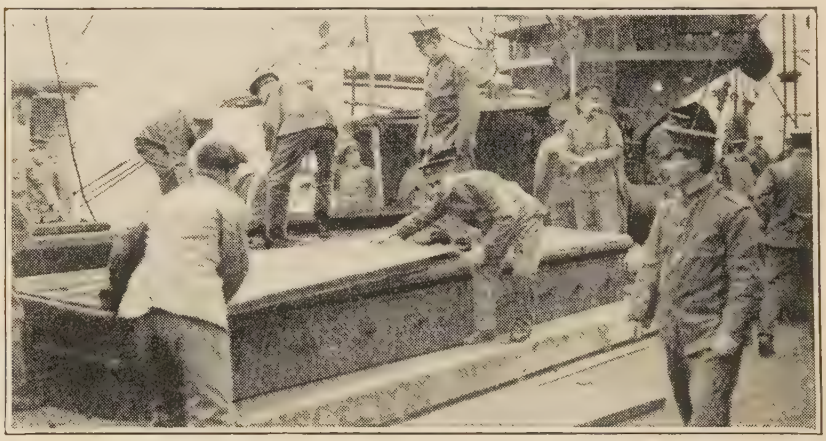
If the Shirkers shirk everything out of weakness, uncertainty, and ignorance, they are driven into dark corners of greater helplessness and doubt by something very like sheer bullying, which merely intensifies the "shirking" tendency. The Shirkers, looking on, see, as they think, most of the game; they observe that the Workers get little or no credit for their work, even when they are hard at it, and therefore for themselves they use the Falstaffian argument—"Honour pricks me on—yes, but how if honour prick me off when I come on?"

Now, do such of us as "sit at home at ease," passing swift judgment on the Workers, realise the nature of the work they do in turning out munitions of war? Of the all day, and sometimes all night, incessant labour in the grimy, suffocating centres of iron and steel manufactures—of the hellish heat and glare of the smelting fires—of the perpetual crash and roar of the giant machinery in ears which, after all, are only ears of flesh and blood and nerve? Of the naturally intense fatigue following on such prolonged effort? And of the need for stimulant of some sort to keep the flagging energies going—stimulant which is not sufficiently provided for in the coarse meals sent to the men by their wives in the "dinner hour"—meals containing less sustenance than indigestion! That they rush for their beer is a natural instinct—and, provided it were good beer, they would come to no harm by it. It is a shame to brand whole communities of workmen with the accusation of drunkenness, when they have only

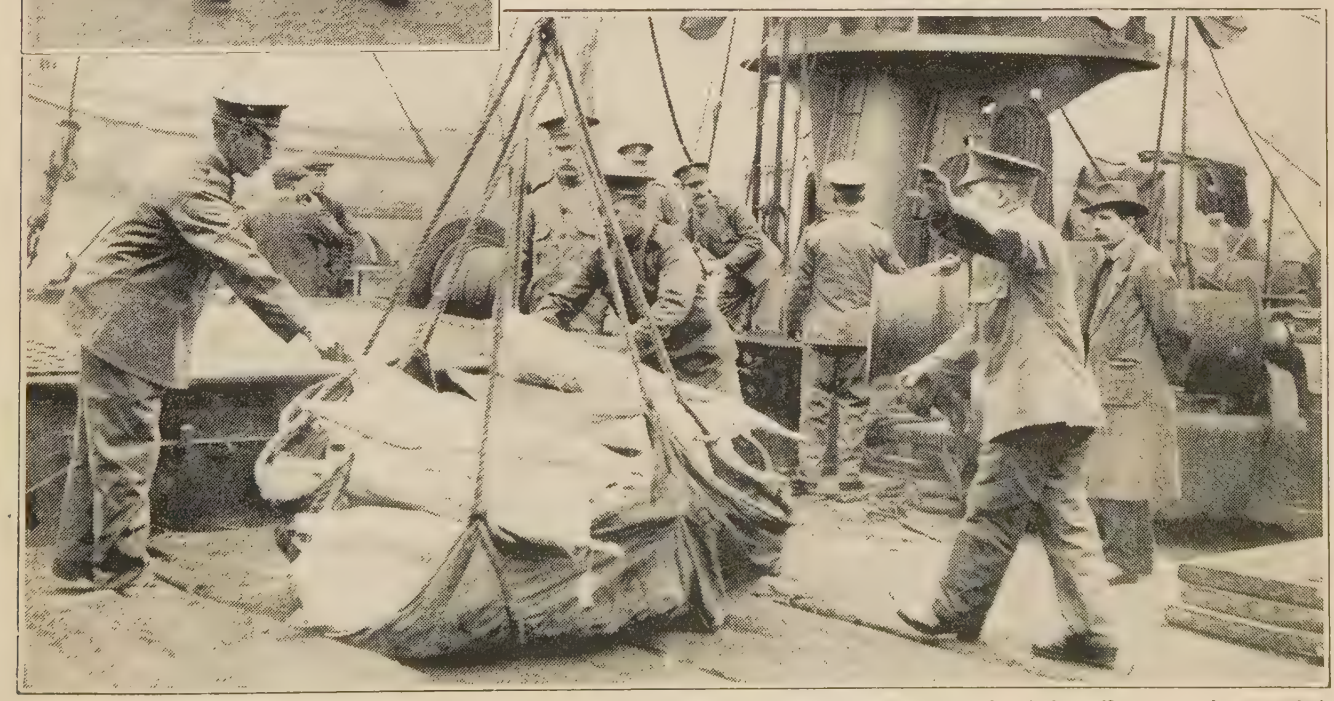
(Continued on page 970).

"His Majesty's Dockers": Workers in Khaki

The Dockers' Battalion, or to give them their official title, the King's (Liverpool Regiment) 1st Dock Battalion, having their first parade in khaki. They are here seen being inspected by Lieut.-Col. Lord Derby, their Commanding Officer.



The dockers at work unloading a vessel at Liverpool Docks. The three hundred and fifty men of the 1st Battalion acquitted themselves admirably. Insets: Lord Derby, and Captain R. F. Williams, Adjutant to the Battalion.



More khaki-clad dockers at work "doing their bit" for King and Empire. The men looked well in their uniforms, and responded with alacrity to the unfamiliar military commands they received. The dockers were the second section of workers to be "enlisted" in a body, for there was a Navvies' Battalion in existence, of which Mr. John Ward, "the navvies' M.P.," was an officer

WORKERS AND "SHIRKERS" (Continued from page 968).

poisoned stuff to drink. I put my whole heart and mind on this subject in a book of mine, entitled "Holy Orders," published in 1908, from which I quote the following passage:

"It is not fair or just to the poor that they should get poison instead of pure drink for their hard-earned money—they have as good a right to be thirsty as gentlefolk, surely; and they ought to be able to buy good, wholesome beer, not a pernicious concoction which is purposely contrived to stimulate thirst afresh and to confuse the brain as well. At one time *coculus indicus* and tobacco used to be employed in the adulteration of beer. These deadly ingredients are now forbidden by law. But in how many instances is the law not privately set at defiance? There's never a brewery without its own 'chemical shop' close by!"

Now, if the report current be true, that there is a Government scheme being prepared for a "State monopoly of beer," and that "the only beer to be brewed or drunk in the United Kingdom will be brewed and sold by the Government," there is hope that the wicked adulteration of the working-man's drink will cease, and that he will be allowed to quench his natural thirst without

poisoning the channels of his brain.

In the preface to "Holy Orders" I wrote:

"As for the drink evil, I wish that everyone into whose hands this book may fall would honestly try to realise the widespread misery, disease, pauperism, crime, and lunacy for which that hideous vice is responsible, and would add his or her wish and will to mine, in a strong prayer that the wicked financial profit derived by the few out of the physical and moral debasement of the many may be checked and finally come to naught, so that the British people, released at last from the dominant sway of the liquor traffic, may rise to the best of everything in them—the best of brain, the best of work, the best of health, the best of life. A temperate people must always be a strong people, *and to hold our own in the days that are coming we shall need all the strength that sound minds and sound bodies can give us.* There is no room in the future of Britain for a national vice which betrays a national weakness."

This was written seven years ago; and while I was still working at the book I had a visit from Mr. Lloyd George, then President of the Board of Trade. He expressed a kindly interest in my literary career, and asked me on what subject I was then engaged. I told him; and his eyes grew eager and animated. "Ah, if you can only help in pointing out the mischief of drink," he said, "you will perform a national service!"

I shall always remember the earnestness with which he spoke these words, and if the rumours of the Government scheme for liquor control are really true, I can well imagine the ardent enthusiasm with which he will set himself to carry it through. But, in any case, I think we should rather resent and protest against the slur of drink cast against British working men as a whole. They are, taken in the majority, a splendid, sturdy, sober, capable race, and it would be difficult for us to realise how much steady work they do unless they *all* stopped working suddenly. Then we should know what we owe them; then we might perhaps grasp what the position of the country would be without their continuous labour.

As for Shirkers, they are an unnatural product of unnatural circumstances, where an over-civilisation inculcates much individual selfishness and love of personal gratification. There are Shirkers in high life as in low—men who drift through the world, talking a great deal and doing very little; men who make a "show" of work without ever attaining any true expression of feeling or action; idle sons who live on their parents without shame; and many endowed with a talent, or a touch of genius, who pass their days in vaguely considering what they *will* do, yet who never do it.

These are Shirkers who have had educational advantages; and they are pernicious members of society, because by their influence and example they unconsciously spread the spirit of "shirking" among those of little or no education at all. A workman who shirks his work is not necessarily given over to drink and football; he simply apes what he has heard of his "betters," and "doesn't see the use of working and worrying." It is an entirely artificial attitude; for

in the natural world there are no Shirkers.

The tiniest insect, the most delicate plant, performs its appointed task with complete exactitude, as punctiliously as the sun itself rises and sets. The Shirker is a human product, but a deformity—a freak not creditable to humanity. He cannot be bullied into normal shape, but it is quite possible to persuade and train him in the way he should go. To a great extent we are nationally responsible for his malformation, for in these latter years we have taught him that Money is the only good, and Self the only god. We are not pleased with the result, and we must try to undo what we have done. And when all our Shirkers become Workers, let us remember to honour them for the Dignity of Labour!

Marie Corelli

This perfect haystack is, in reality, a dwelling-house right on the British front. Under cover of darkness intrepid soldiers transformed it into a haystack observation point, which would baffle the most incredulous enemy airman. Note the door under the ladder.

English Homes after a Visit from Aerial Ghouls

Left: House in West Street, Southend, gutted by the flames started by the aerial invader's incendiary bombs. Above: A large boarding establishment that was entirely wrecked by a bomb. Inset: Hole made by one of the bombs.

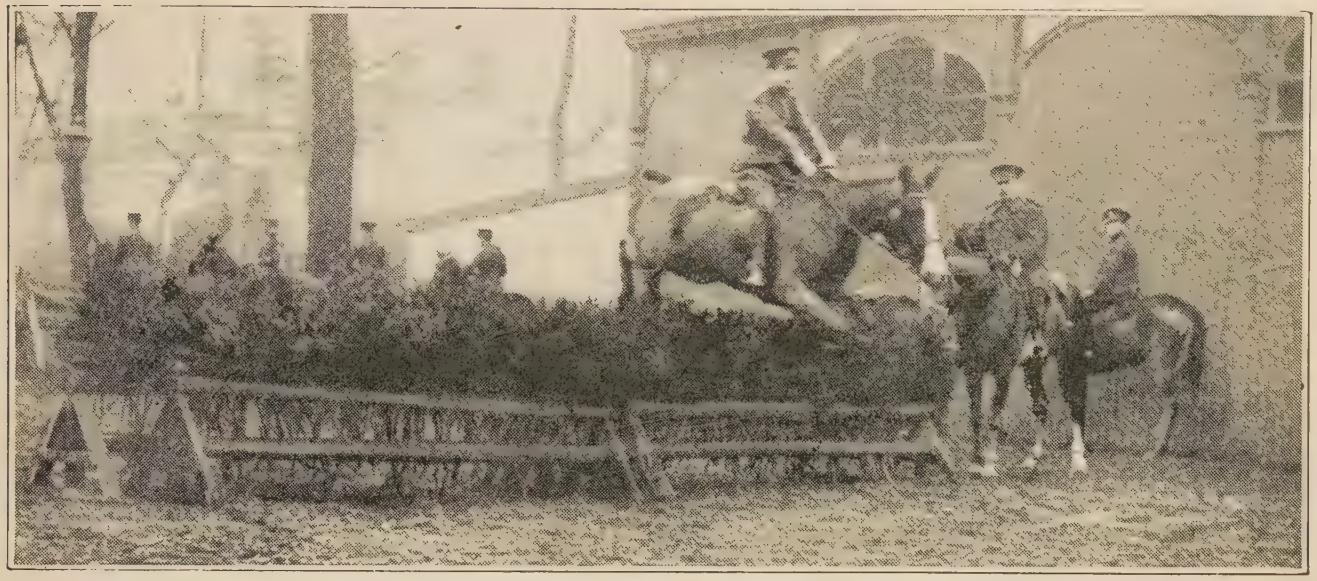
Bed-room in a house that was almost entirely wrecked by a bomb and the fire that followed. One hundred bombs were dropped on Southend by a Zeppelin early in the morning of May 10th, 1915. One woman was killed, several people were injured, four houses and a timber-yard were burned, and six other buildings struck. Then the Zeppelin, that had succeeded in reaching to within twelve miles of London, returned to report its duty done. "Frightfulness" had again triumphed—over one sleeping Englishwoman.

Building Up Britain's Great Military Machine

Scottish public school boys prepare to take their places in the New Army. Hundreds of Scotland's public school men have entered the numerous training corps. Inset: Trainload of newly-made field kitchens on their way to be shipped to France.

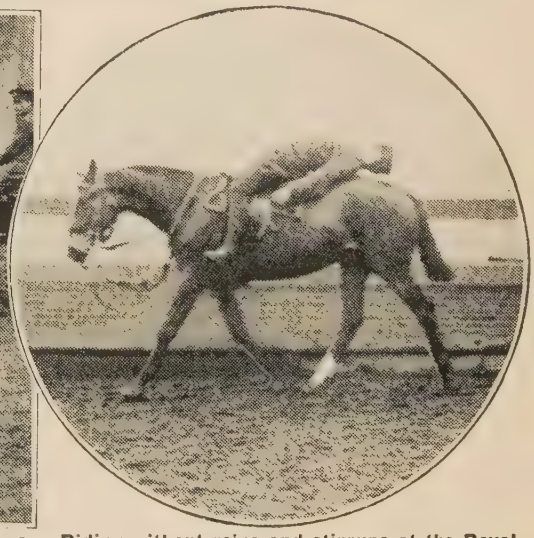
Men of the 104th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, taking part in a wrestling competition on horseback at Folkestone. All manner of sports played a prominent part in the training of the New Army, and the men were encouraged to foster a sportsmanlike spirit.

The Royal Horse Artillery Training at Woolwich

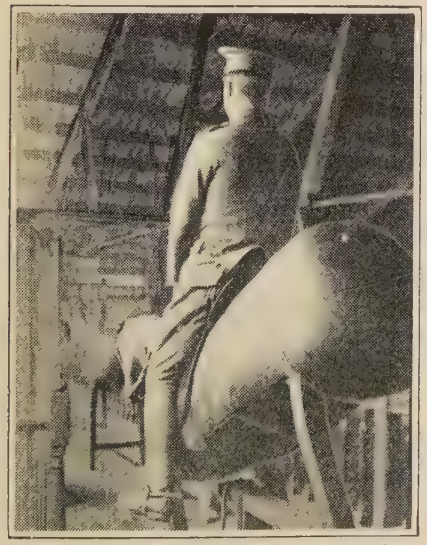


Royal Horse Artillery riding-master putting new recruits through their paces at Woolwich. Preliminary efforts to manage war horses are somewhat nerve-racking, and the good-humoured, if sometimes irascible, remarks of riding-masters are proverbial.

Some horsemen can do anything with their mounts. In this photograph a horse has been brought on its side by a skilful rider to act as cover.



Riding without reins and stirrups at the Royal Horse Artillery Riding School, Woolwich.

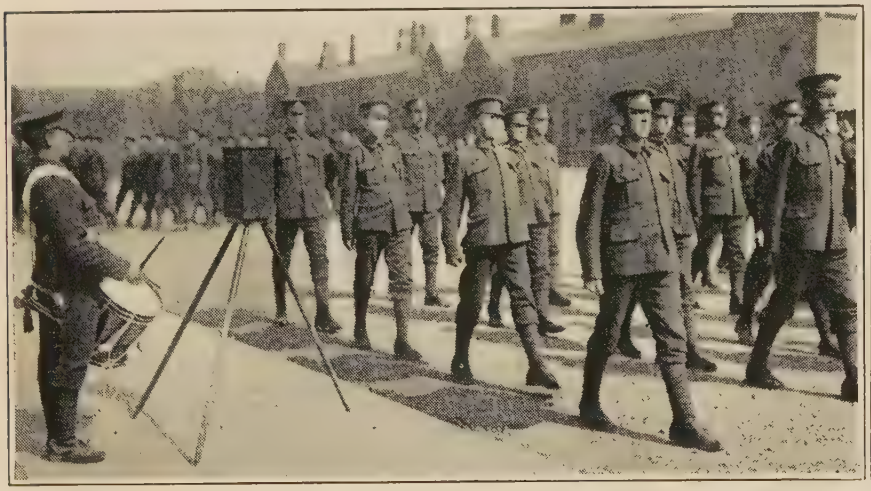


Dummy mount for beginners, which counterfeits all a horse's movements.

Riding-master instructing a new recruit in the correct way to sit his steed, and showing him how to hold the reins in his hands when riding.

Guardsmen in the Making—Recruits to Famous Regiments

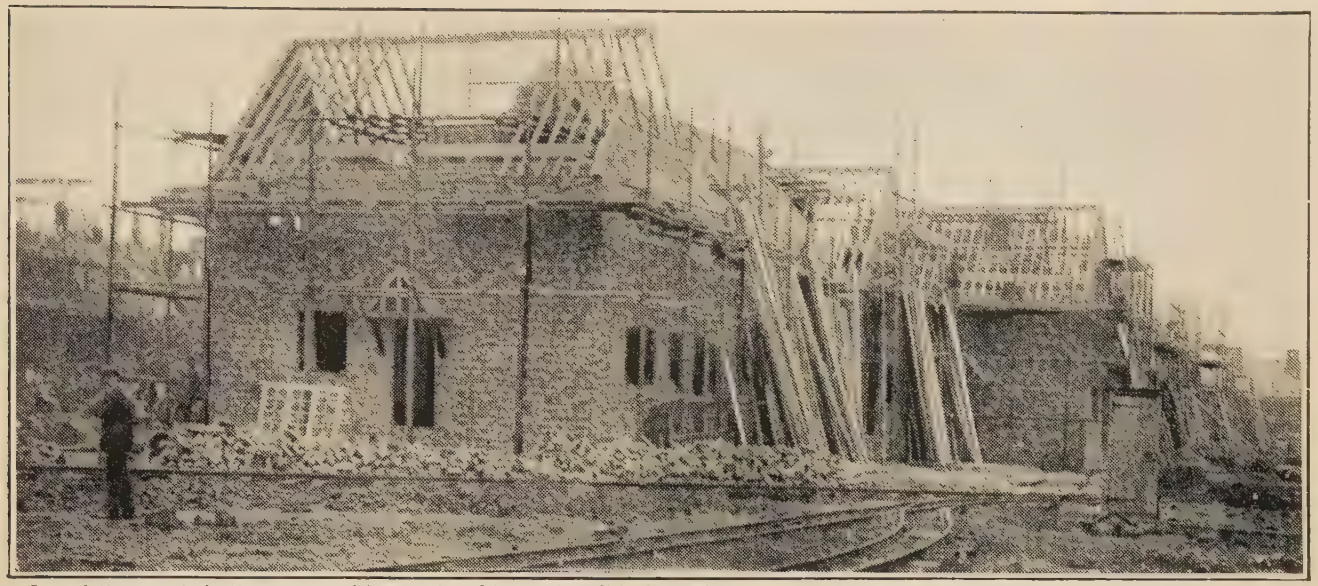
On the left and right these photographs show recruits to the Scots Guards at physical exercise at Caterham, where the training depot of the Brigade of Foot Guards was, in the seventies of last century, established.



New members of the Irish Guards slow-marching to the beat of a kettle-drum. The time kept by the drummer is controlled by a special instrument, known as a metronome, which is seen on its tripod. Right: Lieut. Lord Clive, of the Welsh Guards.

Grenadier Guards at physical exercise, and, on the right, men of the Irish Guards drilling at Caterham, known as "the Cradle of the Guards." After the commencement of the war thousands of new recruits to the famous regiments in his Majesty's Brigade of Guards were trained at the depot, and are here seen getting ready to join their comrades at the front.

New Garden City for Woolwich War Workers



One of the streets in the new munition workers' town at Well Hall Station, near Woolwich, of which there are about eight miles. A few weeks before the site was a hundred acres of cultivated ground. No fewer than 1,200 dwellings were in course of construction when the photograph was taken.

ONE important and far-seeing act on the part of the Government was the conversion of about a hundred acres of land in the vicinity of Well Hall Station, near Woolwich, into a garden city for Arsenal workers.

Simultaneously with the problem of labour for shell manufacture that of accommodating the munition makers arose.

In nine short weeks a new town was erected in the environs of London—3,600 workmen were engaged in the construction of about 1,200 dwellings to form the habitation of Woolwich Arsenal's new army of workers. But this was only the beginning of a scheme which was capable of great development as occasion might demand.

Circumstances forced Britain into line with the militarism of Continental Powers, and the day of splendid isolation, with the Navy as the first line of defence and attack, was over.

The great British Army arose phœnix-like from the ashes of popular prejudice, and its weight will henceforth be a prime factor in European politics. Britain, with her usual perverseness, reversed the accepted order, and in time of war prepares for peace!

Types of houses which sprung up like mushrooms in the vicinity of Well Hall Station. These were built to accommodate the additional workers at Woolwich Arsenal.

General view of some of the dwellings in the new munition workers' capital. The houses are at once picturesque and practical. The style of architecture varies sufficiently to obviate monotony, and the structures are solid and permanent.

A group of German prisoners who have been put on the useful task of road-making near Aldershot.

DONINGTON HALL AND NELSON'S LAST PRAYER

THE fault of the Germans is that they have much knowledge, and no wisdom. But it is useless to complain that they fight as learned barbarians. Had they not been learned barbarians they would not have attempted to subdue the civilised world. The great thing for us is not to lose our traditions of wisdom, or allow our minds to be swayed by German example.

Especially is this needful in regard to the conventions of civilised warfare. All talk about savage reprisals is foolishness. Let the Germans fight barbarously to the end, but let us continue to war, by land and by sea, in accordance with the prayer made by Nelson just before he died at Trafalgar. It was Nelson's last wish that humanity in the hour of victory should remain for ever the distinguishing mark of British valour.

NO German soldier or sailor can understand the vehement, passionate desire of the greatest fighting men of our race to impress the chivalrous conventions of warfare upon our people. The Germans, indeed, regard it as a characteristic piece of British sentimentality, as foolish as it is expensive. They have taken no prisoners in their naval victories. In the recent destroyer action off Harwich the ignorant brutes left a British officer and two British seamen to drown, in one of their holed and sinking ships, while they themselves were being rescued by our victorious sailors.

In the opinion of the German the British fighting man who rescues an enemy, sometimes at the risk of his own life, is a sentimental fool. When the German sufficiently masters his rage to take British prisoners, he does so out of the sheer lust of barbaric triumph. He is like Tamerlane, who carefully kept alive the kings he defeated, and chained them under his banqueting table, so that he could kick them and starve them, and thus show off his power and glory. For the German is deeply barbaric at heart.

THE German lost his hold on civilisation during his long and terrible wars of religion. And in spite of the efforts made by Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, he has been unable to recover the rich, practical wisdom of life which he lost. His efforts to recover it have only made him a pedant. But it is most vital that the excesses of this new barbarian should not mislead us, and induce us to throw over our advantages as a civilised and civilising Power.

IN his savage ignorance the German is unaware of the fact that humanity after victory is a wise, reasonable, and profitable thing. Our forefathers, after centuries of experience, discovered that the best way to sap an enemy's strength is to treat him kindly when you take him prisoner; for when the knowledge that you do this becomes widely known, it leads to easy surrenders in the critical moments of an action. Our Donington Hall is the most powerful weapon we possess against the Prussian military caste. Perhaps that is why our Government cleverly advertises it!

ON the other hand, the German naval and military authorities, by their notoriously cruel and brutal ill-treatment of drowning British sailors and captured British soldiers, have greatly strengthened the fighting power of our Empire. For now, when our men are in extreme difficulty, they regard a quick, fierce fighting death as preferable to the suffering they may undergo if they surrender. The result is that some of them die, but others, by an access of desperate, mortal fury, pluck victory out of the jaws of defeat. Thus does the inhumanity of a savage foe bring about its own punishment. The Germans are nerving our soldiers and sailors to a most terrible height of courage.

TO our nation as a whole there accrues a great benefit from the barbaric methods of the Germans. All that British prisoners in Germany suffer is repaid a hundredfold by the desperation with which their comrades fight in the field. It was because Nelson did not want an enemy of his country ever to be invigorated, by reprisals upon prisoners, that he left his famous prayer as his greatest legacy to future generations of his race. Humanity after victory was one of the secrets of his success in war. Let it remain also one of the secrets of our success. We are wiser than the Germans.

Edward Wright

Wily Wheeled Warriors: Cyclists in Training

Cyclist battalions played a great part in the war, and thousands of wheelmen trained for active service in that capacity. A member of the 2nd Battalion 25th London Cyclist Corps (Reserve) sniping from the entrance to a village.

An outpost position. The machines are screened from aerial observation with straw. Men of the 9th Hants Cyclists in training.

Cycles as entanglements and barricades. Men of the 9th Hants Cyclists practising a method of stopping cavalry or armoured motor-cars by piling up their machines. Inset: Bivouac after a mimic battle in preparation for the front. Men of the 25th London Cyclist Corps resting during training manœuvres. Two non-coms. are seen studying a map.

The H.A.C. in Training for the Front:

Staff of the H.A.C., with instructor, practising at finding the correct battery angle.

Members of the H.A.C. going through a course of small-arm drill. They are seen sighting with the aid of tripods.

Old weapons and new effectives of the H.A.C. These guns were in use at Balaclava.

All the guns are thoroughly cleaned after practice by limber gunners.

Laying a gun in the H.A.C. training-grounds. The origin of the Honourable Artillery Company is lost in antiquity. Its first charter of incorporation was granted by Henry VIII. During the South African War the H.A.C. raised a battery of field artillery, which was incorporated in the C.I.V.'s. Many men famous in history appear on the regiment's rolls, including Prince Rupert, General Monk, and Pepys.

New Members of London's Venerable Corps

Squad of H.A.C. at rifle drill in their historic Finsbury grounds, where the new recruits trained before going into camp.

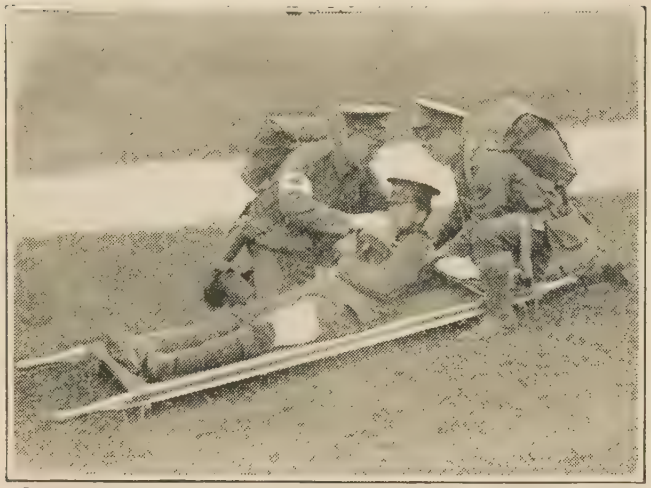
A dummy mount for neophytes. Members of the H.A.C. acquiring the art of horsemanship.

Officers and non-commissioned officers of the H.A.C. Reading from left to right, front row: 2nd Lieuts. A. T. A. Stuart, J. L. Gow, A. J. Edmondson, Capt. T. J. Cartland, Major R. A. Connell, Capt. J. F. Duncan, 2nd Lieuts. R. D. Russell, Dyott, G. Lomer, A. G. Andrews Second row: Non-Coms.: C. J. Barton, R. H. Willcocks, C. E. Ellen, H. H. Stephens, Gordon Smith, J. Powrie, M. J. Jarvis, G. G. Glenn, J. J. Branfoot, W. L. Powrie, Vyse. Third row: Corpl. W. G. O. Cutbill, Sergt. F. A. Adams, Sergt. S. A. Webb. Standing between the two columns: Sergts. J. E. Morgan, Wheeler, Peerless, Bull, G. T. Pockney.

New members of the ancient regiment making encampment with wattles. Inset: Major J. C. Bell, C.O.

An important section of the H.A.C. at work. Saddlers making harness and despatch-boxes. Inset: Major H. C. Duncum.

Four Branches of the New Army in Training



Stretcher-bearers of the R.A.M.C. practising first-aid with a "wounded" comrade. He is supposed to be injured in the arms and leg, and so must be lifted very carefully.

Practising first-aid bandaging in preparation for the real work at the front. This is a most important duty, for many wounded men owe their lives to their first bandaging.

Cavalrymen of Kitchener's Army. Troopers clean their kit and harness in anticipation of a general inspection. The "New Army" had to maintain the British soldier's reputation for smartness.

The men "behind the grub" are as important to a successful campaign as the men behind the guns.

Artillerymen burnishing the harness of their gun-team in one of the camps of the "New Army."

Getting Fit for the Front at Breezy Brighton

Thousands of blue-clad recruits to Lord Kitchener's New Army became expert in the art of war at Brighton. Parts of the beach were utilised for firing practice.

Rifle practice by keen recruits on the Brighton beach. The targets can be seen erected on the foreshore.

Other recruits learning to fire whilst standing. The eastern end of the lower parade was daily occupied by zealous soldiers anxious to qualify for the front. Inset: Practical shooting lessons from commiesioned officers.

The Modern Coastguard Goes Awheel

WITH the possibility at hand of an attempt by Germany to land forces on Britain's eastern lowlands—so often, in pre-war days, the basis of prophecy, romance, and drama—it became very necessary to augment considerably the forces of men who guarded the coast. Seaside resorts became centres of serious military activity, and the few holiday-makers who ventured to East Anglia required—and were allowed—small facilities.

There were many camps—innumerable tents and tent-dwellers—and sentries, keen and adamant, unexpectedly barred the way of one's innocent strolls afield.

Boys who, it seemed, but a few years since, were digging sand forts, now built trenches and dug-outs in the same sand, but in deadly earnest, and the slopes behind the beach were made uninviting with profuse tangles of barbed wire.

And here, in this delightful photographic study, taken on the edge of the flat lands, we see a party of the Essex Cycle Scouts patrolling a sea-bordered road. Day and night the watch was alert and unceasing, for, although a hostile landing was not probable, still there was the possibility, and nothing was left undone by the coastguard officials to make a prompt and effective counter to such an attempt

Wherever Tommy Atkins goes,
Whatever troubles he endures—
Though frost attack his moistened toes,
And trenches be transformed to sewers—
He makes a whimsical grimace,
Or wears a smile upon his face.

—A. W. B.

THE dreaded Cossack is a singularly unsophisticated person, whose credulity is as unbounded as his personal daring. Shortly after the news had been issued that the Kaiser was on the Russian frontier commanding his army, a Cossack came into the Russian camp driving before him a distressed Prussian captain whom he had captured during the day's work. "I've caught him!" he announced. "I knew him by his moustache!" And he produced from his coat an old picture-postcard showing the Kaiser's face. Perhaps the German captain considered being taken for the "All-Highest" some compensation for his fate.

THE HUMOUR OF MR. THOMAS ATKINS

By Walter Emanuel, of "Punch"

SOLDIERS are men dressed up, and Tommy Atkins is really our old friend the man in the street. But with a difference. His humour is accentuated.

One hears great accounts of the wit of the man in the street as exemplified in his marvellous powers of repartee, but, though I walk about with my ears alert, I have never, I must confess, had any luck in this respect. I have even, more than once, listened greedily to an interchange of views between a 'bus-driver and a cabby after a collision, and, while I have admired the fluency of the speakers, and have gained some new epithets for use by myself in cases of emergency, I have not heard anything approaching wit. The nearest I ever came to this desired consummation was the occasion when my wife certainly heard a *mot* in a pirate 'bus. It was at Oxford Circus, and the 'bus had dallied there a very long time in the hope of making further captures. Ultimately, tired of the delay, the only other passenger, an angry City man, darted out of the pirate 'bus, and made for an L.G.O., which was just moving off. " 'Ere, 'old 'ard, 'old 'ard ! " cried the indignant pirate conductor. " This ain't a bloomin' waiting-room ! " But I believe that, as a rule, the smart repartees are made up by journalists.

"Funny Jokes" and "Jokes"

One hears, of course, plenty of unconscious humour from the masses. For example, a little while ago I heard a young woman cry out to an acquaintance, " 'Ere, Bill, come 'ere, I'll tell you a funny joke." That expression " a funny joke " was really quite priceless, for, of course, if you come to think of it, there are two kinds of jokes—" funny jokes " and " jokes." And—to come nearer to my subject—a quite delicious example of unconscious humour was the remark of a tired Tommy during a forced march in the Boer War : " Oh, Lor' ! I shall be glad when this war's over, and we get back to soldierin' ! "

And yet—and yet who can deny Tommy Atkins the quality of humour in the present war ? It is indeed the outstanding feature—the hall-mark—of our splendid soldier men. It differentiates them from all the other fighting men. To anyone who is interested in the study of human beings individuality is everything. The men of the British Army have, in this war, developed a most distinct individuality. This does not consist in their bravery, wonderful as that is. No army has a monopoly of pluck.

Hunnish Humour that Hurts

The Germans, say what you may, are fighting magnificently. But with their pluck goes cruelty. The individuality of the British soldier consists in his humour. And because he has humour he also has humanity. The two qualities go together. The humorous man, you will find, is seldom an unkind man. Tommy Atkins cannot hate like Hans—I had almost written Huns—Schmidt. He could not maltreat women and children. Not, by the way, that the Germans never have their little joke. Let us be just to them. The other day, I read, at Waldeghem they cut off the nose from a bust of King Albert in the town-hall, and drove nails into the eyes.

But the humour of Tommy Atkins is good-humour, not ill-humour. It is seldom wit. " Wit," said someone, " comes from the head, humour from the heart." Tommy's humour seems to me to be generally high spirits—and I would prefer, any day, a cheerful man to the one who raps out acid jests. And it is not self-conscious humour, though a private in the Scots Greys writes home thoughtfully, " Of course, there is a humorous side to everything. We would never live if there wasn't."

It is intensely interesting to read the letters from the front. Many of them, indeed, have a direct simplicity which raises them almost to literature. Now and then one even comes across a distinct flash of wit. " The Boer War," says one, " was a mothers' meeting beside this affair." Could that be put more epigrammatically ? Again : " In our regiment it's not unusual to see men playing cards under fire while waiting for the order to advance. I know of a case where one of our chaps was just going to win the trick when the Germans sent along a shell that hit every man of the card party, killing one and wounding three. When one was being taken off on a stretcher he called out, ' It was the Germans won that trick.' " A lance-corporal of the Cameron Highlanders, in the course of a description of a night attack, says, " A few minutes after that we stumbled right on top of a big body of Germans stealing along as quietly as we had come. You can bet your last half-crown that we didn't wait to ask if their intentions were honourable."

"One of 'em says 'e ain't dead!"

Again : Powerful searchlights were suddenly turned on the Middlesex Regiment during an advance. " Lord, Bill," cried a voice, " it's just like a play, and us in the limelight—but it's the Kaiser what's gettin' the bird." And I like this : " Our fellows have signed the pledge because Kitchener wants them to. But they all say, ' God help the Germans, when we get hold of them, for making us teetotal.' " Best of all I fancy the story, which I trust is not apocryphal, of the sergeant who had given orders for a trenchful of Germans to be buried. A Tommy reported, " If you please, sir, one of 'em says 'e ain't dead ! " " Oh, get on with your work," said the sergeant. " They're such liars you can't believe 'em."

Very frequently Tommy's humour takes the form of Cockney facetiousness. A party of the King's Own rushed into one battle shouting " Early doors this way ! Early doors, ninepence ! " One of the Wiltshires, we are told, stuck out in the trenches, after a vicious bombardment, a tin can on which was the notice, " Business as Usual." A private of the Irish Fusiliers writes : " The night I was hit we were just leaving the trenches for an interview with some Germans who were trying some of their fancy tricks about our left. As we stood up there was a ghastly shower of bullets and shells bursting all round. Into it we had to go, and, as we looked ahead one of our chaps said, ' I think we'll have to get our greatcoats, boys, it's raining bullets to-night, and we'll get wet to the skin if we're not careful.'

The Soldier who never Grows Up

"The men of C Company started laughing, and then they took to singing, ' Put up your umbrella when it comes on wet.' The song was taken up all along as we went into the thick of it, and some of us were humming it as we dashed into the German trenches. The Germans must have thought us a mad crew." And the dignified Uhlan who was greeted with the words, " Hallo, old Tin Hat ! " must have been as annoyed at this lack of respect as were the warriors in the great big boots who were told by a spokesman of the Connaught Rangers, " We see you ; it's no good hiding there. We can see your ears sticking out ! "

Much of the humour of Tommy is of the schoolboy sort. He loves ,for instance, to give people and things nicknames. Von Kluck becomes " Old One-o'clock " ; and Herr Krupp's progeny are " Jack Johnsons," " Coal Boxes," " Black Marias," and " Woolly Bears," while his own special favourite is " Mother." That, I think, is quite a feature of the Briton, his genius for remaining a child at heart—so different from the average Continental, who is scarcely even a Peter Pan.

And this quality of humour, is it of value in the serious business of war ? Of course it is, inestimably so. It prevents Tommy from being an up-and-down man. Our happy warriors are as cheerful in adversity as in the hour of victory, and you never have them really beaten. Tommy Atkins's very best joke, in my opinion, is his refusal to be wiped out by the Germans. The light-hearted fellow is proving contemptuous instead of contemptible. No wonder the Germans are angry. It is very annoying for them.

To face page 985

"REGENT STREET"—FRANCO-BELGIAN FRONTIER.

The grimness of death and wounds, hardships and suffering, was relieved by the cheerfulness of the fighting men, whose humour expressed itself in the most unexpected ways. The wood of Ploegstert, of which the picture shows a part, became "Plug Street," a name afterwards adopted in official despatches. This road in the wood was dubbed "Regent Street."

Britain's Soldier Sons always "Merry & Bright"

"Come the four corners of the world in arms and," as Shakespeare might have said, "we will keep smiling." British soldiers in a cross-Channel boat returning from the front for a few days' holiday. Their good-humour is impervious to mud, weather, personal danger, and even the rolling of the briny. Truly, as a German officer remarked, "The English are a wonderful race."

A little harmless fun at the expense of Kaiser "Bill." A member of the Sportsmen's Battalion, who may or may not be like the War Lord, grimaces in the traditional manner of the pirate of Potsdam.

The presence of the ubiquitous camera-man anywhere on the Continent was the signal for an outburst of soldierly hilarity which is now proverbial.

Wounds cannot depress him. Rather the reverse. In every possible contingency his cheery laugh and boyish fun are irrepressible.

After hours of anxious trench duty he was never too tired or gloomy to enjoy a favourite melody in a dug-out.

"Tommy" endears himself to the Frenchwomen

On the left: Frenchwoman names her shanty "The Hearty Welcome," and serves British soldiers with coffee. On the right: "Tommy" and "Jeanne": A mild flirtation while examining his rifle.

THE average French peasant is of a retiring nature, not quick to make friends. But the jovial good fellowship of the British soldier overcame all difficulties; it was not long before he had firm friends in whatever part of France he found himself. These photographs show various phases of the British soldier's popularity on the Continent. One might weave quite a charming little romance round the one above. The pretty French maiden is obviously much more interested in the gallant British warrior than in his rifle. The happy group below suggests a homely *bon camaraderie* that proves how contented were the soldiers in their farmhouse billet, and how pleased the country-folk were to have them as visitors. The fact that so few of the soldiers were sufficiently acquainted with the French tongue to be able to carry on a sustained conversation worried them not at all.

"L'entente cordiale" in being. A jolly group, showing a Frenchwoman, her daughter, and her granddaughter, with their khaki-clad friends. Inset: French apple-women find the British soldier a good customer, for he has a healthy appetite for fruit.

Sports and Pastimes near the Firing Line.

Officer varies Hun-hunting with a little fox-hunting behind the firing-line. This form of sport was, however, afterwards forbidden.

Another attraction for an easy day. H.A.C. outpost playing cards. Inset: Tommies enjoying a game of football.

A turn with the gloves. The all-absorbing sport of boxing in a cinema theatre of Northern France. The spirit that could enjoy itself so spontaneously in healthy sport, that could so freely forget the cares of war during spare moments in a ride to hounds, a game of ball or cards, a glove contest, was undoubtedly the spirit capable of conquering an enemy implacable and malicious to a degree.

The Sentimental Note in the European Discord

The French people are very solicitous of the immediate and innocent victims of the war. This photograph shows some French Army Service-men sharing their rations with poor French children still remaining in the battle area.

Russian Red Cross worker makes friends with Austrian children in a town captured by the Tsar's soldiers.

A last farewell. Cossack bids good-bye to his wife and children before setting out for the East Prussian front.

Happy German soldiers off to the seat of war are accompanied by their families to the troop train.

"Tell you your fortune, pretty gentleman." Superstitious Slav buys his horoscope from a picturesque Gipsy for two kopecks.

A Kitchen in the Wilds · The Frolicsome War-horse

Keeping the pot a-boiling. British military chef preparing dinner at an improvised "restaurant" behind the trenches in Northern France. The old Frenchmen and the small children regard "Tommy's" methods with critical appreciation.

Kicking its heels. Artillery horse after a hard day's draft work in Northern France, pleased to be relieved of its harness, takes a rest lying down. Before the war the shortage of horses was considered a serious defect in Great Britain's military organisation, but the actual fighting proved the quadruped to be not so indispensable as it was in former wars.

Impromptu Music at the Theatre of War

"Each a mighty voice." Germans in the Argonne greeting Field-Marshal Count Haeselar with song on his birthday.

Harmony midst war's discords. German band with home-made instruments. On the board is: "The Concert of War in France."

On the left: How to be happy though wounded. A cheery flautist in a French hospital playing a gay air. On the right: Music's more martial strains. The notes of the bugle were more fitting to the mood of the moment. Germans practising in a Belgian town.

With the whistle of bullets, the hissing of shells and shrapnel, the spiteful crackle of Maxims, and the solemn booming of the big guns providing the warlike notes, the warriors fighting in Europe sought the soothing strains of sweeter music to hearten them on the way. French "terriers," with the drum they always carried, and a merry party of French aviators discoursing on home-made instruments.

French Warriors at Ease in Spite of the Huns

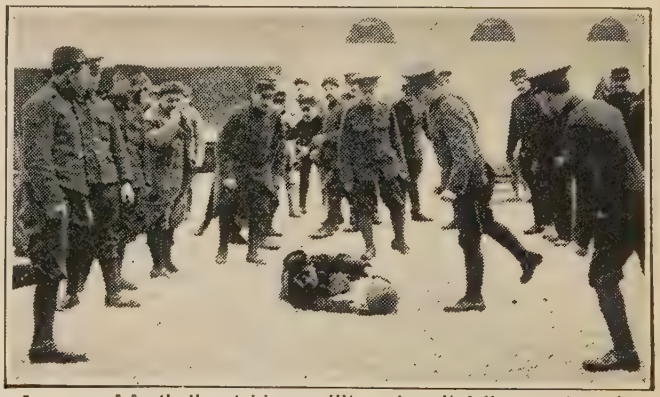
Wine being distributed to some French soldiers after an engagement. The French Army rivalled the British in the splendid organisation and administration of its commissariat; in fact, no fighters were ever so well provided for as the British and French troops.

French cavalry officers resting and playing a game of cards at the edge of a wood in the Argonne while their horses are tethered to the trees. Some of their men are posted at various points to guard against a surprise attack by patrolling Germans.

Players in the "Grand International Final"

Soldiers of the Canadian contingent wounded during their gallant dash near Ypres, and when convalescent playing baseball at Shorncliffe. Soon they were ready and eager to join once more in the greater game.

"Great Britain is proud of her Canadian brothers." These men recently returned wounded to England; convalescents, they are seen enjoying games in the grounds at Shorncliffe.



A game of football outside a military hospital "somewhere in France," between teams of British and French soldiers who had been wounded in the trenches. A Frenchman has the ball.

Having played their part in the "Grand International Final," these British soldiers back at home, recovering from their wounds, took part in a football match against men of the 7th Middlesex. Though wounded in chest, shoulder, arm or leg, the team put up a splendid game. British "Tommies" will suffer much inconvenience for their beloved game of football.

Fun and Frolic Among Frenchmen at Leisure

Happy French engineers boring a tunnel under a house towards the enemy's trenches. They have christened it "Metro," the popular name of the underground railway system of Paris.

Airmen dancing a jig. Lieut. Brindjonc, the well-known French aviator, and a sergeant keeping up their spirits and circulation, though the thermometer was at zero.

Wounded French soldiers amusing themselves in the grounds of a convalescent home in the Seine and Oise district. Inset: French gunners playing football, the Entente Cordiale game, when the "75's" were not working. Hence the startling proximity of the gun.

While Joffre's War-scarred Heroes rest and make Merry–

Animated scenes were witnessed at the Trocadero, Paris, when a fete for the benefit of wounded soldiers was held there. This photograph shows a party of war-scarred patriots arriving in one of the sumptuous cars placed at their disposal.

One of the participants in the fete of the wounded being assisted by two Paris policemen.

General Pau, the French strategist, whose tour of allied and neutral countries was so successful, being greeted by Parisians on his return.

The band of the "Blue Devils," as the Huns called the famous Alpine Chasseurs, giving a selection to the bass accompaniment of the cannons in the wood of Montmare, St. Mihiel, only a mile from the German trenches.

—The Next Generation prepares with Keen Enthusiasm

As the French Army pushed its way victoriously into Alsace–Lorraine, the populace, so long under the tyrannous heel of Prussia, acclaimed it with affectionate enthusiasm. This photograph shows a touching scene which occurred in an Alsatian village. Young children, whose hearts are with the Republic of Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite, are crying " Vive la France ! " with all their power.

General Joffre always found abundant reserves ready and anxious to serve. Some of the 1916 class are seen setting out for a training camp early in 1915, and bidding their parents good–bye at the Gare du Lyon.

A celebrated writer has said that the English are the only humorists. Without venturing an opinion on so subtle a question, we offer our readers the above photograph of infantile French patriots, which was sent us by a Parisian correspondent. It is described by him as " Some members of the 1930 class in training "—surely a delightful example of Gallic wit.

British Officers on Leave in the French Capital

Well-known British aviators in Paris on a few days' leave. Lieuts. Isaacs and Marix leaving the Ritz Hotel for a reconnaissance on terra firma.

PARIS, known before the war as "La Ville Lumière," the home of pleasure, art, and fashion, the most enlightened centre of the Occident, became a sort of ante-room of the war where the only "lumière" was the blinding glare of searchlights, and the only visitors stray uniformed allies on leave from the front. The change wrought in the Gallic temperament under the influence of the war was quite one of the most interesting features of the European struggle. It was because the whole French nation was fighting—every individual man, woman, and child was vitally concerned in the cause of France against an enemy as powerful as he was ruthless—that Paris discarded the mask of frivolity, and disclosed her true character to the world.

The Paris expression was not one of anxiety. The capital was quite confident of victory, but it knew also exactly what sacrifices would have to be made before the Prussian Eagle on the Alsace-Lorraine frontier posts could be replaced by the Tricolour of the Republic, and la Revanche should be accomplished.

Captain Valentine, British aviator, stationed at the Boulevard des Invalides, giving orders to his chauffeur. On the left: An ugly souvenir for a pretty Parisienne. French soldier presents a friend with a portion of a Zeppelin.

British officers on leave from the front passing through Paris on their way to England. Lieut.-Col. Ponsonby (formerly private secretary to King Edward) giving instructions to his secretary.

Lord Castlerosse, an officer in the Irish Guards, poses for our photographer on the Grande Boulevards.

Photographic Idylls of "La Belle Alliance" 1915

One influence of the Entente Cordiale was the introduction of British sports into France. This spirited photograph, showing a friendly boxing contest between Tommy and Jean, was taken at a convalescent home somewhere in France.

The kindly French infantryman is as handy with the needle as he is with the bayonet. During a rest from duty he welcomes the opportunity of doing his English friend a useful turn.

The quality that endears the British soldier most of all to French hearts is his love for children. Here is a charming illustration.

French and British soldiers, wounded in the same battle, pose for their portraits in front of a figure of Christ at Nantes.

Specimens in the Army's Mascot Menagerie

This dog followed some of our men for five miles while they were marching in France, and they adopted him.

"Kitchener" is the proud nickname that was given to this pet of one of the A.S.C. transport sections at the front.

"Princess Pat," the mascot bear of the Canadian Light Infantry, making friends with a wounded Highlander.

A philosophic pack-mule, with his new master, a Marine on shore at the Dardanelles.

The pet of a Belgian hospital ship. A little refugee griffon that was adopted by the ship's officers.

Because of you we will be glad and gay,
Remembering you, we will be brave and strong;
And hail the advent of each dangerous day,
And meet the great adventure with a song.
—ANONYMOUS.

Golden Deeds of Heroism

Carrying the wounded comrade to safety.

New Heroes of the Victoria Cross

PRIVATE J. MACKENZIE, of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards, was awarded the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry at Rouge Bancs, where he rescued a wounded comrade under fire. While subsequently performing a similar act he was stricken down, and died on the battlefield.

Capt. J. F. Vallentin, 1st South Staffs Regt., won the coveted order for devotion to duty at Zillebeke. Leading an attack under fire, he was struck down. He rose again, however, to continue the attack but was shot dead.

Lieut. Alexander de Pass, of the 34th Prince Albert Victor's Own Poona Horse, was the first Jew to win the decoration. His bravery consisted in destroying a traverse near Festubert, in spite of enemy bombs, and rescuing a wounded man under fire. Lieut. de Pass lost his life the same day engaged in a second similarly courageous action.

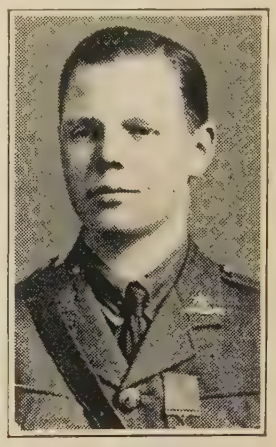
Mr. Schack-Sommer is a Londoner and old Etonian. He was awarded the St. George's Cross for valour, which is the Russian equivalent of the V.C., for gallant conduct while fighting with the Artisky Hussars in the Dukla Pass, Carpathians, during a recent engagement.

Private Henry Harvey Robson, 2nd Royal Scots, exhibited conspicuous gallantry near Kemmel, leaving his trench to bring in a wounded non-commissioned officer. While endeavouring to repeat his brave act later in the day, he was wounded.

Lieut. A. Martin Leake, of the R.A.M.C., was already the proud possessor of the Victoria Cross, but the decoration was supplemented by a clasp for consistent valour throughout the war, notably in the neighbourhood of Zonnebeke, where he rescued several wounded men who were lying under fire close to the enemy's trenches.

Lance-Corporal F. W. DOBSON, Coldstream Guards.

Corporal HOLMES, the Bermondsey hero, saving a gun at Le Cateau, which brave deed, together with the rescue of a wounded man under fire, won him the V.C.



Sec.-Lieut. JAMES LEACH, 2nd Batt. Manchester Regt.

Private J. MACKENZIE, 2nd Scots Guards.

Private H. H. ROBSON, 2nd Royal Scots.

Lance-Corpl. WM. KENNY, 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

Capt. J. F. VALLENTIN, 1st South Staffs.

Lt. ALEXANDER DE PASS, Poona Horse.

Lieut. A. MARTIN LEAKE, R.A.M.C

Mr. SCHACK-SOMMER, Artisky (Russian) Hussars.

Heroic Son of Erin wins Immortal Fame

AMONG the deeds of glorious heroism that were daily being added to the pages of our Empire's history, the story of Sergeant Michael O'Leary's exploit must stand alone. Other men have gained the Victoria Cross, but rarely in the annals of this most coveted decoration has it been so heroically won. At Cuinchy, on February 1st, 1915, Michael O'Leary, of the Irish Guards, formed one of a storming party. Rushing ahead of his comrades, and in face of a withering fire, he shot and bayoneted five Germans holding the first barricade. He then attacked the second, sixty yards farther on, which he captured single-handed, after killing three more Germans and capturing two. Sergeant O'Leary practically won the enemy's position by himself, and so prevented the attacking party from being fired upon. Thus this brave soldier enters into the glorious company of Ireland's hero sons.

SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C., CAPTURING THE BARRICADE AT CUINCHY ON FEBRUARY 1st, 1915.

Heroes of the Distinguished Conduct Medal

Lance-Corporal J. SMITH, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regt., who earned the D.C.M. for taking a message over six hundred yards of fire-swept ground on which there was not an atom of cover.

Sergeant ROBERT THIRD, 1st Gordon Highlanders, awarded the D.C.M. for carrying fourteen wounded men off the field in face of a withering machine-gun fire.

Corporal W. ANDERSON, 48th Battery Royal Field Artillery (Indian Expeditionary Force), who received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for extreme bravery while in action.

Lance-Corporal A. E. SETON, 9th Lancers, who gained the D.C.M. for remaining in action with his machine-gun, after his squadron had retired, until the Germans were within twenty yards of him.

Engineer ROBERT GRAY was honoured with the D.C.M. for his services in the minefields off the East Coast. He kept his station in heavy weather, standing by the s.s. Gallier after she had been mined.

Bandsman A. W. SHARPE, 2nd Norfolk Regt. (Indian Expeditionary Force), awarded the D.C.M. for rescuing a wounded officer under heavy shell and machine-gun fire at Busra.

Comp.-Quartermaster-Sergeant J. W. CROUCH, 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, who earned the D.C.M. by saving a critical situation. He repaired a damaged machine-gun under fire and brought it into action

Private W. DUNSTER 1st Devon Regt., who was honoured with the D.C.M. for diverse acts of gallantry and devotion to duty on the field of battle.

Acting-Corporal J. ENTICOTT, 3rd King's Own Hussars, who gained his D.C.M. for conspicuous bravery in remaining in a most dangerous position to gain important information.

Private H. G. F. MEAD, 4th Middlesex Regt., who lost his life while winning the D.C.M. This hero rescued a wounded comrade who was lying helpless near the German lines.

Some heroes of Lord Kitchener's old regiment

No section of the British Army distinguished itself more in the war than did the Engineers. Our artist depicts an operation that shows the extreme danger of their work. They succeeded in digging a new trench under a fierce fire, and within only twenty-five yards of a German trench. The sappers had to crawl through the mud, shelled all the time, and stumble up to their waists in water to get to the place. Many of the men had been under fire only once before, but they stood firm. Their heroism lost the Engineers their major, three other officers, a sergeant, and several sappers. But, as one of them said, they "did their bit."

Hard-won Battle Honours for British Heroes

Private EDWARD BARBER, Grenadier Guards, who was awarded the V.C. for his gallant conduct at Neuve Chapelle.

Commander HENRY PEEL RITCHIE, who won his V.C. for bravery in East Africa, when he was in command of Naval operations at Dar-es-Salaam.

Private ROSS TOLLERTON, Cameron Highlanders, gained the V.C. at the Aisne, when, though himself wounded, he saved an injured officer.

Lance-Corporal W. D. FULLER, Grenadier Guards, who earned the Victoria Cross for splendid bravery at Neuve Chapelle.

Major C. J. C. GRANT (son-in-law of Lord Rosebery), Coldstream Guards, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

Captain R. TULLOCK, Royal West Kent Regiment, gained the D.S.O. for exceptionally brave service in the field.

Major J. LIVINGSTONE LEARMOUTH, Royal Field Artillery, who was awarded the Distinguished Service Order for his gallantry in action.

Major G. SALMON, of the Rifle Brigade, who was honoured with the Distinguished Service Order for bravery in the field.

Brigade Sergt.-Major THOMAS HEASMAN, 70th Battery, Royal Field Artillery, was awarded the French Military Medal for great bravery at Mons.

Major A. NEWLAND, of the Royal Field Artillery, who was numbered among those honoured with the D.S.O. for distinguished conduct in action.

Captain W. NUNN, R.N., who gained the D.S.O. for his great coolness and skill in handling his ship under fire in unsurveyed waters.

Lieutenant H. G. de L. BUSH, the Gloucester Regiment, who was awarded the Military Cross for exceptional gallantry.

Lieutenant DENYS CHARLES GERALD SHOPPEE, who was given the Distinguished Service Cross for gallant service in action.

Captain R. LAING, 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, who was awarded the Military Cross for his distinguished conduct.

Captain H. E. NOWELL, whom King Albert of the Belgians created Chevalier of the Order of the Crown for his bravery.

Bandsman G. MULLENGER, 2nd Norfolk Regt., awarded the D.C.M. for acts of gallantry and devotion to duty during the Persian Gulf operations.

Portraits by Speaight, Chancellor, Bonas, Heath, Lafayette, etc.

Dying Officer's Pride in His Regiment

Through a soldier's letter came an echo from Neuve Chapelle that threw the light of publicity on one out of the hundreds of fine instances of individual British pluck and gallantry during that great battle. There are too many stories of heroism among our officers and men that must for ever remain untold; yet this incident, the facts of which have been preserved, is an illustration of the splendid spirit of our officers. The soldier tells how one of his officers, though mortally wounded, refused to be taken from the field. "Prop me up," he said, "that I may see my regiment go forward."

For God and King: The Cross and the Sword

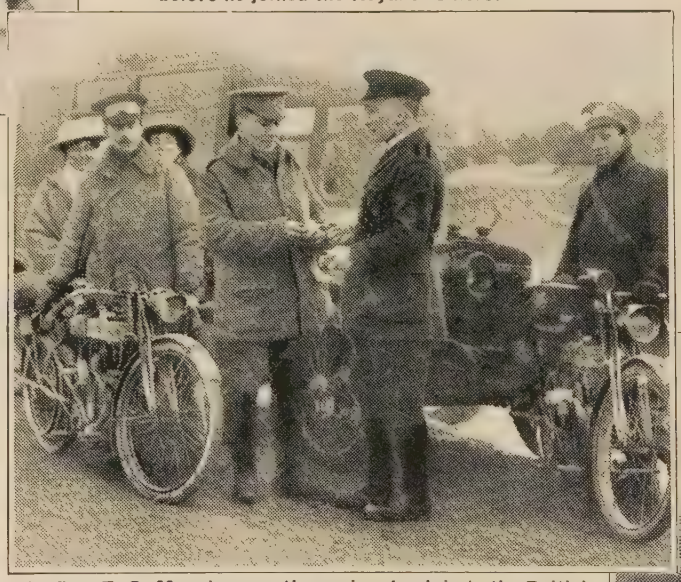
"The Bishop held several services virtually under shell fire, and it was with difficulty that he could be prevented from carrying on his ministrations under rifle fire in the trenches. . . . I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterised the work of the chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."
—Sir John French's last despatch.

The Bishop of London visited the British troops in the trenches. Here he is seen with the Archdeacon of London at Victoria Station.

Lieutenant the Rev. Cuthbert T. Maclean, who was awarded the Military Cross for valour. He was a curate at St. Mary's, Newington, before he joined the Royal Fusiliers.

Colonel the Rev. Edwin Rouviere Day was mentioned for distinguished conduct in the field. He was chaplain at Whittingham Barracks, and went to the front on the outbreak of war. He also served in South Africa.

The Rev. Everard Digby, who went to the front. He is well-known as a boxing enthusiast, and at one time, before he took Holy Orders, he was a successful actor.

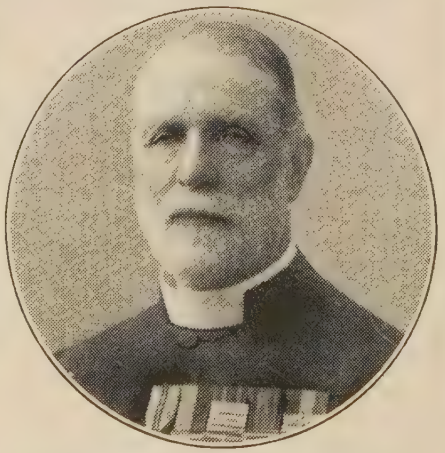


The Rev. E. G. Macpherson, the senior chaplain to the British Forces at Boulogne, handing round invitations to despatch-riders and transport men "somewhere in France."

The Rev. H. N. Webb Peploe, who was mentioned by Sir John French in his despatches for gallant conduct in the field.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain General of the British Forces, who worked hard among the Regulars and Territorials at home.

The Rev. F. B. D. Beckerstaffe Drew, mentioned in Sir John French's despatches.



The Rev. John Simms, D.D., another Army chaplain to be mentioned in despatches.

Photos by Russell & Sons, Central Press, Central News.

French Soldier's Devotion to his Fallen Colonel

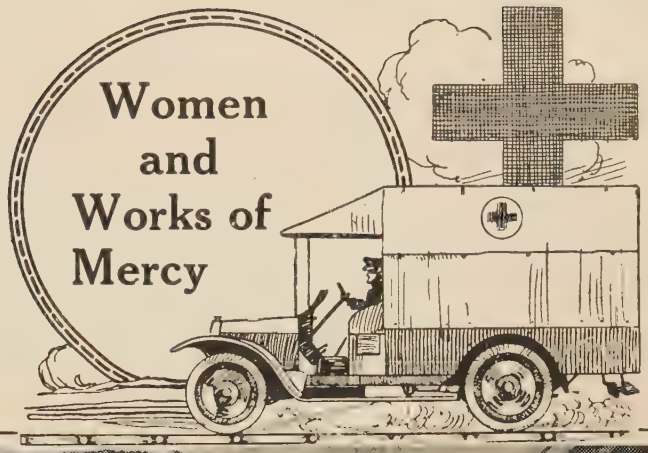
A popular French colonel was killed in an attack on the enemy's position. Though the body lay only five yards from the German trenches, several soldiers volunteered at nightfall to recover it. All attempts failed, however, until one private, ingeniously draped in a white sheet to make himself more or less invisible in the moonlight and snow, crawled out over the frozen ground. Passing a rope round the body, he tried to move it, but the noise drew a promiscuous fusillade from the Huns. The soldier retired to his trench temporarily, but ventured out again this time to succeed in his perilous task.

A Stirring Feat of Mountain Warfare

The capture by the French of the Hartmannsweilerkopf was one of the finest episodes of the spring campaign of 1915. From the middle of January to the last day of March the height was contested stubbornly. Until the beginning of March the French, handicapped by the fog which is common in the Vosges hills in winter, were unable to oust the Germans, whose fire swept the valleys, from their invisible fortresses. After a full month's preparation, a great attack was launched. Alpine Chasseurs and a regiment of infantry pressed furiously forward to the summit, capturing trenches and redoubts, until at last the crest was gained.

They're not much use for squad-drill,
They can't form fours for nuts,
They couldn't hit a haystack
If you took 'em to the butts ;
But they're scientific johnnies,
Who can help us with their plans,
Just like the herr professors
Are helping Private Hans.

—C. E. B.



Mrs. Harley, Sir John French's sister, as a Red Cross nurse at the military hospital in the Abbaye de Royaumont, Oise.

Worn and Broken in War: Allies in Adversity

Next to the common enmity against Kaiserism, nothing brought the Allies, of diverse nationalities and colours, closer together than the comradeship of suffering and misfortune. Allies from various climes fraternising in the German prison camp near Berlin. In the front row is a British soldier. On the right: A French "angel of the ward" playing draughts with her British patient.

Britons and French in hospital. British soldier having a wound tended by pretty Parisienne.

A cheery game of cards between wounded British, French, and Belgian soldiers in hospital at Epsom. The nurse is interested in the Highlander's "hand."

East and West meet as comrades in adversity. British and Indian warriors resting and chatting together outside a hospital in France.

These French and Belgian soldiers in a Paris hospital have played their part in "La Revanche."

Hygienic War Devices to kill the Deadly Microbe

A travelling boiler was added to the German Red Cross equipment. By an ingenious process water is drawn from wayside streams and ponds and filtered simultaneously.

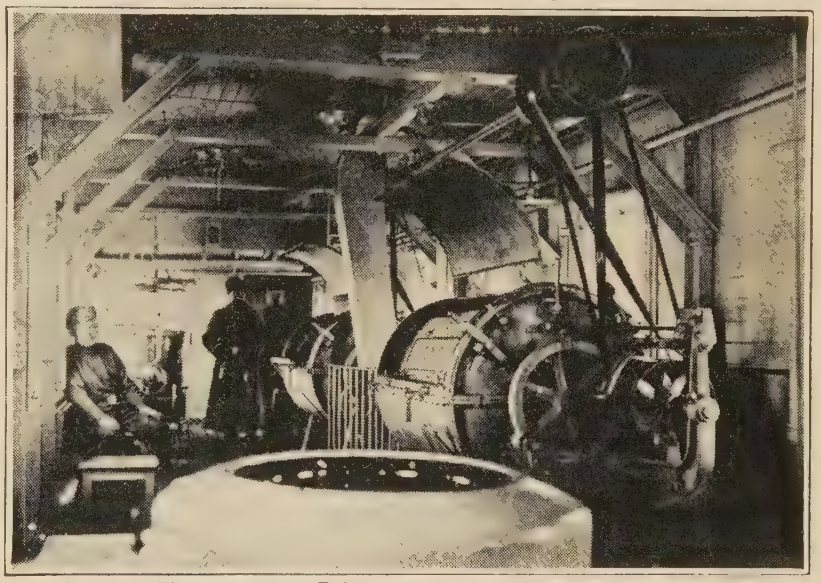
Why our Army was so free from enteric. British soldiers filling a waggon with sterilised water.

DURING this astounding conflict — this super-war — almost every branch of science was enlisted either against humanity or for it.

To a thinking man it is curious that mankind of various nations should be so inconsistent as to mobilise the world's workshops in an endeavour to be first in the supply of death-dealing appliances on the one hand, and to adapt every conceivable device likely to be useful in preserving life on the other.

The only reason for this incongruity is that man's intelligence has progressed steadily through the ages, whereas human nature has remained very much what it was in the earliest times. The photographs on this page show a collection of hygienic inventions calculated to render soldiers immune from disease.

The travelling filters proved worth their weight in gold, for nothing like the percentage of cases of enteric which occurred in the Boer War were prevalent in this war, drinking water being sterilised by enforced regulation.



Russian travelling laundry. Railway car which visited various points in the Russian lines to collect soldiers' "washing."

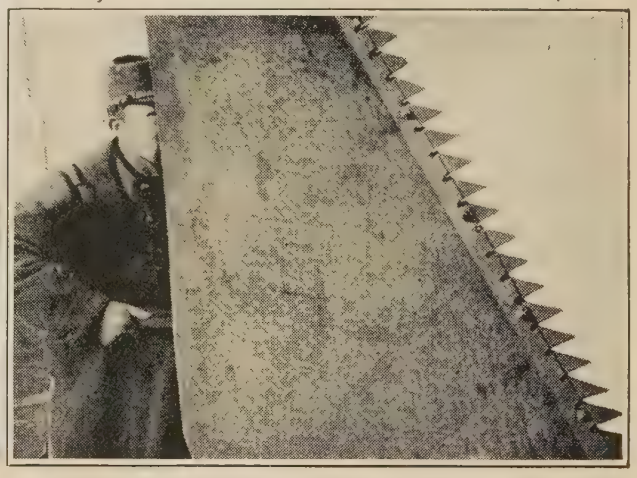
Special portable clothes and linen disinfector, a feature of the French Red Cross Service. Behind is seen the entrance to a thermal institution used by the soldiers after trench duty.

To solve the problem of Belgium's drinking water, this handy sterilisation apparatus was invented for the use of the soldiers and civil population.

Some Minor Marvels of War-time Science

An invaluable aid to surgery. Telephone probe that conveys to the wearer of the receiver a noise like falling coals when it touches a piece of metal in the flesh.

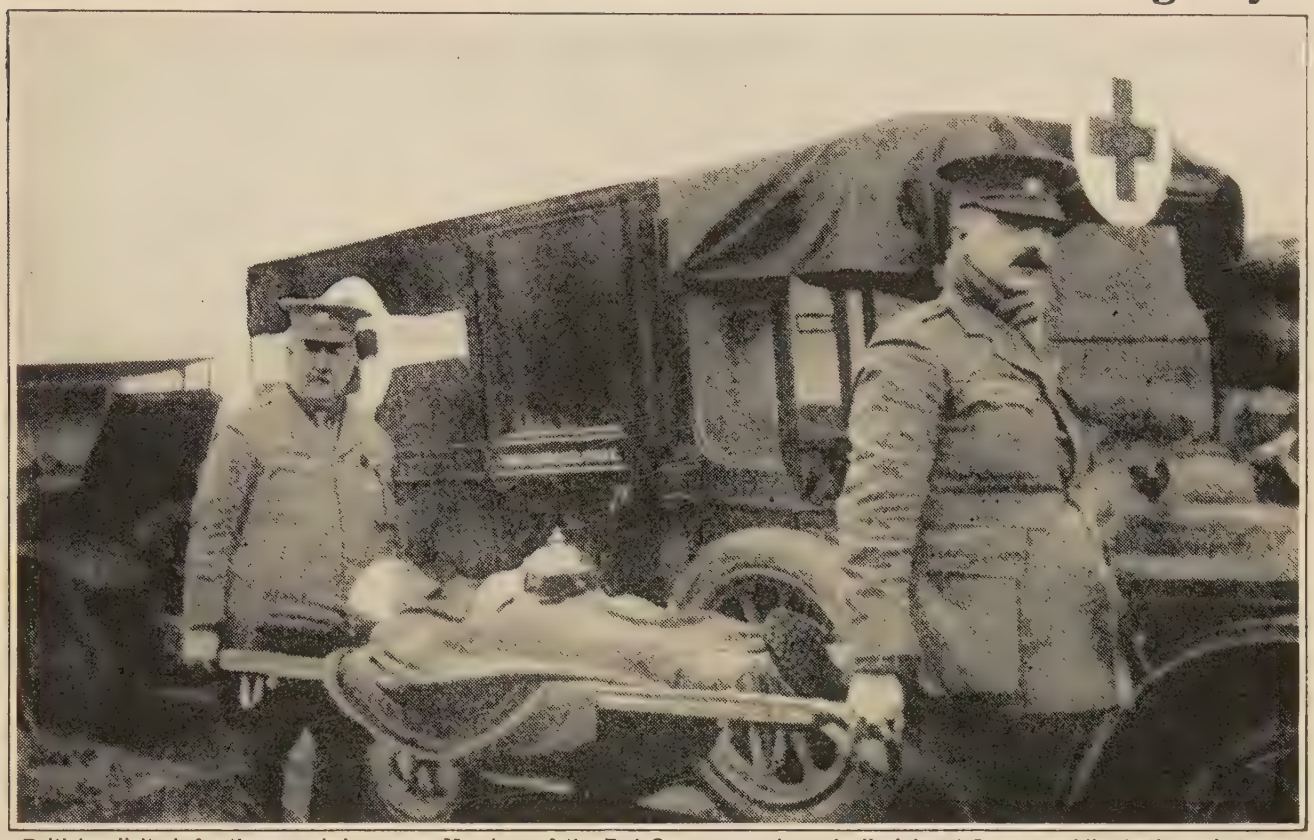
This wounded German is not holding a telephone apparatus or a sky-rocket! His left hand is bound in a curious splint.



Ingenious machine, on the principle of a saw, used in the French Army for cutting barbed-wire entanglements. It proved exceptionally effective against such obstructions.

The Cossacks are brave men at all times. This one had the pluck to stand, clad in a new bullet-proof waistcoat, while a comrade fired at him at close range, so that the efficacy of the invention could be thoroughly tested. Still, bullet-proof coats were hardly needed in the Russian Army—Austrians could seldom score a "bull."

The Incessant Roll of the Caravan of Agony



British solicitude for the wounded enemy. Members of the Red Cross conveying a badly-injured German soldier to the ambulance. The strenuous and noble work of the doctors and men attached to the Red Cross is beyond all praise.

The nurse at the wheel. Miss Betty Hutchinson, chief chauffeuse of the Women's Nursing Yeomanry Corps attached to the Belgian Army, taking a wounded Belgian colonel to a base hospital in France. The debt of gratitude that the Empire owes to its Red Cross workers is a very heavy one. Toiling the whole round of the clock, their duties were as heroic as fighting in the trenches.

While Men are fighting Women must Work

Literally into the 'breach.' Some of the Belgian women working the mines in the absence of their husbands.

Women workers on the iron way. Female carriage-cleaners on the Great Central Railway, who satisfactorily replaced employees on active service.

The French woman proved herself well able to take the place of her husband. On certain Paris newspapers linotype machines were operated by feminine labour.

"FOR men must work and women must weep" does not illustrate the attitude of modern Woman to the affairs of the world. She is not content to sit dumb under the Kaiser's three illuminating K's — "Kinder, Kochen, and Kirch" (children, kitchen, and church). To-day's woman is essentially a comrade to man, and a helper; also, she has ably proved that she can do her share in times of crises.

The proposal put forward by the British Board of Trade for organising war-workers inspired diverse unofficial efforts to employ women in the place of men who were, or might be, serving their country to greater and nobler advantage. The photographs on this page show women in various spheres of masculine activity where they proved efficient in the absence of their men-folk with the colours.

Another branch of female war service. Turning out soldiers' service jackets as fast as eye and machine can work.

One way of fighting for their country. Women on war service making soldiers' water-bottles.

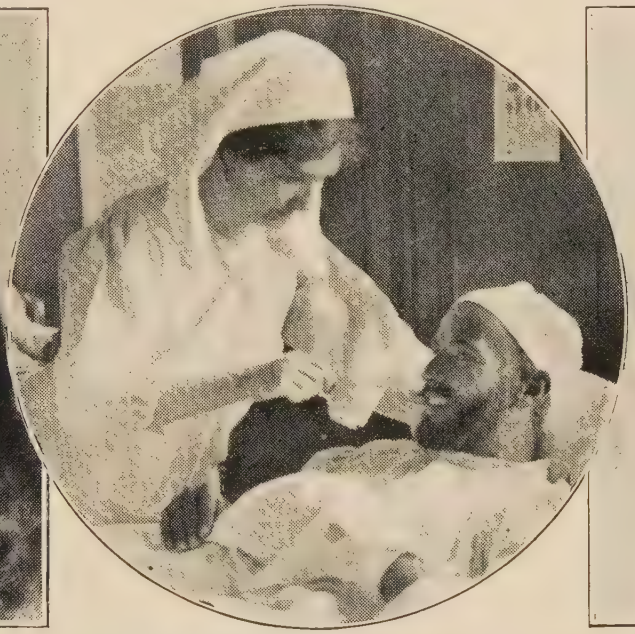
War's Diverse Effects on Feminine Temperament

A volunteer corps of women gardeners which was formed at South Norwood to grow vegetables for military hospitals.

Countess Manon von Drumreicher, who supplied five thousand cork legs for Austria's maimed soldiers.

Feminine Italy preparing for "The Day." A member of a Milan corps of militant Italian women-shots.

Baroness Reitzes, who sold her pearl necklace for £17,000 to buy bread for Vienna's poor.



The most noble form of woman's wartime work. French nurse tending a wounded Turco in a hospital in Paris.

Austrian millionaire's wife, Frau Luise Elrich, who for charity entered a circus lions' den and fed them.

The women of Italy in a militant mood. A corps of Amazons was formed, and the women drilled and practised shooting. These women are being instructed in the mechanism of the rifle. Women all over Europe acted diverse parts in the War of the Nations. But the noblest and most beautiful sphere of womanly activity is surely that of bringing relief to the wounded.

Women Serve the Country in Munition Factories

Girl experts inspecting the completed cartridges. Right: Machine workers making metal cases to hold the bullets. These patriots have decorated the factory with Union Jacks.

PATRIOTIC women and girl workers laboured hard every day, and often all night, in order to provide cartridges for the soldiers at the front.

These photographs were taken in a Leeds ammunition factory, where the keenness of the employees quickly enabled the output to be doubled. At the sight of these women and girls, all busy making thousands upon thousands of cartridges that were destined to take death to tens of thousands of men, one instinctively thinks of the strange paradox their work creates. They are labouring that their sons, husbands, brothers, and sweethearts may have the means to deal pain and death to other women's men-folk. In Germany there were also women engaged on similar work to help in the destruction of many of Britain's bravest. Marie Corelli said, in one of her poems, that "The Woman's Right is the Maker's Might in the moulding of the world." She makes "the makers of laws!" Yet, in her country's need, Woman plays her share in the destruction that Man has decreed necessary for the better management of the world.

Inspecting the newly-made cartridge-cases before the bullets or the percussion caps have been fixed in. Right: A little girl working hard to provide ammunition. She is stamping the

pieces of metal that hold the caps. Inset above: Another corner of the ammunition factory, where women are making cartridges in hundreds of thousands for their brothers in arms.

To face page 1017

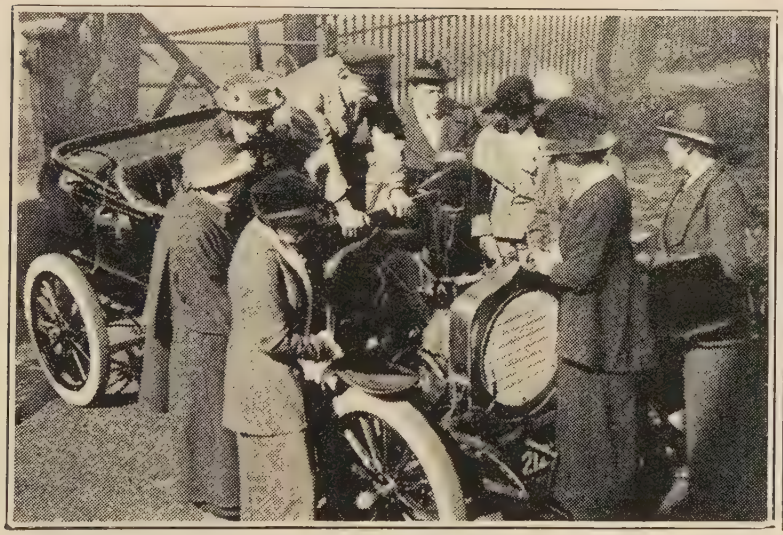
THE HUMANE WORK OF THE ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

A squad of stretcher-bearers, which usually numbers ten men, is here seen rendering first-aid to the wounded, preparatory to carrying them to the second line of bearers at some little distance in the rear. The work is usually done at dusk or at night.

Women fill Gaps that Men may fill Trenches

Serbian woman helping her wounded soldier-husband home from a military hospital.

Women war-workers making ammunition pouches in a well-known cricket-bat factory that was utilised for the manufacture of munitions of war.



Motor-driving was one of the new spheres of activity that the war opened up for women. This group of embryo "chauffeuses" is taking a lesson from a motorist who trained many women for this work. Above: Daughters of country clergyman who, in order to release postmen for the Army, delivered the letters, each cycling forty miles a day.

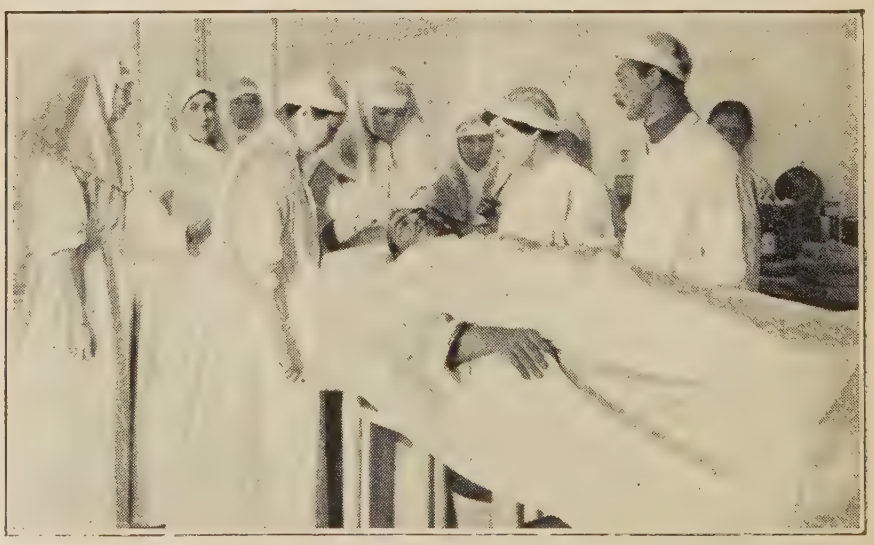
This wealthy Parisienne, a qualified dentist, took great interest in our soldiers' welfare, and gave their teeth free attention. Each patient was given a large box of cigarettes, made by this lady and her daughter in their spare time. Above: Fair grocers' assistants who took the places of men who had left the counter for the trenches.

Woman variously Mobilised in War-time Work

Irresistible recruiting-sergeants at work near Wood Green. Members of a revue company appearing at a local music-hall escort likely patriots to the recruiting office.

Left: A Zouave buys the latest news of the war from a fashionable newsgirl. Right: Women street cleaners, who became a feature of "La Ville Lumiere." Inset above: Twentieth-century Joan of Arc, carrying a gun to which is affixed the colours, sees the regiment off. Her expression of determination was symbolical of the spirit of France.

Picturesque daughters of Serbia wait outside the Red Cross hospital at Nish for news of their wounded.



Russian royalties nursing wounded officers at the Imperial Hospital, Tsarskoe Selo. The Tsaritza is seen at the head of the patient. Extreme left is the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the third figure (left) the Grand Duchess Olga, the Tsar's daughters.

Work for Blinded Soldiers—War's Saddest Victims

A soldier, blinded in the war, receiving instructions in boot-making at the Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.

Another craft taught at the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Institution, Regent's Park. A private learning to make mats.

ONE of the most urgent and appealing problems of the war was that of finding suitable employment for soldiers who had lost their sight on the battlefield. Blindness is surely the most tragic fate that can befall any man, and should it be the sacrifice suffered for defending honour and liberty, it was, to say the least, the duty of humanity to see that such afflicted soldiers were ensured a livelihood in the days when peace should follow the turmoil of war. With this object in view that admirable institute, the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, was founded, and was conducted with the concurrence and support of the War Office, the Prince of Wales's Fund, the Order of St. John, and the National Institute for the Blind. Here, and at a branch hostel, these most pitiable of all our heroic wounded were taught various trades, some of which are illustrated in the photographs on this page. Joinery, basket-making, boot-making, and typewriting are a few of the occupations that can be learnt by those who have lost their vision.

Fortunately the number of soldiers who lost their sight in the war was comparatively small.

Recreation for the soldiers who now live in darkness. They are seen learning to scull on the lake in Regent's Park.

Joinery provides an opening for these afflicted heroes. This photograph shows an apprentice and his master at work in a corner of the carpenters' shop.

Secretarial work for those who have lost their sight on the battlefield. A soldier learns typewriting by touch.

New War-time Inventions to safeguard Soldiers

A special form of body-screen worn at the front to ward off bayonet-thrusts.

Testing the screen, which can break a bayonet point, as the inset shows.

Basket-work hurdles intended to shield war-horses from weather and stray shrapnel. These shields were put up round the Army horses' quarters, and they were found to be very effective in protecting the animals and adding to their comfort.

In these photographs two devices to protect men against the dangerous fumes emitted by shells, and against the asphyxiating gases employed by Germans, are seen in use. Some "Tommies" tie wet handkerchiefs round their mouths; others use specially-made respirators that filter the foul gases, and are fitted with valves that open and close as the wearer breathes.

Now, day by day, with labour oft unseen,
The year fights through to summer; here and now
The pale bud slowly bursts the blackened bough,
Casts off the husk, and stands up straight and green.
Long, very long, the winter months have been;
But God, with need of waiting, doth endow
His gift of patience, and would teach us how
We, too, must pass through months of hardship lean,
Waiting and striving, till, with dauntless head,
We stand to greet life's summer.

—H. R. Freston.

A German soldier captured by the British in Flanders.

Barbed-wire adds to the Barbarism of War

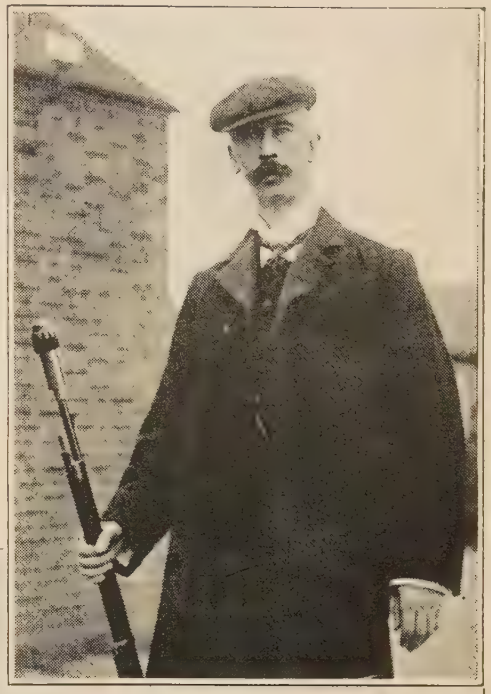
Of all minor modern war inventions, barbed-wire is probably the most useful in trench fighting. By daylight it is almost invisible, at night it is impossible to locate. French infantry cutting their way through German wire entanglements.

There are two classes of wire entanglements—high and low. On the left are high entanglements, the barbed-wire being fixed horizontally and diagonally to stout stakes. Low entanglements erected by the French at Craonne are seen on the right. In this case many yards of barbed-wire are stretched across a road. There are also sharp spikes driven up through wood.

Russian barbed-wire in Poland. Two Germans killed whilst entangled. Although the most elaborate arrangement of wires could be demolished in a few moments by men using pliers, the work had to be done under almost point-blank fire, and cost many lives.

Ancient Weapons revived for Modern Warfare

With the latest weapons devised by science those of bygone days are in use against the Germans. British with rifle grenades, and Mr. Marten-Hale, their inventor.



In ancient times a stone or arrow—now a bomb. This picture shows how it is fixed to the end of the modern catapult.

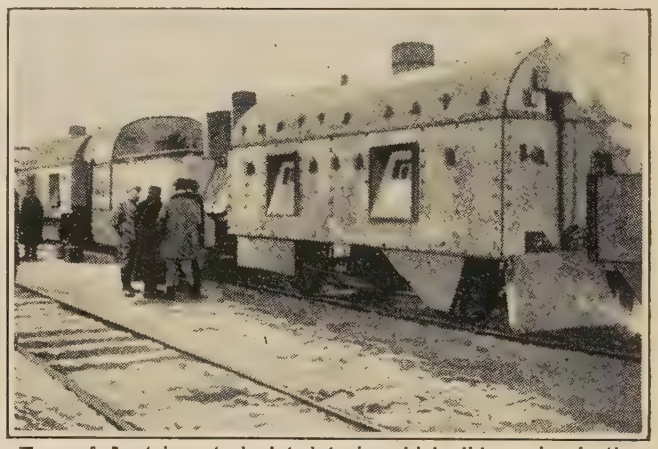
The revival of an ancient weapon. Catapult used by the French for hurling bombs into German trenches.

Another type of catapult. French soldiers about to send a bomb hurtling into a German trench which is only thirty yards away.

Trains of War—Dealing Death by Rail

British armoured train firing her big guns, travelling at high speed, undoubtedly the most thrilling method of attack. It was very prevalent in the coast fighting. A problem, however, was the gun-recoil, which made the train rock perilously.

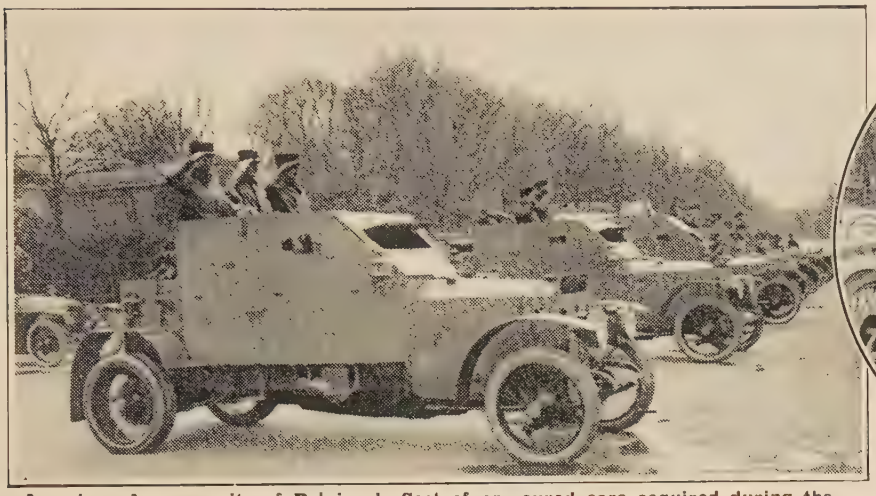
Sinister-looking vehicle passing through the wayside station of a practically deserted town near the battle-front. This armoured train had just been in the thick of the fighting.



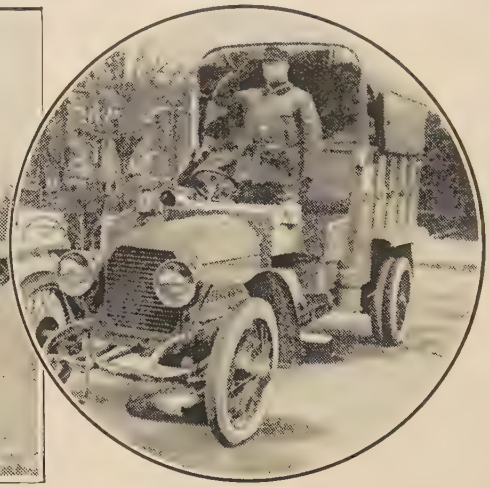
Type of Austrian steel-plated train which did service in the Carpathians. Hindenburg also made very great use of these vehicles over the network of strategic railways on the Polish front.

War on wheels. Two waggons of a French armoured train in action. These trains of war were armed with long-range guns and mitrailleuses, and were as elusive as they were destructive.

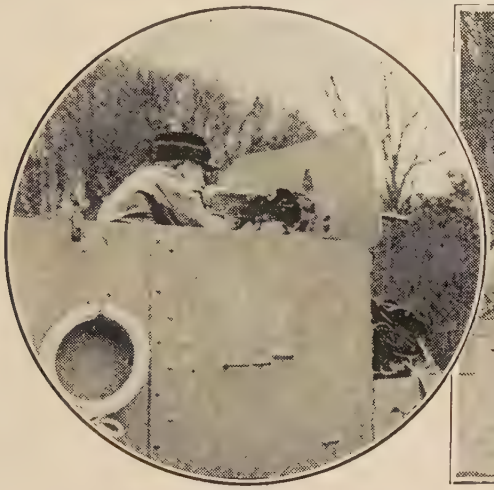
The Automobile as Life-saver and Death-dealer



A review of some units of Belgium's fleet of armoured cars acquired during the war. These mobile fortresses were armed with mitrailleuses.



An intrepid Belgian soldier-automoblist, Constant Le Marins, on a motor-ambulance.

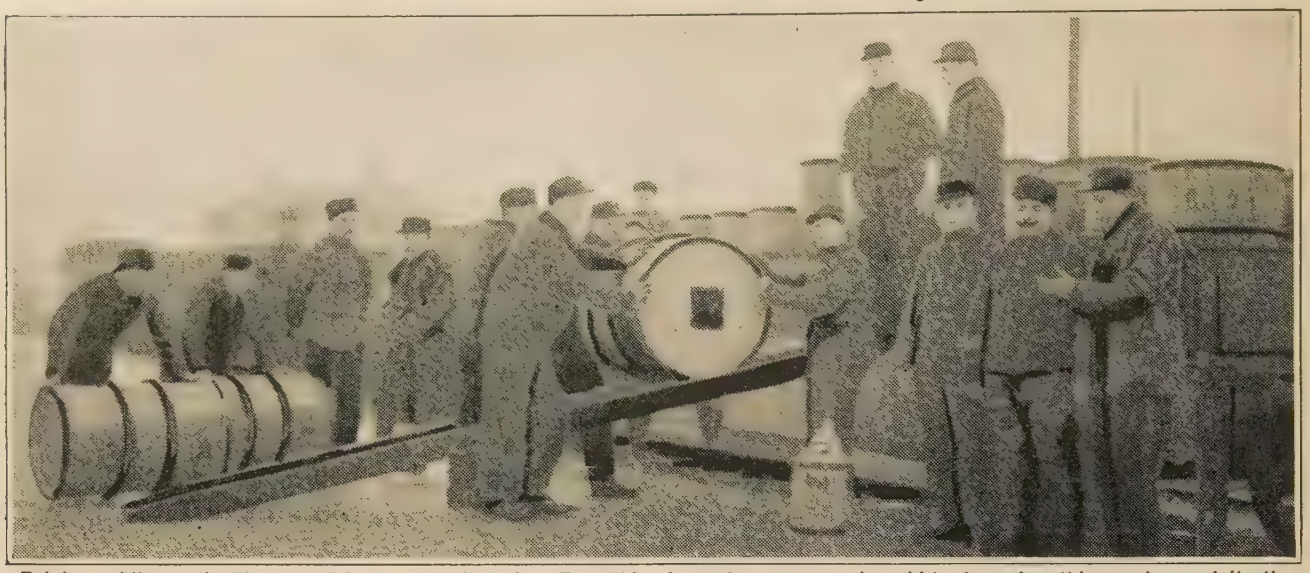


A Belgian mitrailleuse gunner at his post behind the gun.

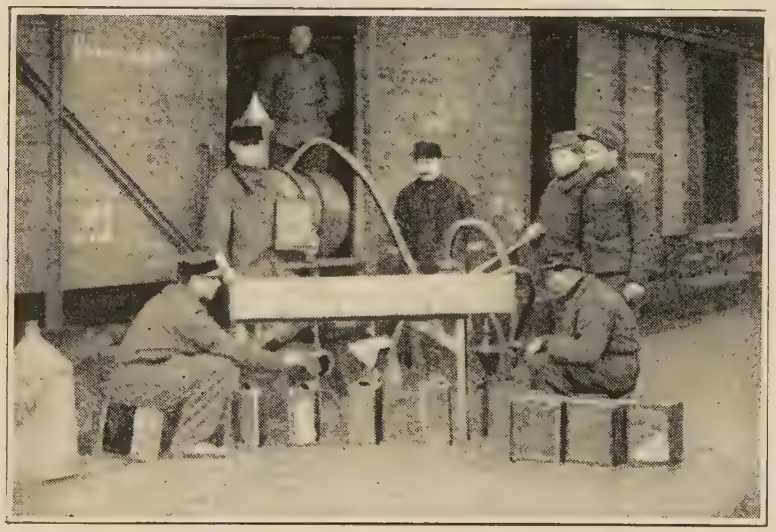
General Clergerie, Etat Major of the Governor of Paris, with Major Colomb, of the Belgian Army, reviewing the auto-mitrailleuse section.

An impressive service that took place at the Russian church in Paris. Before the departure to the front of a number of new motor-ambulances a religious ceremony was held, in the course of which a benediction was invoked by the Russian priest.

Petrol—the Life-blood of an Army on the Move



Belgian soldiers unloading petrol from a supply train. Everything in modern war may be said to depend on this precious spirit—the transport of food, of ammunition, of wounded, and of even an army itself where rapid movement is essential.



Belgian soldiers filling petrol cans for use of aeroplanes from the tank of a supply train at a frontier station.

Unloading large tin cans of petrol for consumption by French aeroplanes.

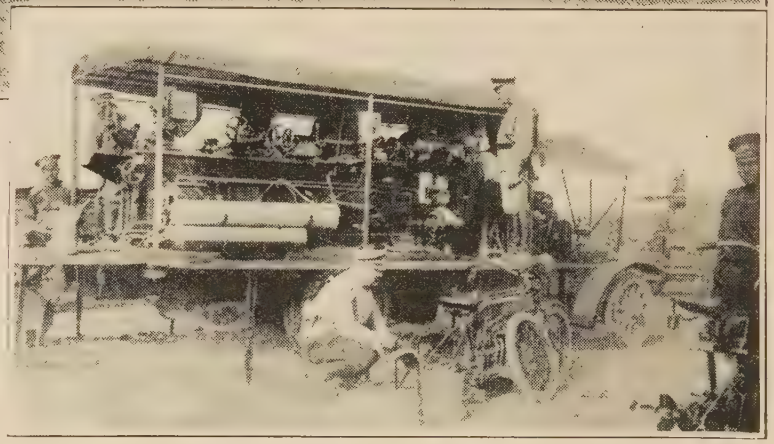
Belgian soldiers cleaning and repairing an aeroplane motor in the petrol train.

A feature of the Belgian Army. Fleet of petrol-driven cars which went out daily on sniping excursions, causing the Germans considerable trouble.

Mending the Allies' War-worn Motors

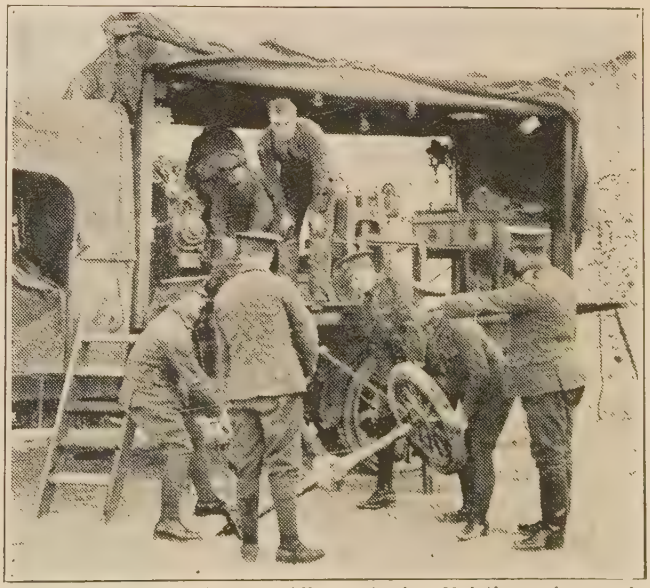
Motor-lorry rigged up as a repair shop by engineers of the First Australian Contingent.

THE various motor sections attached to the allied armies proved invaluable from all points of view. This sphere of military utility superseded, to a large extent, the use of the war-horse, but it does not appear to such picturesque advantage. The painter of battle subjects must depict Sir John French, not astride a spirited charger, but seated in a powerful motor-car. The machines became worn out quickly owing to necessarily "reckless" driving and the bad roads, but each army possessed its mechanical repair shops where cars and cycles were quickly renovated and made fit for duty again in record time.



One of the numerous automobile repair waggons attached to the mechanical transport section of the Russian army in Poland.

"Auto-Docteurs." Men of a French motor repair corps at work. These mechanics dealt exclusively with damaged motor-cars



British mechanical "hospital" on wheels. Hoisting a damaged back axle into the travelling motor repair shop.

The Little 75's Big Brother and the Historic 4·7

A big French gun which shared the credit of efficiency with the smaller piece of ordnance—the "75." One of the powerful 155 mm.—or about 6 in.—guns which sorely impressed the Huns in the neighbourhood of Regneville. It will be noted that the weapon is not masked, probably because it is sufficiently hidden from aircraft by the various houses in the neighbourhood.

The 4·7 in. gun, which proved so notoriously successful in the South African War, was again brought into prominence by the action of the Canadians in recovering four of these weapons abandoned in the fight for the Yser Canal, which commenced on April 23rd. This photograph shows a 4·7 in. gun being placed in position during manœuvres.

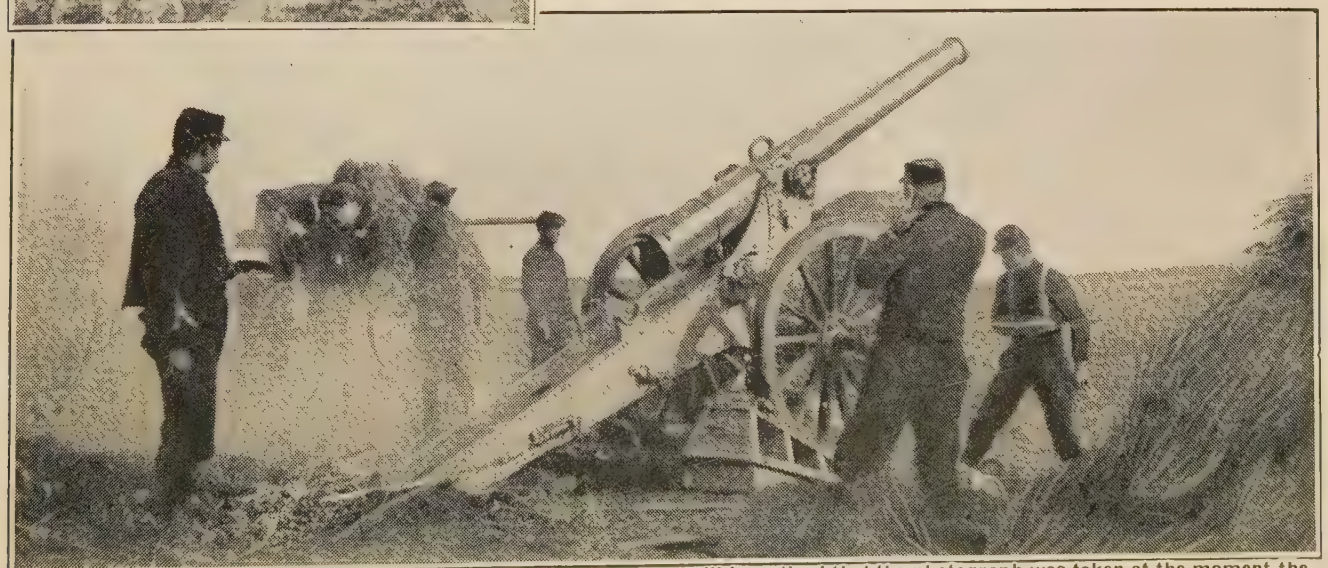
The Dreadful Thunder of the Big Guns

NOT a few soldiers were sent back from the front with shattered nerves and suffering from what is commonly known as "shell shock." In the hospitals there were men who, waking and sleeping, always heard the terrific booming of the guns and the shrieking and bursting of the shells.

The nerve strain in modern warfare is appalling; there is but little relief from the violent explosions; they are practically continuous by day and by night, and it is difficult to get accustomed to the thunder of the guns and the singing of the shells ere they burst with violent crashes. The men who worked the big guns suffered most from the stunning concussions. Many had their hearing permanently impaired through the dreadful, nerve-racking din of the guns they served. In order to safeguard themselves as much as possible, they invariably held their hands over their ears, as is shown in all these photographs. A few wore ear-caps, but this was not always practicable, owing to the fact that in muffling the ears there was danger of missing words of command.

A French gun in action. The officer has his hands to his ears, while the gunners are wearing ear-caps to reduce the noise.

Left: One of Austria's big guns at the moment of firing. Right: An artillery duel in progress on the French front. These gunners are also stopping their ears to deaden the shock of the report.



"There have been artillery duels at various points." This was a sentence that one often read in the official communiques, and these photographs show some of them in progress. In each case it will be noticed that the photograph was taken at the moment the gun was being fired. Most of the gunners are muffling their ears in order slightly to minimise the terrific noise of the gun-fire.

Flotsam and Jetsam in the Tide of Battle

A barge-load of German prisoners captured in the fighting at Neuve Chapelle waiting for the train which will speed them to internment. This photograph, poignant as it is with misery, well illustrates the despair of the captives. Note the two British soldiers who are in charge of the guard of these German eagles with clipped wings.

The danger to vehicles from the "pot-holes" and large sharp stones caused by shell fire on French highways is being mitigated by a band of road menders attached to the French Army.

There is nothing more affecting than the fighting man's love for his fallen comrades. Here some members of the London Scottish are tending the graves of their friends killed in a recent action.

This mass of debris is part of the accumulation of German war material, uniforms of fallen soldiers, weapons, etc., gathered together after a big battle, and sent by rail behind the lines, there to be duly sorted out for further use in Wilhelm's cause.

Diverse Incidents in the "No Man's Land" of War

Red Cross workers conducting a wounded German from the field ambulance to the hospital. Inset in centre: Debris of a house at Laventie, an object of Hun-fire.

Red Cross workers are indefatigable. Always present at or in the wake of a battle, the field motor-ambulance is ever ready to succour fresh victims of the war.

The trademark of the "Kultur" syndicate. The home of some innocent non-combatant has suffered the "civilising" influence of a German shell.

The war-riven highways of France and Flanders were like ploughed fields. This one has been too much for the auto, which has sustained a spill, happily, however without causing casualties.

On and off Duty in the First-line Trenches

In a French first-line trench. While some of the soldiers are reading or resting their comrades are firing and watching.

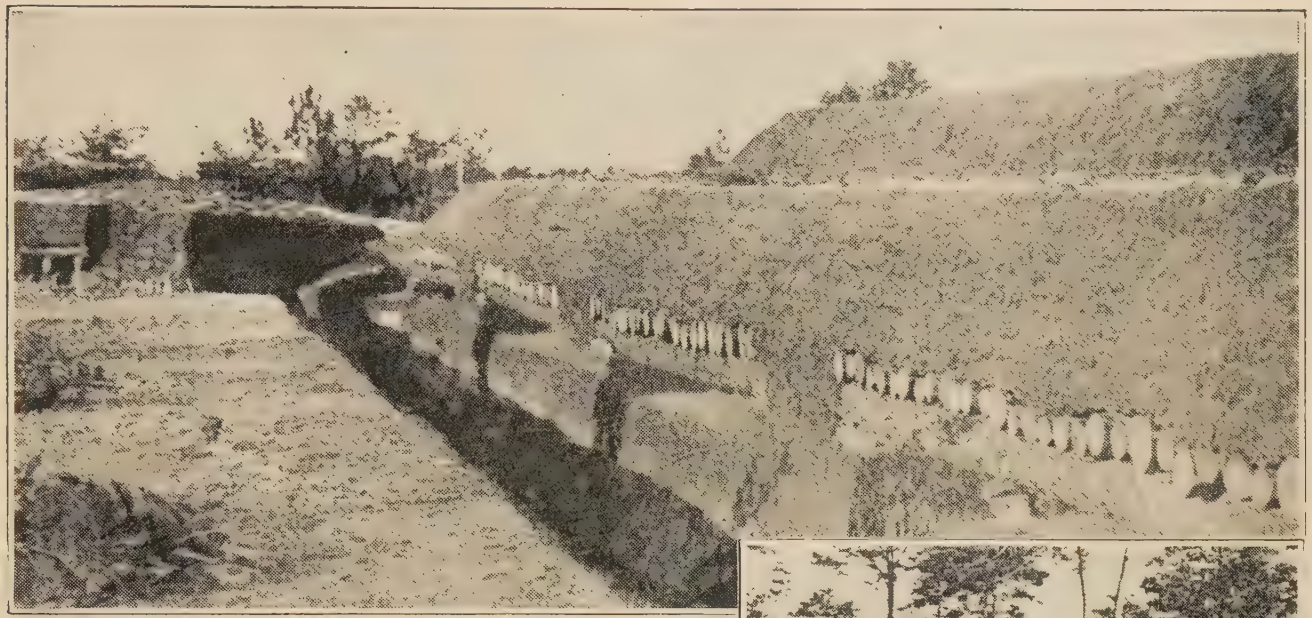
MOST of us can have but a hazy idea of what it was really like to be in the trenches. These splendid photographs, especially the one below of a British trench, give an excellent idea of trench life. Here, side by side, are seen soldiers calmly fighting and resting, watching the foe, or cooking a meal. While one Frenchman reads his newspaper, another, within a few inches of him, is about to fire at a German; while the curly-headed British "Tommy" promptly takes aim at a head protruding from the German trench, a sergeant, pipe in mouth, unconcernedly cooks his bacon over the brazier fire. The details shown in the photograph below are specially fascinating. Note the cooking utensils, and how they are fixed to the wooden wall of the trench.

German trench near the Yser. Cleaning up their cartridges, gentle work for a slack day.

While a "Tommy" is trying to "bag" an unsuspecting Hun in the opposite trench, the sergeant is more interested in his bacon.

Fighting and resting in a Russian trench in the eastern war area. Slav soldiers in Poland elaborately garbed against winter's cold.

Soldier Troglodytes at Home in the Underground

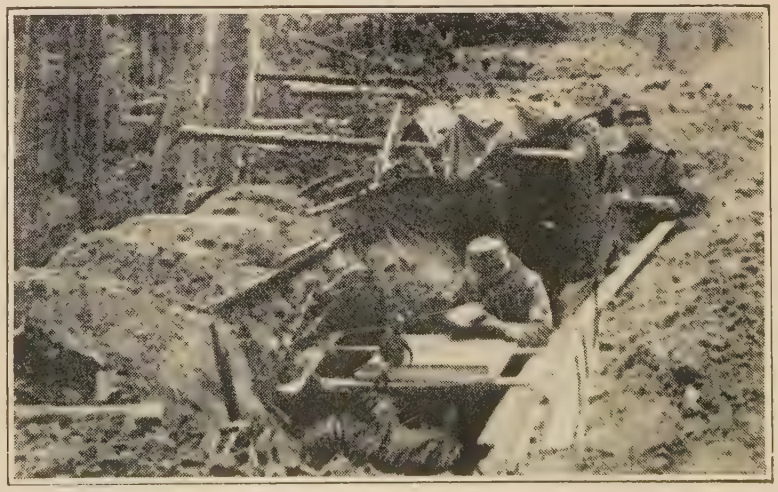


Elaborately-constructed French trenches, built one above the other, in the Argonne district. They were solidified with tree-trunks taken from the forest.

Letters, "delicatessen," and wine from the Fatherland. Prussian soldiers make themselves more or less at home in a dug-out. No German hamper would be complete without the inevitable Frankfurter sausage.

The Germans were supposed in Deutschland to be sweeping on to victory. Burrowing underground seems to have been a particularly arduous way of getting there.

Look out! British soldiers crouching in a trench while a "Black Maria" whistled overhead.



A quiet day in the Argonne. Another view of a French first-line trench, with bomb-proof shelters.

Peace and War Contrasts in the Lands of Conflict

In the fair fields of France and Flanders strange contrasts were seen, depicting scenes of Peace mingled with those of War, although the time seemed far off when men should "beat their swords into ploughshares." These photographs remind us of an English countryside; the above might be of a harvesting scene. It shows British soldiers cutting a new road in France.

The calm, contented oxen do not know friend from foe. Germans plundering a French farm and about to drive the oxen to slaughter.

Serbian peasant women were very kind to wounded Austrians after retreats. Country-folk taking the disabled men to hospital.

Peace and War. A striking contrast: A ploughman calmly tilling the soil in Northern France, and a French armoured motor-car engaged in the sterner work of war. Military map in hand, the officer is surveying the country and watching keenly for signs of the enemy, while the gunner stands ready behind the machine-gun.

Far-flung Episodes in Freedom's World-wide War

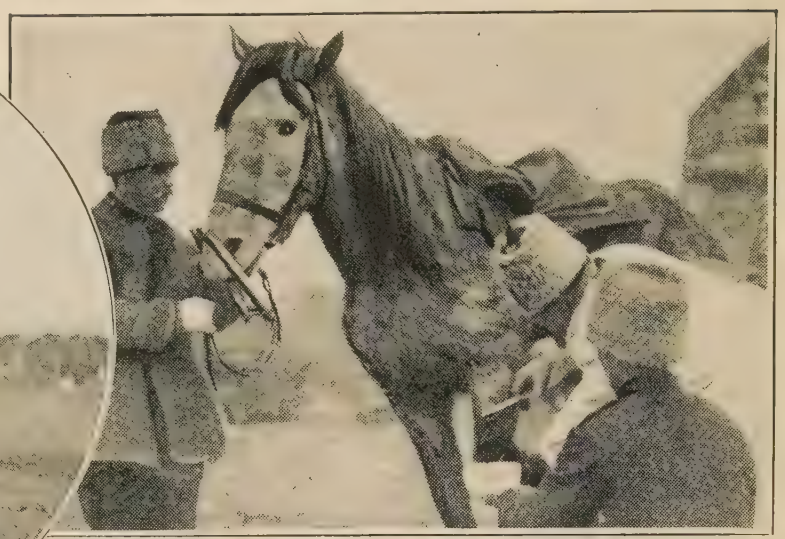
Teetotalism on Egypt's sunny sands. Colonials refreshing themselves with milk and soda in the desert. Right: Scene on a British battleship during a shipment of shells.

Tommy's adaptability is proverbial. Here he is seen cutting up timber with the aid of a circular-saw worked by the wheel of a motor-ambulance.

"Jack" on leave soon made friends. During occasional lulls in the Dardanelles operations his cheery personality impressed the natives favourably.

Dinner-party arrives at the "Savoy Hotel," in Northern France. Guests are arriving, apparently bringing their own "tiffin." The little French boy is peeling potatoes with hungry concentration.

Some Equine Recruits and Veterans



Left: Lively mount "in training" at the Canadian Contingent's remount depot. Right: Russians tending a wounded horse muzzled with nose pincers.

Picturesque scene near a British camp in France. Transport service horses being watered. Right: Popular French jockey entertaining wounded Britons and Frenchmen in a riding-school turned into a hospital.

War-scarred equine warrior, which did good work for the Allies during the first nine months of the war. Then she had to go into a hospital near Paris, thereafter to end her days in peaceful retirement.

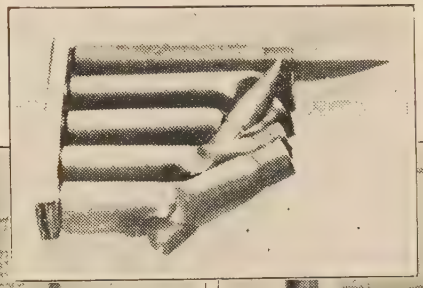
Member of the Canadian Contingent decorating one of his horses with gaily-coloured ribbons. The Empire had to be grateful to Canada's horses as well as to her men.

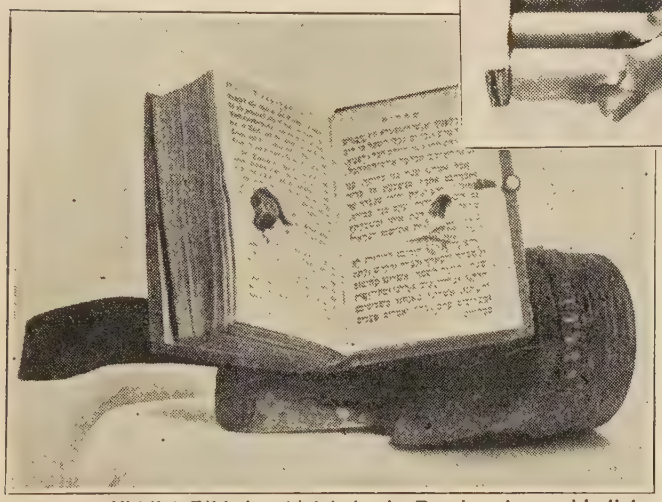
Some Mascots and Trifles that Saved Lives

"Wolf," the mascot of the 2nd Battalion London Scottish. Inset: German cartridge clip struck by French bullet.

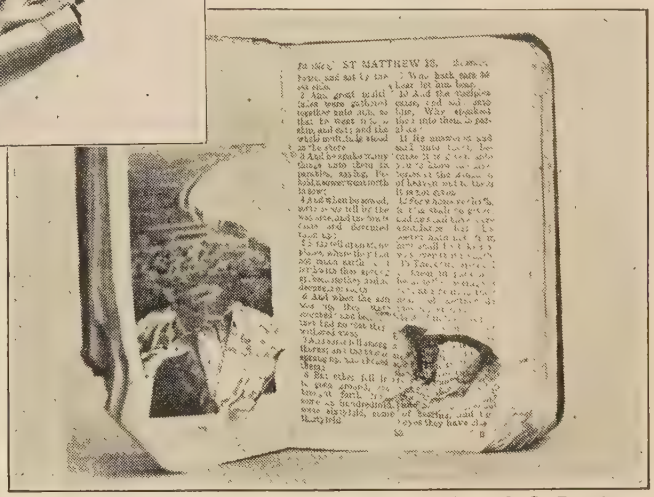
Princess Mary's gift-box, which saved the life of Private Metcalfe, Royal West Kents, by deviating the course of a bullet which, however, shattered the pipe, passed through the box, and killed a man standing near him in the trenches.

Middlesex ("the Diehards") famous mascot mule decorated with Chitral, Tirah, and Indian frontier medals.





German-Yiddish Bible in which lodged a Russian shrapnel bullet, thereby saving the life of a Landwehr officer who was carrying the book in his pocket.



Another Bible shield which saved the life of Private A. G. Perkins, of the 1st Lincolns, who was carrying it on his person. A shrapnel-bullet went right through it.

"Billy," the goat mascot of the Welsh Regiment, marching at the head of the battalion.

A grim relic from a battlefield of the Aisne. Bugle perforated by shrapnel bullets which killed its owner, a K. R. Rifleman.

The docile goat "Tipperary," another mascot of the 2nd Battalion London Scottish.

Friends and Foes pay Tribute to their Fallen

Mounds of earth in rows, and marked by rough-hewn crosses, with here and there some wild flowers—these form the shrines where Britain's heroes sleep. A soldier's funeral in the cemetery of heroes.

"Iron Crosses" won in death. Novel memorials marking the graves of German soldiers who fell for their Fatherland and Kaiser.

"Eyes, look your last!" This Serbian father, mother, and daughter have given their loved one for the cause of honour, and kiss the cross that marks his grave.

Britons and Frenchmen paying tribute to their fallen comrades, with the Flag for which they died. Graves of some of the British soldiers who fell on the Marne.

A lonely grave on the snow-clad fields of Poland, none the less pathetic because it is that of an enemy soldier who has been called by "this fell sergeant, Death." This photograph, showing an Austrian officer visiting the grave of his comrade, tells a story better than could any words. "There are some things," wrote Meredith, "that language is too gross for."

The Soldiers' Postbag links Home & Battlefield

Our soldiers' relatives and friends were not always careful in packing parcels for the front. The "repair" department at the G.P.O.

Owing to the splendid system of sorting, comparatively few of the thousands of letters and parcels addressed to "Tommy" went astray.

Left: French post-office at Youville, which the Germans took over for their own use. Right: Heavy post of letters and parcels for prisoners of war being sorted at Geneva, before being sent to the internment camps.

Picturesque scene at a French artillery camp in the Woevre, the postal waggon having just brought the mails. Far from all loved ones, a numbered unit among millions fighting in the war, the soldier knew no greater joy than the arrival of letters from home. Eagerly he waited for news, and tears were often seen in the eyes of disappointed heroes when there has been nothing for them.

Ever-prying Eyes of Friend and Foe

German observation post on a tree-top in East Africa. This photograph was taken by a British scout who had reconnoitred the position and, finding it deserted, took possession. The men on the ladder are Somali scouts. Right: A British scout's look-out, built on a tree-top at the edge of a wood in France.

Eyes of the enemy near the Yser. German battery commander using a field periscope at an artillery observation post built on top of a haystack; inside the rick is a telephone. Right: Mill in the North of France used by Germans as an observation post, and the first French soldier to approach it after the enemy had been dislodged. The body of a German officer was found there.

The Tramp of Hun & Turk in Belgium and Gallipoli

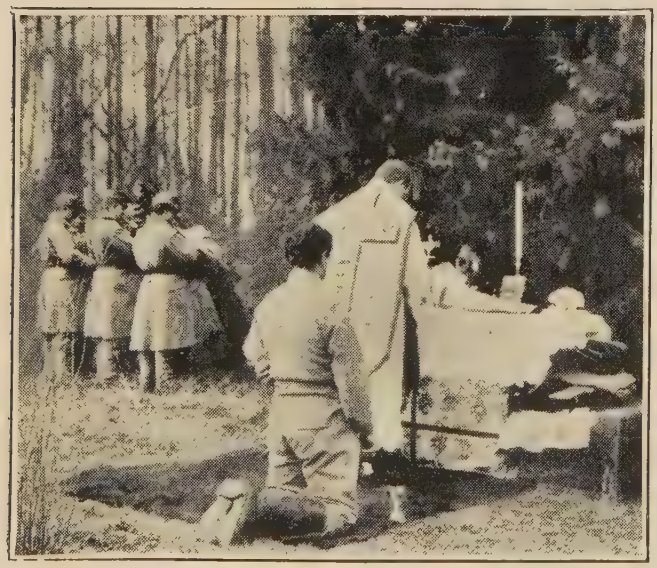
Scouting party of Uhlans on patrol duty in Belgium. Riding in files on either side of the road, with lances held in readiness for action, they are on the alert to see that the adjoining woodland is clear of the allied troops before the main body of German infantry advances.

Turkish infantry in the Gallipoli Peninsula moving into positions that will enable them to defend the road to Constantinople. The Turco-German forces fought desperately in their attempt to prevent the allied troops from forcing the gates of the stronghold of Islam.

Friends and Foes at Worship on the Field

Austrians taking communion at a temporary altar in Poland. Shakespeare made Henry V. say, before Agincourt, "O God of battles! Steel my soldiers' hearts," and friend and foe in this great war call to their Maker for aid and blessing.

Left: Russian prisoners of war at Guben taking part in a service. Beside the priest is a soldier with an incense brazier. The Tsar's soldiers regarded the war as a "Holy War." Right: Priest of the Greek Church blessing a gun-carriage.



Austrians holding Mass in the field. The priest is attended by a soldier, and sacred music is being played by the regiment's band.

Priest praying before the colours of a Russian regiment. A bible and cross are placed on the stacked bayonets.

German Prisoner "Colonies" in Four Continents

Victorious Belgian and vanquished Teuton. The photograph shows a number of German prisoners captured in the Battle for the Coast. They are being led into captivity in charge of some Belgian soldiers. Downcast German prisoners in Asia. Exponents of "Kultur" in the Celestial Empire marching to prison under a Japanese guard.

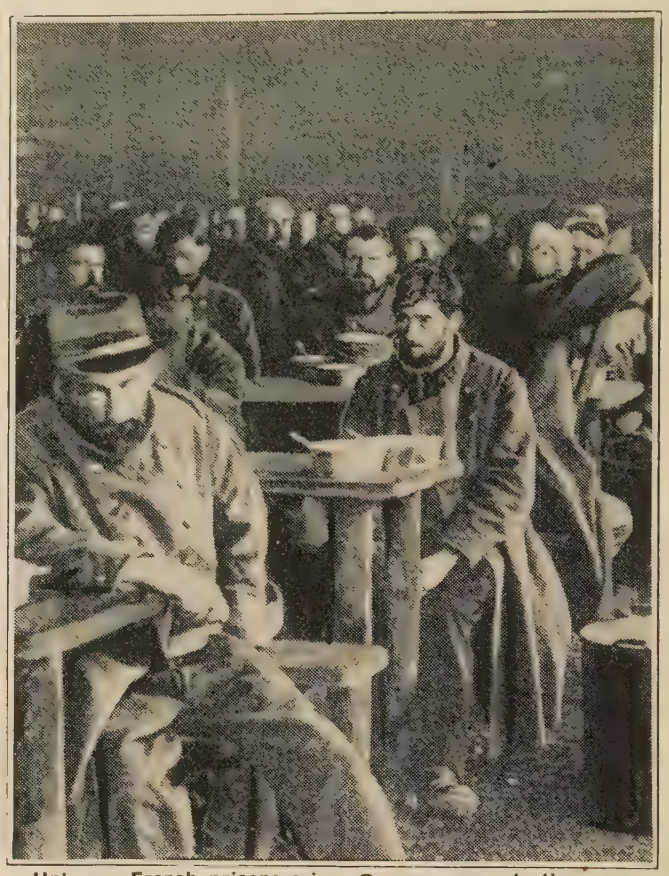
The internment in Morocco of Germans captured by our French allies must be a bitter irony, for the Fatherland and its world-power maniacs have always coveted French activities and possessions in Africa. The above photograph depicts some German prisoners who are to be employed at road-making in the French Colony until peace releases them.

Even Toronto is not free from a Teuton prisoner "colony." About sixty Germans and Austrians, many of them army reservists, have been placed in a detention camp. Above they are seen at recreation.

Quite happy in "perfidious" Albion. More German prisoners making the best of things in a British concentration camp.

Tragic Humility of the Prisoner Expression

German soldier unwillingly facing the camera. All German prisoners were photographed by their French captors.



Unhappy French prisoners in a German concentration camp at meal time. They seem to feel their position bitterly.

British soldiers returning from work at the Doberitz camp, Germany. They were all shy of the camera, many of them hiding their faces behind spades. The plight of Britons in German durance was proved to be pitiable.

Intense depression of French prisoners in Germany subjected to the unsympathetic stare of the crowd in Berlin.

War Prisoners made to toil for their Captors

Austrian prisoners, captured by Serbians, engaged in transport work. The Serbians treated their prisoners well, taking no reprisals for the ill-treatment suffered by their own soldiers in Austria.

At various French towns the authorities put German prisoners to work as scavengers. In Germany a point was made of compelling British officers to do such menial work.

Russian prisoners of war cleaning the streets of Cassel, in Prussia. Inset: Captured Russians who were formed into a fire-brigade at Cassel. It is, of course, quite according to precedent to make prisoners do humiliating work, but Germany's savage treatment of British soldiers was without precedent in modern warfare. Lengthy reports of the horrors of prison camps in Germany were frequently published, and told terrible stories of the privations suffered for the "crime" of defending their countries.

Unofficial Additions to Rations at the Front

RATIONS, unofficial rations, giving zest to the usual fare, were naturally welcomed by the men who fought in the world war. The soldiers took every opportunity of buying or "acquiring" appetising morsels. There is a story of a certain British officer who, receiving complaints that his men were killing sheep and game, addressed them thus: "It is to be clearly understood that I absolutely forbid the killing of sheep or game! The man who kills a sheep, a rabbit, or a bird will, in future, be severely punished, unless—er—he does so in self-defence!"

The Germans were adepts at commandeering additional food, but, unlike the Allies, they did it on a wholesale scale, and left the civil population to starve. During the few opportunities for sport afforded them, some officers at the front went out with their guns in search of game to form an addition to war-time fare.

Germans returning from a foraging expedition in a Belgian village. One is carrying purloined fowls; the others have loaves of bread and cans of milk.

Captured by the French. A pig, unwise enough to stray into the French lines, is captured by the delighted soldiers, who are keen on roast pork.

During a holiday from the trenches these officers of a Scottish regiment went in search of milder sport.

Beef for the Huns, who made a point of commandeering all the livestock they could lay hands on.

Youthful hostess serves wine and bread and cheese to French officers. They are glad of the opportunity of filling their flasks before hastening to the front.

A Day's Diverse Impressions behind the Battle-line

Funeral of man's faithful friend. French soldiers interring the carcase of a horse killed by the explosion of a German shell.

Belgian soldiers near Oestkirk amid a scene of desolation caused by indiscriminate Hun fire.

Troop of Indian warriors on service duty, somewhere in France. Inset: Pretty French Red Cross nurse attired in campaigning outfit.

Complete devastation caused by German shells. All that was left of the church of Pervyse after "Kultur" had finished with it.

Soldiers of Freedom and Tyranny on the Move

In early spring of 1915, probably the greatest transportation of soldiers in history was effected. The new armies were on the move to the battlefields of France and Flanders, and the Potsdam plotters may well have felt nervous of coming events. This photograph shows a troop of British infantry marching under cover of a beautiful French wood which heralds the coming of spring.

How a German ammunition column goes into action. Under cover of a hill, close in, rather than on the open road, which would disclose them more easily to hostile aircraft, the waggons of deadly projectiles are seen about to move into the firing-line. Soon they will be expended on some part of the British line, or, perhaps, some unoffending church spire on the distant horizon.

ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES OF THE GREAT WAR

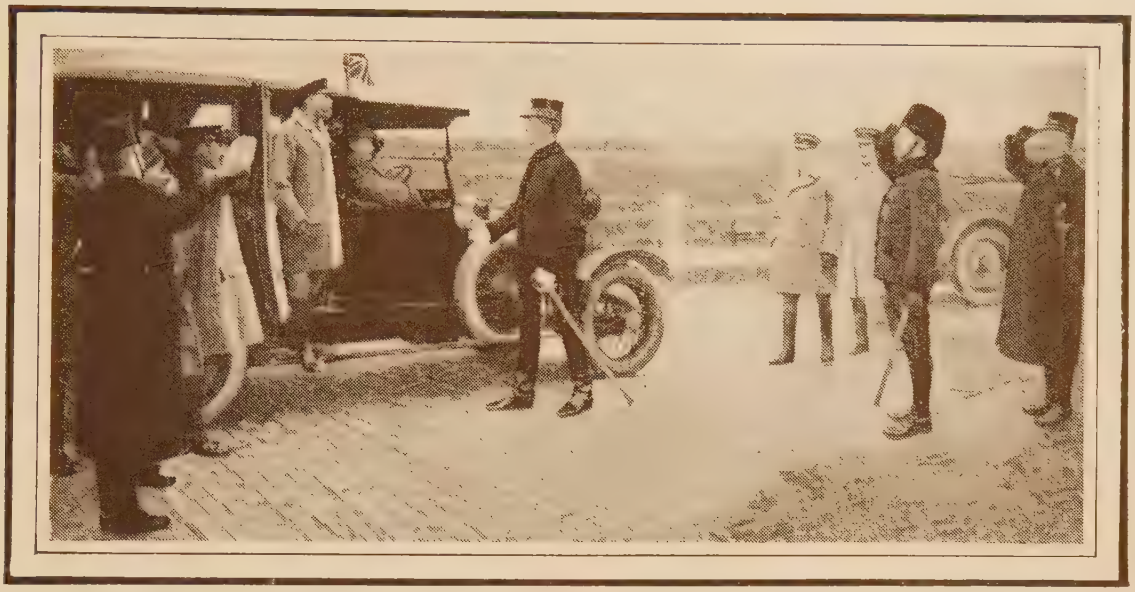
1915

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, O.M., K.C.M.G., G.C.B., G.C.V.O.
By John St. Helier Lander.

The copyright of the pictures in this Section is in each case strictly reserved by the owners

HOMELESS . By Richard Jack, A.R.A.

Poignant with pathos, this picture brings home to us the tragedy of invasion with striking force. Young and old, fleeing before the ruthless foe, are bound for a new environment. The mute resignation of the aged, and the look, half fear, half curiosity, of the children are admirably expressed.



WHERE BELGIUM GREETED BRITAIN
By H. A. Olivier.

WOUNDED: LONDON HOSPITAL, 1915
By John Lavery, A.R.A.

Copyright donated to the London Hospital.

MINE-SWEEPERS By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

The subject of this picture is what has been regarded by some as the most heroic of all war work. A fleet of mine-sweepers puts out to gather the grimmest harvest of the sea.

BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED "LION" By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

On a sinister, grey day a silent cortege moves slowly up the Forth. The Lion, sorely wounded in her fight with the flying German squadron, comes into dock for repairs, escorted by destroyers.

THE STRONGEST

By F. Matania

The Belgian child is bitterly contemptuous of the German aggressor. He knows no fear for the barbarian who has ravaged the land of his fathers. This picture, humorous as it is in one sense, is very eloquent of the terrible martyrdom of great little Belgium.

BELGIUM: THE LOWLY-BORN TO SHARE A NATION'S WOE - By Frank Spenlove-Spenlove, R.I.

The aged peasant woman, in the hour of her country's martyrdom, is supplicating "La Mere Immaculee de Dieu." In front of the crucifix, lighted by the votive candles, her prayers and tears are falling fast. Near the praying-stool she had carefully placed her sabots, the wooden shoes which but yesterday carried her over the beautiful pastureland, now the scene of endless mortal misery.

COMRADES

By J. P. Beadle

The trench has been considered an uninspiring subject for pictorial expression. Certainly, its prosaic rigidity exacts very skilful treatment to be effective. The artist of this picture has invested it with considerable romance and pathos. The Allies are together repelling the common enemy. A French comrade has been struck, and his British friend is about to move him to a place of safety. In the background the flame of war consumes the smiling countryside.

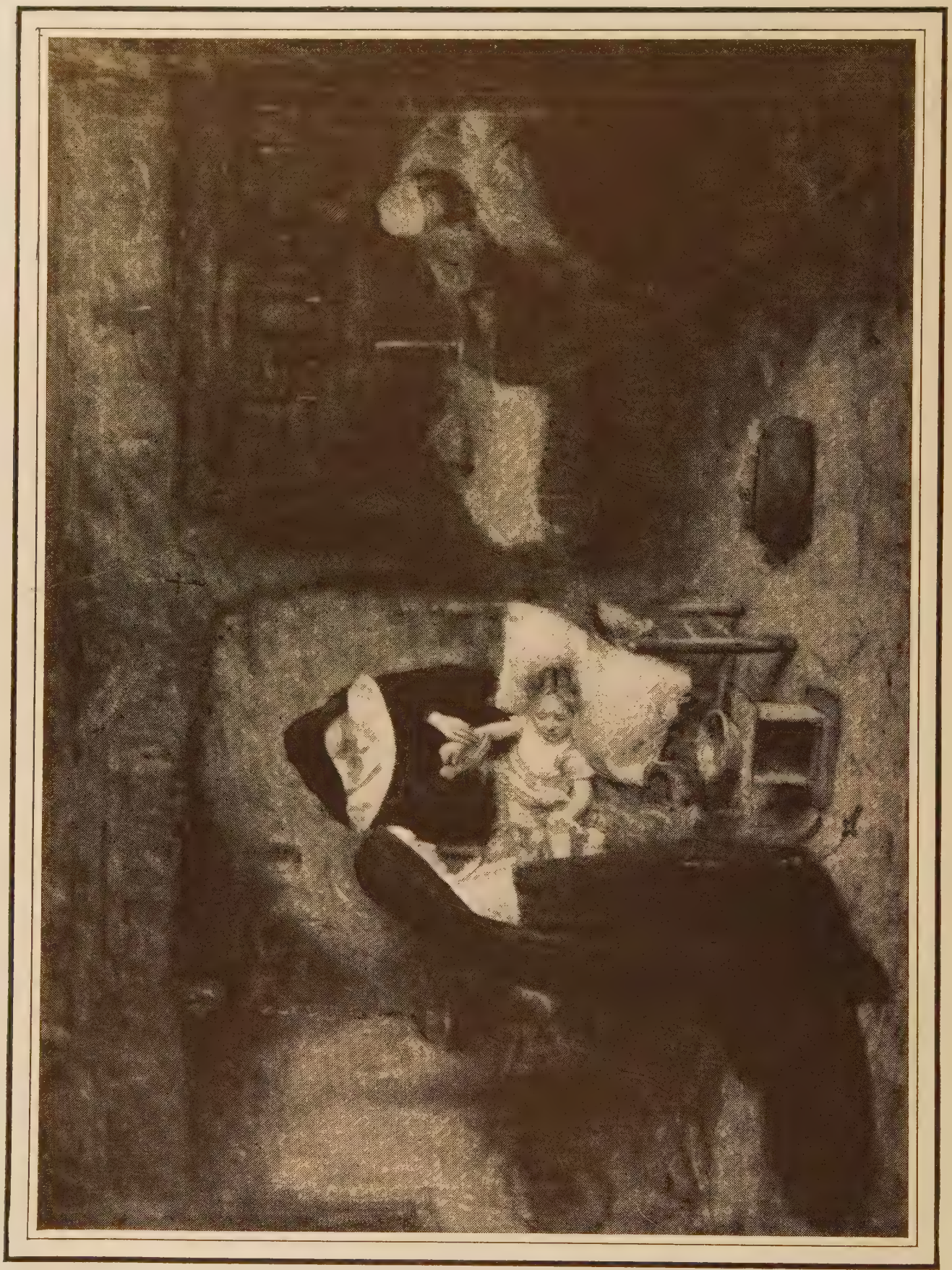
"CUSTODIAT ANIMAM TUAM IN VITAM ÆTERNAM."
By W. H. Y. Titcomb, R.W.A.

Nothing is more affecting than the simple piety of the fighting man. This picture shows men from the trenches at prayer on the battlefield. A soldier priest (his spurs are visible beneath the cassock) administers the Sacrament to a reverent congregation before they set off to join their comrades marching to battle in the background.

The fighters have returned from the wars broken, but happy in the thought that they have done their duty. They are convalescing in a quiet and beautiful country house converted into a hospital. A priest comes regularly to celebrate Mass, and the soldiers, their friends and relations and the nurses, bow their heads in pious supplication.

MASS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN AN ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE

By W. Hatherell, R.I.



RESCUE THE PERISHING, CARE FOR THE DYING: BELGIUM, 1914 - By R. Gemmell Hutchison, R.S.A.

Two Sisters of Mercy succour the weak and oppressed in a Belgian homestead, with the devotion characteristic of their religion.

LANDRECIES, AUGUST 25th, 1914. By W. B. Wollen, R.I.

Just after the memorable retreat from Mons, a British army corps held up the German advance near Landrecies. This spirited picture shows the Guards, with fixed bayonets, charging the Germans in the main street.

THE FOSTER-PARENT

By Fred Roe, R.I.

This picture tells its own story with singularly strong appeal. The handsome Scotsman, a type that we can all admire, watches over the innocent sleep of the pretty infant refugee whom he has rescued from the vortex of war. Torn from her parents and homeless, she has found a friend in the kilted stranger.

The happier note in Royal Academy war pictures. Night scene in a dug-out somewhere at the front. A British Tommy is reading home news to his comrades in the warm glow of the lantern. Outside a sentry keeps vigil.

SOMEWHERE AT THE FRONT

By Fred Roe, R.I.

REFUGEES: IN MY STUDIO

By Frederick W. Elwell

Safe at last from the brutal foe, after many vicissitudes and adventures, the refugees have found an anchorage in the artist's studio. He has caught them at their morning toilet. The old man is lighting the stove, while his daughter prepares the breakfast for her children. A pretty subject pleasingly executed.

DESTROYER FLOTILLA — By Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.

A DISPATCH BOAT — By Charles Napier Hemy, R.A.

THE FIGHTING-LINE
FROM YPRES TO THE SEA
By W. L. Wyllie, R.A.

What the battlefields look like from above. An ingenious diagrammatic painting showing the fighting line in perspective from Ypres to the sea. The various points are marked on the frame. A British aeroplane, flying over the enemy's lines, comes in for a hot fire from anti-aircraft guns.

What did we hope for him we loved ?
Life full and fair, success, renown ?
Nay, greater fame can no man win
Than a life laid nobly down
For England's needs—a soldier's death :
God giveth him—the Victor's wreath !

—A.B.L.

Britain's Roll of Honoured Dead

The resting-place of the Canadian heroes who saved the situation at Ypres

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. J. E. GOUGH, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., A.D.C.

Major J. H. S. POWELL, R.F.A.

Major F. A. NELSON, Royal Marine L.I.

Capt. P. W. N. FRASER, D.S.O., Cameron Highlanders.

Lieut. D. E. R. PERSSE, Dublin Fusiliers.

Lieut. E. M. S. KENT, Hampshire Regiment.

Lieut. B. G. N. WATKIN R.F.A.

Lieut. L. B. HARDY, Worcestershire Regiment.

Lieut. Viscount NORTHLAND, Coldstream Guards

Lieut. J. A. CARTER-WOOD, Coldstream Guards.

Brig.-General John Edmund Gough, V.C., was mentioned in despatches by General French for his services with the 1st Army Corps. He was A.D.C. to the King. Major J. H. S. Powell, R.F.A., was severely wounded in the head near Lille, while directing gun-fire, and afterwards carried one of his men, who was wounded at the same time, three hundred yards through a heavy shell fire. Captain Norman Fraser, D.S.O., Cameron Highlanders, also served with distinction in the Boer War. He was first A.D.C. to Major-General Sir Bruce Hamilton, and afterwards Staff Lieut. on Lord Kitchener's Staff. Lieut. Viscount Northland, Coldstream Guards, was the only son of the Earl of Ranfurly. In 1912 Lord Northland married the younger daughter of Sir Daniel Cooper. He left two sons; the elder, born in 1913, being heir to the Earldom. Lieut. J. A. Carter-Wood, Coldstream Guards, had won promotion at the front. He was gazetted Second-Lieutenant in the 4th (Reserve) Battalion in October, 1914. Lieut. Thomas Musgrave obtained his commission in the Irish Guards in August, 1912. He retired, but on the outbreak of war rejoined his regiment, and was gazetted to the 2nd Battalion in September, 1914. Second-Lieut. F. C. Tyrrell, Coldstream Guards, only received his commission in August, 1914, being gazetted to the 3rd Battalion. Second-Lieut. Lennox Cleland Lee, Irish Guards, was twenty-one years of age, and an ex-Cadet of the Officers' Training Corps. Second-Lieut. R. G. Milburn, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was gazetted from the O.T.C. in August, 1914. He was twenty-one years of age. Surgeon Vernon L. Mathews and Midshipman John A. Hamilton, R.N.R., lost their lives in H.M.S. Viknor. The latter was an only son.

Lieut. THOS. MUSGRAVE, Irish Guards

Lieut. N. W. R. KING, 16th Lancers

Sec.-Lieut. B. CAMPBELL, 4th Batt. Warwickshire Regt

Sec.-Lieut. F. C. TYRRELL Coldstream Guards

Sec.-Lieut M. E. CALLARD Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. LENNOX CLELAND LEE, Irish Guards

Sec.-Lieut R. G. MILBURN, East Surrey Regiment.

Surgeon L. MATHEWS H.M.S. Viknor.

Sec.-Lieut E. J. MUNBY 1st E. Anglian Coy., R.E.

Lieut. C. G. E. CLOWES, King's Royal Rifle Corps

Mid. J. A. HAMILTON, R.N.R., H.M.S. Viknor.

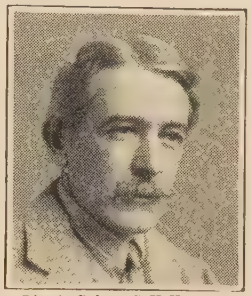
Photographs by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Swaine, Speaight, Hills & Saunders, Brooke Hughes.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. P. C. ELIOTT-LOCKHART, D.S.O., 59th Scinde Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. WILFRID MARRYAT BLISS, the Cameronians (Scot. Rifles).

Lieut.-Col. LAURENCE ROWE FISHER-ROWE, Grenadier Guards.



Lieut.-Col. GUY DU MAURIER, D.S.O., 3rd Royal Fusiliers.

Major C. LEIGH, D.S.O., King's Own Scottish Borderers.

Major FRANCIS GRAHAM RICHARDS, R.A.M.C.

Capt. E. M. GRANTHAM, 1st Lincoln Regiment

Capt. JOHN ROWLEY LUNELL HEYLAND, 9th Gurkha Rifles.

Capt. Lord BRABOURNE, Grenadier Guards.

Capt. CHARLES EDMUND WOOD, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Lieut.-Col. Percy Clare Eliott-Lockhart, D.S.O., formerly Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, commanded the 59th Scinde Rifles, Frontier Force, in Flanders, and died of wounds. Lieut.-Col. Laurence Rowe Fisher-Rowe, Grenadier Guards, served through the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, received the Queen's Medal with six clasps, and the King's Medal with two.

Lieutenant-Colonel Guy du Maurier, D.S.O., 3rd Royal Fusiliers, became suddenly famous as a dramatist by his three-act play, "An Englishman's Home," produced at Wyndham's in January, 1909. His only known previous work was a comedietta, "Charles I. and II.," produced at St. George's Hall about eight years earlier. He was the brother of Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and an amateur actor of repute.

Captain E. M. Grantham, 1st Lincolns, was killed by a shell that dropped into a dug-out in which he was sitting. Some of his men wept when they found him dead. Captain John Rowley Lunell Heyland, 9th Gurkha Rifles, was killed near Neuve Chapelle; he was the eldest of four brothers serving with the Army, two of whom were wounded. Captain Lord Brabourne, Grenadier Guards, was the third Baron Brabourne, succeeding to the title in 1909. Captain the Hon. George Henry Douglas-Pennant was the son of the second Lord Penrhyn. He entered the Grenadier Guards in 1897, and served through the Boer War. He was a noted sportsman. Captain Sir Edward Hamilton Westrow Hulse was the seventh baronet, and a grandson of Lord Burnham.

Capt. the Hon. GEORGE DOUGLAS-PENNANT, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. ROGER CHAS. NOEL BELLINGHAM, R.F.A.

Lieut. J. C. TYNDALL, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. Sir EDWARD H. W. HULSE, Bart., Scots Gds.

Lieut. W. D. WATERS, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. F. A. H. CASTBERG, 2nd Middlesex Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. R. G. R. HOGAN, Royal Berks Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. FOSTER, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut. ERIC GILBEY, Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lieut. C. F. BURNARD, Grenadier Guards.

Sec.-Lieut. C. R. G. VANCE, Cheshire Regt.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Lafayette, Lambert Weston, Barratt, Russell, Downey, Chancellor, Heath Swaine.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. H. P. UNIACKE, C.B., Gordon Highlanders.

Lt.-Col. G. B. McANDREW, Lincolnshire Regt.

Maj. GREY W. DUBERLEY, Grenadier Guards.

Col. COLIN McLEAN, Gordon Highlanders.

Capt. A. G. COLLES, 4th Batt. Royal Dublin Fus.

Capt. HENRY L. HOMAN, Middlesex Regt.

Capt C. G. V. WELLESLEY, 2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regt.

Capt. W. A. GALLAGHER, East Lancashire Regt.

Capt. C. A. LAFONE, D.S.O., Devonshire Regt.

Lt. T. H. O. B. HORSFORD, West Yorkshire Regt.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. B. McAndrew, Lincolnshire Regiment, served through the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, obtained the brevet rank of major, and was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Major Grey William Duberley, was a nephew of Lord Sandys, and a brother-in-law of Lord Nunburnholme. He joined the Grenadier Guards in 1897 from the Militia. During the Boer War he took part in many engagements, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with six clasps and the King's with two. In July, 1914, he married the sister of Lord Nunburnholme, who was formerly the wife of Earl Cowley.

Colonel Colin McLean, of the Gordon Highlanders, commanded the 6th Banff and Donside Battalion (Territorial). He served through the South African War, and obtained both medals with five clasps.

Captain Henry Leslie Homan, Middlesex Regiment, entered the Army in May, 1900. He was employed with the West African Frontier Force from 1908 to 1912, took part in the Southern Nigeria Expedition, was mentioned in despatches, and awarded the medal with clasp.

Captain Cyril Gerald Valerian Wellesley, 2nd Batt. Lincolnshire Regiment, was killed in action near Neuve Chapelle. He served in the Boer War, was attached to the Mounted Infantry, and became A.D.C. to General Sir Neville Lyttelton. He received both medals, with five clasps. Captain Wellesley also saw active service in West Africa in 1906-7, and had a medal with clasp. He was thirty-five years of age, and was the husband of the daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Summers, M.P.

Capt. HUBERT B. DIXON, Sherwood Foresters.

Lieut. R. E. C. WEIGALL, Sherwood Foresters.

Capt. WILFRED G. HOARE, 3rd Batt. Durham L.I.

Sec.-Lieut. J. T. BENETT-DAMPIER, Cheshire Regt.

Lieut. H. O. D. BECKER, Scottish Rifles.

Lieut. G. C. B. LOOS, Worcestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. CAMERON, Royal Horse Artillery.

Lieut. W. H. CLARKE, Worcestershire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. W. H. COXON, 3rd Batt. Sherwood Foresters.

Sec.-Lt. H. A. HOSEGOOD, 5th Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. GUY BARNETT, Worcestershire Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Russell, Speaight, Elliott & Fry, Barnett, Heath, Lambert Weston.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lieut.-Col. F. FARQUHAR, D.S.O., Princess Patricia's L.I. (Coldstream Guards.)

Capt. J. MACPHERSON, Cameron Highlanders.

Capt. R. Y. SIDEBOTTOM, Lancashire Fusiliers.

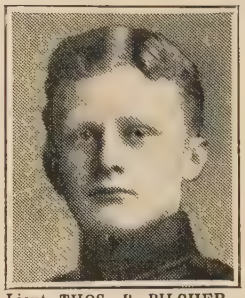
Capt. A. PRISMALL, Princess Louise's Kensington Batt. London Regt.

Capt. THOMAS LAURENCE FROST, Cheshire Regiment.

Capt. R. McG. BOWEN-COLTHURST, Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment.

Lieut. D. BELL-IRVING, 2nd Field Company, Canadian Engineers.

Capt. JAMES ARCHIBALD LOCHNELL CAMPBELL, A. and S. Highlanders.



Lieut. THOS. P. PILCHER, 2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade.

Com. RUDOLF H. C. VERNER, H.M.S. Indexible.

Lieutenant-Colonel Francis D. Farquhar, D.S.O., was in command of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry (Coldstream Guards). He died a noble death at the head of his troops. He joined his battalion from the Duke of Connaught's Staff, on which he was serving as Military Secretary. At one time he was employed at the War Office as a General Staff Officer. In South Africa he served as an aide-de-camp, and he was in Somaliland on special service. Colonel Farquhar married Lady Evelyn Hely-Hutchinson, a sister of the sixth Earl of Donoughmore.

Captain James Archibald Lochnell Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, received his commission in 1900; he became a captain in 1910. From 1903 to 1912 he was employed with the West African Frontier Force, and in 1912 was appointed as adjutant of Territorials. In the South African War he acted as Station Staff Officer, and held the two Medals with five clasps.

Lieutenant Thomas Percy Pilcher, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, was killed while leading his platoon in an assault on the German trenches at Neuve Chapelle on March 12th, 1915. He was the son of Major-General T. D. Pilcher, C.B.

Second-Lieutenant the Hon. Howard Carew Stonor, 2nd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment, was killed in action at Givenchy, "whilst leading his men most gallantly" in an attack on the German trenches. He was the youngest son of Jessie Lady Camoys, and of the fourth Lord Camoys. He was in his twenty-second year, and joined at the beginning of the war.

Lieut. E. C. COLCHESTER, H.M.S. Irresistible.

Sec.-Lieut. C. H. B. MACDONALD, R.F.A.

Sec.-Lieut. H. G. NESBIT, The Buffs (East Kent Regt.).

Lieut. H. W. ETHELSTON, Grenadier Guards.

Lieut.-Col. G. B. LAURIE, Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. T. S. LUKIS, 13th London Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. R. H. CARDEN, Wiltshire Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. BRENDAN JOSEPH FOTTRELL, Royal Irish Regiment.

Sec.-Lieut. W. B. MACFARLANE, 2nd Batt. Middlesex Regiment.

Sec.-Lt. the Hon. HOWARD CAREW STONOR, 2nd Batt. South Staffs Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. V. HERBERT SMITH, Rifle Brigade.

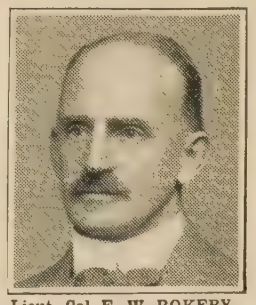
Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Chancellor, Lafayette, Swaine, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Val L'Estrange.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Maj. Viscount CRICHTON, M.V.O., D.S.O., Royal Horse Guards.

Brigadier-Gen. JULIAN HASLER, The Buffs.

Lieut.-Col. R. L. BOYLE, 10th Canadian Contingent.

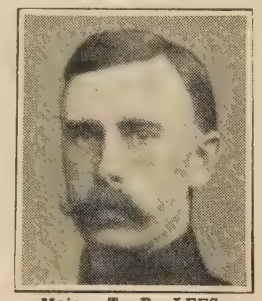


Lieut.-Col. E. W. ROKEBY STEPHENSON, 3rd Batt. Middlesex Regt.

Brevet-Major J. H. D. COSTEKER, D.S.O., Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Major G. H. WALFORD, Suffolk Regt.

Major G. W. BENNETT, 2nd Batt. Canadian Inf.



Major T. P. LEES, Queen Victoria's Rifles.

Lieut.-Col. W. HART-McHARG, O.C. 7th Canadian Infantry Batt.

Major E. E. EDLMANN, D.S.O., Roy. Gar. Artillery.

Major Viscount Crichton, M.V.O., D.S.O., who was killed at the front, was the eldest son of the Earl of Erne, who died in December, 1914. Lord Crichton did not live to succeed his father, and the heir to the Earldom was Lord Crichton's eight-year-old son. Lord Crichton was in the Royal Horse Guards, and was an equerry to the King.

Brigadier-General Julian Hasler had seen service in Asia, Africa, and Europe. He joined the Buffs on the outbreak of war, when he was named for a battalion command, and got a brigade about a month before he was killed.

Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Boyle was in command of the 10th Alberta (Infantry) Battalion, Canadian Contingent. He served in the Boer War as Major in the 15th Canadian Light Horse. He was at the relief of Mafeking, later being employed in the operations in the Transvaal east and west of Pretoria, when he was wounded. On his recovery he took part in the engagement in the Orange River Colony. He was awarded the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest William Rokeby Stephenson, 3rd Battalion Middlesex Regiment, was killed in action near Ypres. He joined the Middlesex Regiment at the age of twenty (in 1884), and became commandant of the 3rd Battalion in February, 1912. Colonel Stephenson served in the South African War, and had the Queen's Medal.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Hart-McHarg, commanding the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion (British Columbia Regiment), had served for twenty years in the Canadian Militia in all ranks, from private to commandant. In the South African War he was with the first Canadian Contingent, and obtained the Queen's Medal with four clasps.

Major F. A. DICKINSON, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Capt. WYNDHAM HALSWELLE, Highland Light Infantry.

Capt. G. C. BINSTEED, Essex Regt.

Capt. REGINALD GILLIAT, 5th Batt. Leinster Regt. (Royal Canadians).

Capt. W. C. KENNEDY MEGAW, Norfolk Regt.

Lieut. C. C. EGERTON, 1st Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Sec.-Lt. J. A C. CROFT, 4th Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J CRASTON, Royal West Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lt. J. O. G. BECKER, East Surrey Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. B C. K. JOB, Royal West Kent Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. M. WOOKEY, Royal Irish Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Swaine, Speaight, Barnett.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lt.-Col. H. W. E. HITCHINS, 1st Batt. Manchester Regt.

Lieut.-Col. H. CARINGTON SMITH, 2nd Batt. Hamps. Rgt.

Lieut.-Col. A. STEPHEN KOE, 1st K. O. Scot. Borderers.

Major F. J. JOSLIN, 1st Batt. Royal West Kent Regt.

Major C. T. WIGLEY GRIMSHAW, D.S.O., R. Dublin Fus.

Major J. H. DEANE, 2nd Batt. Hampshire Regt.

Major G. BARKER, R.M.L.I., Drake Batt., R.N.D.

Major F. TAYLOR DUHAN, 19th Punjabis (57th Rifles).

Captain H. M. SPENCER, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Captain R. C. Y. DERING, 2nd K. O. Scottish Borderers.

Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Carington Smith, 2nd Hampshire Regiment, was killed in action during the landing in Turkey. He first saw service in the Nile Expedition in 1898, being twice mentioned in despatches, and receiving the Order of Medjidieh and the Egyptian Medal with clasp. He went through the Boer War, and was Special Service Officer; was twice severely wounded, several times mentioned in despatches, and awarded the Queen's Medal with five clasps and the King's Medal with two. In 1903 he served in the Aden Hinterland campaign; in 1913 he was given command of the 2nd Hampshire Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel Archibald Stephen Koe, 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, entered the Army in 1886. In 1894 he became Captain, and in 1899 was appointed a first-class station Staff officer in India. He was promoted Major in 1904, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1913. He served with the Chin-Lushai Expedition, 1889-90, and the Chitral Relief Force, 1895, gaining for both the medals and clasps.

Major Francis John Joslin, 1st Royal West Kent Regiment, became a Second-Lieutenant in 1895, a Lieutenant in 1897, and received his company in 1903. He was promoted Major in 1914. From 1904 to 1907 he acted as Adjutant to his regiment. Major Joslin served through the South African War, receiving both medals with five clasps.

Major Cecil Thomas Wigley Grimshaw, D.S.O., Royal Dublin Fusiliers, entered that regiment as Second-Lieutenant in 1897. He was a Lieutenant the following year, and a Captain in 1904. During the Boer War he served with the mounted infantry, and experienced much fighting. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received both medals with five clasps, and the Distinguished Service Order.

Captain DAMER WYNYARD, 1st Batt. East Surrey Regt.

Captain L. R. E. WEST, 8th London Regt. (Post Office).

Capt. and Adjt W. D. HEPBURN, 5th Royal Scots.

Lt. E. H. UNDERWOOD BUTTANSHAW, 2nd Batt. The Buffs.

Lieut. J. F. GLASS, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Captain G. N. MACKIE, 54th Sikhs (57th Rifles).

Lieut. T. L. BAINBRIDGE, 5th Northumberland Fusiliers.

Lieut. A. R. BURNESS, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Lieut. R. H. OWEN, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. P. E. KELLY, 8th Middlesex Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. D. E. GROSEHODGE, 1st Suffolk Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Barnett, Chancellor, Russell, Heath, Lambert Weston, Bassano, Bacon, Elliott & Fry.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. JOHN FOSTER RIDDELL.

Capt. & Adjt. G. E. WEATHERHEAD, 2nd K.O.R. Lancs Regt.

Capt. E. C. DORMAN, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers.

Capt. C. E. W. BLAND, D.S.O., 2nd K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Lieut. W. M. OZANNE, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regt.

Capt. A. J. SANDERSON, 1st K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Capt. V. K. GILLILAND, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles.

Lieut. H. A. BROMLEY, 7th British Columbia Regt.

Capt. J. G. ADAMS, 1st Leinster Regt.

Lieut. C. G. BUTCHER, 1st Dorsetshire Regt.

Brigadier-General John Foster Riddell, who was killed in action, was regimentally a 5th Fusilier. He commanded a battalion from 1904 to 1908; was on half-pay until 1911, but was promoted colonel from the brevet of that rank, and became a temporary brigadier-general on mobilisation. His previous campaigns were the Hazara and the South African. Prior to the present war he commanded the Northumberland Infantry Brigade, which comprises the county and Newcastle Territorial battalions of his regiment.

Captain Edward Crump Dorman, 1st Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, received a commission, after three years' service in the ranks, in November, 1908. He was a lieutenant in 1910, and secured his company in November, 1914.

Captain Charles Ernest William Bland, D.S.O., 2nd Battalion King's Own Scottish Borderers, was gazetted to the Army in 1900, and had his company six years later. He served in South Africa, receiving the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two. Captain Bland was created a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order for services in the Great War.

Second-Lieutenant G. W. V. Hopley, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, was the second son of the Hon. W. M. Hopley, formerly Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of South Africa, and later a judge in Southern Rhodesia.

Second-Lieutenant R. A. Lloyd, 10th King's (Liverpool Regiment), (T.F.), was a well-known Rugby footballer, and enlisted at the commencement of the war with nearly all the members of the Liverpool Rugby Club.

Captain A. F. Wilding, Royal Marines, was a well-known lawn-tennis player, retaining the singles championship from 1910 until 1914.

Lieut. N. A. JESSOP, 7th British Columbia Regt.

Lieut. O. C. F. HAGUE, Canadian Artillery.

Sec.-Lt. W. B. W. DURRANT, 4th Rifle Brigade.

Lieut. C. C. ANDERSON, R.N.V.R. (Anson Batt.)

Sec.-Lieut. A. J. R. ANDERSON, 3rd Royal Irish Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. C. HAINES, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. W. TREVELYAN, 4th Rifle Brigade.

Sec.-Lieut. R. A. LLOYD, 10th King's (Liverpool Regt.)

Sec.-Lieut. G. W. V. HOPLEY, 2nd Grenadier Guards.

Capt. A. F. WILDING, Royal Marines.

Sec.-Lieut. W. FISHER, 1st Loyal North Lancs Regt.

Portraits by Bacon & Sons, Lafayette, Brooke Hughes, Speaight, Chancellor, Elliott & Fry.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. Sir W. T. BRIDGES, K.C.B.

Maj. ÆNEAS C. PERKINS, 40th Pathans.

Capt. F. H. BLACK, 1st Royal Warwickshire Regt.

Capt. C. A. ANTROBUS, 1st K.O. Scottish Borderers.

Capt. S. A. GLEDSTANES, 1st Bedfordshire Regt.

Capt. K. D. M. MACLACHLAN, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Capt. & Adjt. the Hon. E. E. M. J. UPTON, 2nd K.R.R. Corps.

Capt. C. F. H. TWINING, Hampshire Regt.

Lieut. R. F. de TRAFFORD, 1st Gloucestershire Regt.

Engineer Lieut.-Commander H. D. BISHOP, H.M.S. Goliath.

Brigadier-General Sir William Throsby Bridges, K.C.B., was the Inspector-General of the Australian Commonwealth Forces. He was gazetted a K.C.B. after his death in action.

Captain and Adjutant the Hon. Eric Edward Montagu John Upton, 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps, was the eldest son and heir of Viscount Templeton. He joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1905, when he was twenty years of age.

Lieutenant the Hon. Keith Anthony Stewart, 2nd Black Watch, was the younger son of the Earl and Countess of Galloway. He was a splendid all-round sportsman, and the year before he went to Sandhurst was captain of Harrow.

Captain Lord de Freyne, South Wales Borderers, was the fifth Baron, and succeeded his father in 1913. Lord de Freyne, who was a relative of Sir John French, served as a private in the United States Army in 1905, and was serving as a sergeant in the Philippines when he succeeded to the title.

Com. O. J. PRENTIS, R.N. Naval Division (Dardanelles).

Lieut. C. B. SPENCE, R.F.A. & Royal Flying Corps.

Lieut. C. F. WHITAKER, 2nd Duke of Wellington's Rgt.

Lt. the Hon. K. A. STEWART, 2nd Black Watch.

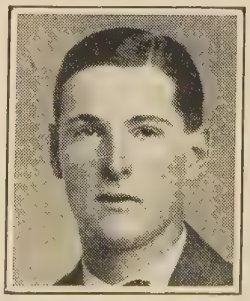
Lieut. R. de LUSIGNAN, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sec.-Lieut. E. H. ORTON, 2nd Cameronians.

Lieut. R. S. PRYOR, 1st K.O.R. Lancaster Regt.

Sec.-Lt. H. G. S. DELEPINE, Duke of Cornwall's L.I.

Capt. Lord de FREYNE, South Wales Borderers.


Sub.-Lt. B. T. R. MELLAND, R.N.V.R., Anson Batt.

Sec.-Lieut. the Hon. H. R. HARDINGE, 2nd Rifle Brig.

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Bassano, Swaine, Speaight, Lambert Weston, Heath, Russell, Lafayette, Rosemont.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Brig.-Gen. GEORGE NUGENT, Irish Guards.

Lieut.-Col. R. F. UNIACKE, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Lieut.-Col. A. FRASER, 4th Cameron Highlanders.

Major C. CONYERS, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Capt. W. G. F. RENTON, 1st Dragoon Guards.

Lieut. T. G. DAVSON, Royal Horse Guards.

Capt. C. W. BROWN, D.S.O., 2nd Northumberland Fus.

Capt. B. MACLEAR, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Capt. H. J. EAST, 1st York and Lancaster Regt.

Lieut. the Hon. A. G. COKE, Royal Naval V.R.

Brigadier-General George Nugent, a commandant of the Irish Guards, will be remembered for his work on behalf of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament. He was one of the first to serve in the Irish Guards, and later became Colonel of the Regiment. He fought under Lord Methuen at the Relief of Kimberley, and was with Lord Roberts in the victorious march to Bloemfontein. Later he commanded the Officers' School at Chelsea, and then became commandant of the Duke of York's School at Dover.

Lieut.-Colonel R. F. Uniacke, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, had served on the Staff of two divisions in France, and had been mentioned in despatches; he was an expert on musketry.

Lieut.-Colonel A. Fraser, 4th Cameron Highlanders, rejoined from the Territorial Force Reserve in September last; he possessed the Volunteer Decoration.

Captain W. G. F. Renton, 1st Dragoon Guards, saw service in the South African War, and held a staff appointment at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, prior to the war.

Captain C. Wreford Brown, D.S.O., Northumberland Fusiliers, had seen much active service in Egypt, South Africa, and the North-West Frontier of India, and had gained many medals and clasps.

Lieut. the Hon. A. G. Coke, R.N.V.R., Armoured Cars Division, who was killed while serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, was the second son of the third Earl of Leicester.

Captain G. A. O'Callaghan, 2nd Royal Irish Regiment, was the only son of Major-General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, K.C.V.O., and had seen much active service in South Africa, for which he gained the Queen's Medal with three clasps and the King's Medal with two clasps.

Capt. G. A. O'CALLAGHAN, 2nd Royal Irish Regiment.

L. R. O. TOLLAST, R.M.L.I., No. 2 Field Co. Engineers.

Lieut. C. G. HARPER, H.M.S. Princess Irene.

Com. T. H. M. MAURICE, H.M.S. Princess Irene.

Lieut. J. S. RICH, 1st King's (Liverpool Regt.).

Lieut. J. S. LUCKETT, 2nd Royal Irish Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. J. C. BARNES, Plymouth Batt. R.M.L.I., R.N.D.

Sec.-Lt. C. A. R. TENNANT, 2nd Devonshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. A. HELLMERS, 1st Royal Irish Rifles.

Sec.-Lt. J. P. HERMON-HODGE, Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

Sec.-Lieut. F. A. BURDIN, 2nd Royal Warwick Regt.

Portraits by Hills & Saunders, Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Downey, Speaight, Lambert Weston, Chancellor, Swaine, Russell, Crooke, Bassano, Adams.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOURED DEAD

Lt.-Col. W. L. ALEXANDER, O.C. 2nd Yorkshire Regt.

Lt.-Col. the Hon. P. C. EVANS-FREKE, O.C. Leicester. Yeo.

Lieut.-Col. F. G. JONES, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fus.

Lt.-Col. E. R. A. SHEARMAN, 10th Royal Hussars.

Major H. M. FINCH, D.S.O., O.C. 2nd R. Berkshire Regt.

Major R. C. SLACKE, 2nd R. W. Surrey Regt.

Capt. G. V. S. BOWLBY, Royal Horse Guards (Blues).

Capt. OSCAR R. WALKER, 12th Batt. Worcestershire Regt.

Maj. J. MACKENZIE, V.C. 2nd Bedfordshire Regt.

Capt. F. H. BEAUFORT, 2nd Oxford and Bucks L.I.

Lieut.-Col. W. L. Alexander, commanding 2nd Yorkshire Regiment, was gazetted to the command in September last. He also served in the Tirah Campaign (1897-98).

Lieut.-Col. F. G. Jones, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, had seen a great deal of active service, first in Burma (1892-93), for which he received the Burma medal with clasp, then on the North-West Frontier of India, where he was with the Tirah Expeditionary Force (1897-98). He was also in the operations in the Bara Valley. He served in the Boer War, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Queen's Medal with three clasps.

Lieut.-Col. E. R. A. Shearman, 10th Royal Hussars, went right through the South African War, and was with Sir John French in the Relief of Kimberley. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and received both medals with six clasps.

Major H. M. Finch, D.S.O., who commanded 2nd Batt. Royal Berkshire Regiment, was awarded the D.S.O. in February, 1915, and mentioned in despatches for his bravery at Ypres. He served through the South African War, was mentioned in despatches, and received both medals and five clasps.

Major J. Mackenzie, V.C., 2nd Bedfordshire Regiment, served in the ranks for over thirteen years, and received his commission in 1900. He had seen much active service and gained his V.C. at the relief of Kumassi, was awarded other medals with clasps, and many times mentioned in despatches.

Captain the Hon. C. E. A. Philipps, Royal Horse Guards, was the eldest son of Lord St. Davids, and was twenty-six years of age.

Capt. and Adjt. G. BONHAM-CARTER, Oxford Yeomanry.

Capt. the Hon. C. E. A. PHILIPPS, Royal Horse Guards.

Capt. H. E. GOODBODY, 1st Leinster Regt.

Capt. S. A. SHERSTON, 2nd Rifle Brigade.

Capt. C. G. SALMON, 2nd Cameronians.

Capt. J. C. J. TEAGUE, R.M.L.I., Portsmouth Batt. R.N.D.

Lieut. M. DAFFARN, 2nd Mobile Col. (G.E. Africa).

Lieut. A. K. MACLEAN, 2nd Argyll & Suthlnd. Highlds.

Lieut. S. P. D. THOMSON, Leicestershire Yeomanry.

Lieut. THOMAS WRIGHT, Royal Berkshire Regt.

Sec.-Lieut. F. W. CROUCHER 1st Royal West Kent Regt.

Portraits by Lafayette, Elliott & Fry, Adams, Lambert Weston, Downey, Swaine, Russell, Sawyer, Barnett, Bassano.

DIARY OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN—1915

The Progress of the Great War from the Opening of the Submarine "Blockade" to the Entry of Italy into the Conflict

1915

FEB. 18.—German "Official" Blockade of Great Britain begins.

FEB. 19.—**The 200th Day of the War. British Notes to United States** published. In one Sir Edward Grey replies to representations of United States Government as to use of latter's flag by the Lusitania. Other Note deals with Wilhelmina case. Both explain British attitude in view of Germany's "paper" blockade and repeated violation of international law.

Bulletin from Sir John French reporting severe fighting south-east of Ypres.

French progress in the Vosges; German attacks north of Wisembach repulsed, and positions gained and consolidated.

American ship Evelyn mined off Borkum.

Norwegian tank-ship Belridge struck by German torpedo near Folkestone.

Bombardment of Dardanelles Forts. Franco-British Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Carden, attacks forts at entrance to the Dardanelles; those on the European side silenced.

FEB 20.—French Government confers Military Medal on Field-Marshal Sir John French.

French repulse counter-attacks in Champagne and make further progress in north of Perthes.

Serious fighting in the neighbourhood of Ypres. The Germans attack with the bayonet, but are repulsed, losing heavily.

s.s. Downshire sunk by a German submarine off the Calf of Man and s.s. Cambank torpedoed off Anglesey by German submarine.

FEB. 21.—Russian success in Galicia; heights south-east of Tukla and north-west of Senebchouva captured after desperate fight.

German counter-attack in Champagne brilliantly repulsed by French, who follow up with a vigorous pursuit, which makes them masters of the whole German trenches to the north and east of the wood captured on Feb. 20.

German aeroplane raid over Essex; bombs dropped on Colchester, Braintree, and Coggleshall; little damage done.

Russian counter to the German advance from East Prussia and Posen begins.

Announced from Holland that United States ship Evelyn, carrying cotton from New York to Bremen, was sunk by a mine off Borkum.

Rheims again bombarded and cathedral severely damaged.

FEB. 22.—Reported that German cruisers still active in Southern Atlantic and Pacific.

Reported that British steamers Highland Brae, Potaro, Hemisphere, and Wilfred destroyed some weeks ago by enemy.

Mr. Asquith announces in Parliament that the Allies are considering what action to take by way of reprisals for the German blockade.

Zeppelin attack on Calais, five civilians killed.

Sir Edward Grey, in message to Washington, denies German assertion that British intended to destroy an American ship in the war zone to precipitate a crisis between the United States and Germany.

South African Union forces occupied Garub, 70 miles east of Lüderitz Bay, without opposition.

French carry more trenches in Champagne and capture numerous prisoners. Between the Argonne and the Meuse almost the whole of the enemy's positions captured.

Grand Duke Nicholas reports that in the Russian retreat from East Prussia the flank of one of our ally's corps became exposed, and only isolated elements of them succeeded in escaping. In the Prasnysch region, 60 miles north of Warsaw, Germans take offensive with considerable force.

FEB. 23.—Admiralty restricts navigation in the Irish Channel by proclamation of a prohibited area.

German submarine attacks Folkestone-Boulogne cross-Channel passenger boat, the torpedo passing 30 yards ahead of the ship.

First neutral vessel sunk in blockade. The Norwegian collier Regin torpedoed in the English Channel; crew saved.

Press Bureau publishes a letter from Sir Edward Grey to the Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, in which he reviews the negotiations that have passed between the Commission and the British Government.

Sir John French, in his bi-weekly bulletin, reports British trench destroyed by mines near Ypres. At Givenchy, close to La Bassée, British capture a German trench.

Fifteen hundred shells rained upon Rheims Cathedral.

Rioting among Indian troops at Singapore. Press Bureau announces that the 5th Light Infantry attacked officers owing to "some jealousy and dissatisfaction concerning recent promotions." Riots suppressed with help of local forces and detachment of 36th Sikhs, seven officers and twenty-nine others killed.

FEB. 24.—French artillery success on the Meuse. Two German regiments driven from their positions at Les Eparges with loss of over 3,000 men.

Reported that United States has made informal proposals concerning the blockade to British and German Governments.

Loss of H.M.S. Clan McNaughton, armed merchant cruiser, missing since Feb. 3, announced by Admiralty.

FEB. 25.—**Allies' success at Dardanelles.** All the forts at the entrance of Straits reduced by combined Franco-British squadron.

French airmen throw sixty bombs on enemy's stations, trains, and concentrations in Champagne.

FEB. 26.—**Government and Clyde Strikers.** In a letter to the Engineering Employers' Federation and various engineering trade unions, Sir George Askwith, Chief Industrial Commissioner, states that the Government must call for a resumption of work on Monday morning, Mar. 1.

Fierce battle on the Polish front in progress, severest struggle around Prasnysch.

French Ministry of Marine states that dredging for mines in the Dardanelles passage has begun.

FEB. 27.—**Seizure of the Dacia.** The German ship transferred to a German-American owner with cotton for Germany stopped by a French warship in the Channel and brought to Brest.

A Zeppelin reported blown away at Pola and lost.

Successful Russian counter-attacks in Poland and Galicia. In North-West Poland Russians recapture town of Prasnysch.

FEB. 28.—British blockade of German East African coast takes effect at midnight.

French make marked progress in Champagne on the whole front from Combres to the north of Perthes. One thousand prisoners taken during previous ten days.

Russian progress in the Prasnysch region continues. Villages captured in rapid succession, hundreds of prisoners taken in each. In East Prussia Germans on the defensive. In Carpathians Austrians in Rabba-Radzilov district defeated with great loss.

1915

His Majesty returns to Buckingham Palace after a visit to a portion of the Grand Fleet.

Important speech by Mr. Lloyd George, at Bangor, on the question of labour troubles.

MAR. 1.—**Blockade of Germany by Great Britain.** Mr. Asquith, in Parliament, announces that a real blockade of Germany is to be undertaken ; no goods of any kind to enter or leave Germany. A Note to be sent to neutrals.

Capture of over a mile of German works about Perthes by the French.

Russians advance eleven miles in Poland, and regain the initiative. Progress specially marked in the Prasnysch district, where 10,000 prisoners captured near Mlava.

MAR. 2.—Trench captured by Princess Patricia's Canadians reported by Sir John French, who also states that about La Bassée ground has been gained and complete mastery over the German snipers secured.

Important French advance near Perthes towards railway in rear of German lines.

Text of the American Note to Germany making suggestions which would free commercial ships from some of the risks they run in the waters of the belligerents, together with the German reply, published in a message from Amsterdam.

Despatches from Vice-Admiral Sturdee and Vice-Admiral Beatty published, dealing respectively with action off the Falkland Islands on Dec. 8, 1914, and Battle of the North Sea, Jan. 24, 1915.

MAR. 3.—The Clyde engineers who went on strike resume work, but stipulate for no overtime, and if the advance of 2d. an hour be not granted by Mar. 9, to work at low pressure.

French advance in Champagne continued, trenches to west of Perthes captured, German regiment of Guards suffer enormous losses.

Admiralty issues statement regarding Dardanelles operations, reporting continued progress, and announcing that Russian cruiser Askold has joined the allied squadron.

Austrians suffer severe reverse in Eastern Galicia when defending passage of the River Lomnica (a tributary of the Dniester) ; 6,000 Austrians captured, including sixty-four officers, many guns and transports.

MAR. 4.—Further Admiralty report on Dardanelles operations, in which it is stated that to date forty enemy's field-guns destroyed.

Germans capture advanced trench to north of Arras.

Russians take 3,000 prisoners in Carpathians and Eastern Galicia.

MAR. 5.—British squadron shells Smyrna.

Turkish oil depot destroyed at Said (near Gaba Tepe) by French battleship in Dardanelles operations. Observation stations outside Straits on northern coasts destroyed by fire from a cruiser.

German attacks in Flanders hurled back twelve times by Allies. French capture a company of German Guards in Champagne, and gain ground on whole front.

Admiralty intimate good ground for belief that Captain Bell, of the Thordis, rammed German submarine off Beachy Head.

German submarine U 8 sunk off Dover by British destroyer.

Announced that during operations round Stanislav between Feb. 21 and Mar. 3, Russians took 18,522 prisoners.

MAR. 6.—**War Crisis in Greece.** The Cabinet of M. Venizelos resigns.

Operations in Dardanelles continue. The Queen Elizabeth, supported by Agamemnon and Ocean, attack forts Hamidieh I., Tabra, and Hamidieh III. by indirect fire across the Gallipoli Peninsula, firing at 21,000 yards.

German casualty list published by French Press Bureau gives total of 3,000,000, including killed, wounded, and prisoners.

MAR. 7.—British air raid on Ostend by six aeroplanes ; fifteen bombs dropped, doing great damage.

British Losses in Persia. Indian Office announces a force of 12,000 Turks and Arabs has inflicted a check on a British reconnoitring detachment in the Valley of the Tigris, 13 officers and 176 of the British and Indian rank and file being killed or wounded.

In the Vosges the French capture two important heights near Münster.

In Dardanelles four French battleships cover the direct bombardment of the defences of the Narrows by H.M.S. Agamemnon and Lord Nelson. The French ships engage Mount Dardanos Battery and various concealed guns, silencing the former.

1915

MAR. 8.—**Greece and the War.** Crisis still continuing, M. Zaimis declines the task of forming a Cabinet, while Greek people and Parliament support M. Venizelos, who resigned owing to King Constantine's unwillingness to declare war on side of Triple Entente.

In Champagne Germans attempt to retake captured woods west of Perthes, but repulsed, and French counter-offensive gain ground towards the north and east. In the region of Perthes more than five hundred yards of trenches won by French.

MAR. 9.—**National War Workshops.** Mr. Lloyd George announces that Government is taking powers to commandeer factories and divert them, if need be, to make munitions.

German submarines sink three British merchant ships.

Crisis in Greece relieved by new Ministry of M. Gounaris.

In the Uzsok-Munkacs region, Carpathians, Russians recapture trenches previously taken by Austrians—officially described as " a desperate battle."

MAR. 10.—Striking British Advance in La Bassée region, village of Neuve Chapelle carried and 1,720 prisoners captured. German casualties very heavy.

French gain a valuable success in Champagne.

German submarine U12 rammed and sunk by British destroyer Ariel ; 18 of enemy crew drowned, 10 captured.

German auxiliary cruiser Prince Eitel Friedrich puts into Newport News, Virginia, for repairs after sinking U.S. grain ship.

MAR. 11.—French official communiqué regarding recent operations in Champagne states 10,000 Germans killed and 2,000 taken prisoners.

MAR. 12.—Despatch from Sir John French giving details of brilliant success achieved by British troops in capturing Neuve Chapelle on Mar. 10. All enemy's counter-attacks repulsed.

Following up success at Neuve Chapelle, British again advance a little towards Aubers.

Germans claim successes in great battle proceeding in Poland on a front from Prasnysch to Augustovo.

MAR. 13.—Announced that H.M. auxiliary cruiser Bayano torpedoed by German submarine ; only 27 saved out of crew of 216.

French progress in Champagne continues on northern slopes of the ridge to north-east of Mesnil ; 150 prisoners taken.

MAR. 14.—A train at Don station blown up by British aircraft.

Sudden assault make Russians masters of the enemy's positions near the village of Malkovice, in the Przemysl region ; an Austrian battalion captured.

German cruiser Dresden sunk near Juan Fernandez island by H.M.S. Glasgow, Kent, and the auxiliary cruiser Orama.

MAR. 15.—**Important Speech by Lord Kitchener** in the House of Lords, in which he reviews recent British progress, commends the Bill to commandeer factories for war work, and speaks most gravely of the arrears of output.

The " Real Blockade." Text of the Order-in-Council as a reply to Germany's piratical submarine campaign issued. The effect is as follows : No merchant vessel may proceed to or sail from a German port. Goods for German ports must be discharged in an allied port ; if not contraband or requisitioned, they will be restored to the person who has forwarded them. Goods from German ports will be seized and sold, and the proceeds of sale retained till peace. Goods of German origin in neutral ships may be seized and sold

MAR. 16.—Sir John French reports that in recent fighting about Neuve Chapelle, German loss was between 17,000 and 18,000. A casualty list issued gives total of losses among British officers as 191 for the period of the Neuve Chapelle fighting.

Russians report advance on both flanks of their immense front. In Northern Poland they pushed some miles north of Prasnysch, capturing the tiny hamlet of Jednorozec after a fierce battle.

Escape of an interned German liner. Reported from Las Palmas that the Macedonia, which acted as collier and supply ship to the German commerce destroyers in the Atlantic, brought there in October by the Spanish warship Cataluna, has disappeared.

MAR. 17.—Russia's offensive in North Poland successfully continued ; 17 German guns captured there.

List of 119 officer casualties incurred in British success at Neuve Chapelle published. With four preceding lists, the total loss of officers amounts to 310.

Admiralty issues list of casualties sustained in the Dardanelles operations. Twenty-two of the crew of the Amethyst killed.

1915

Conference of representatives of trade unions held at Treasury.

British Blockade Defined. A White Paper issued shows that American Ambassador asked Sir Edward Grey whether our reprisals are a blockade of Germany or not. Sir E. Grey replied that it is a blockade, "effectively controlling by cruiser cordon all passage to and from Germany by sea," but we shall not exact from neutrals full penalites for breach of blockade.

MAR. 18.—French Staff reports further progress by Belgian Army on the Yser.

Appreciable gain made by French in Champagne, and trenches taken in the Consenvoye wood, north of Verdun.

Zeppelin attack on Calais, seven people killed.

First neutral vessel arrested by British cordon of cruisers under the Order-in-Council—the Swedish steamer Geheland, laden with cargo of provisions, alleged to be consigned to a German port.

Secretary of State for India publishes evidence of German intrigues in Persia and Afghanistan.

Fresh Russian invasion of Prussia. On the right bank of the Niemen battles raging near Tavroggen, and on German territory, on the roads from Garzda (on the frontier) to Memel.

Battle of the Narrows. An action between the combined squadrons of Great Britain and France and the great fortresses of the Narrows in the Dardanelles fought. Three vessels of Allied Fleet sunk by drifting mines—Irresistible and Ocean, of British Fleet, and the Bouvet, of the French squadron; British casualties not heavy, but practically whole of crew of the Bouvet lost with ship.

MAR. 19.—Reported that Russians have occupied Memel, seaport in Northern Prussia.

MAR. 20.—Admiralty announce that there is every reason to believe that German light cruiser Karlsruhe was sunk in neighbourhood of the West Indies at the beginning of November.

German aeroplane appears over Deal, and drops bombs, which fall harmlessly into the sea.

New Chief of the General Staff. Announced that Lieut.-General Sir W. R. Robertson appointed Chief of General Staff.

MAR. 21.—Zeppelin raid on Paris. Four German airships visit Paris early in morning, a few bombs dropped upon the north-west district, but only cause trifling damage.

Vosges Heights lost. French Alpine Chasseurs lose the Great and Little Reichackerkopf.

Russians take 3,954 men of the Przemysl garrison, which made an unsuccessful sortie from that fortress.

Occupation of port of Memel notified officially by Russians.

Lord Kitchener's Grave Warning. At conclusion of review of troops at Liverpool, Lord Kitchener sends a letter to secretary of the Dock Labourers' Union, warning the workers against persistence in their refusal to work overtime.

MAR. 22.—**Fall of Przemysl.** The great Austrian fortress surrenders after a six months' siege to General Selivanov. The prisoners number 126,000.

In the Argonne the French inflict two severe reverses on the enemy.

Important speech by Sir Edward Grey on the origin and objects of the war. One essential condition of peace, he says, must be the restoration of Belgian freedom and reparation to her.

MAR. 23.—Russians withdraw from Memel.

Turk raid on Suez Canal. Turkish force 1,000 strong attacked and routed by a British detachment under Sir G. Younghusband.

MAR. 24.—Naval air raid on Antwerp. Five machines of the Naval Wing operating from Dunkirk fly to Hoboken, a southern suburb of Antwerp, and bombard the submarine building.

In the Carpathians, Russian troops seize several fortified heights on the front between the roads leading to Bortfeld and Uzsok; 4,000 prisoners captured.

MAR. 25.—**German submarine U29 sunk,** with all hands. She was commanded by the officer who sank the three Cressys, and had distinguished himself as "the polite pirate."

Russians claim decisive success in the Carpathians, in the Lupkov Pass; 5,700 prisoners taken.

German submarine U28 sinks Dutch steamer Medea off Beachy Head.

King George pays a visit to Harwich and inspects the naval training establishment at Shotley, the training-ship Ganges, and the fortress and harbour.

1915

MAR. 26.—French air raid on Metz. Six airmen "bomb" Metz station, the German airship sheds at Frescaty, and the barracks east of Strassburg.

French carry and occupy a farm north of St. Georges, in advance of their lines.

MAR. 27.—**Capture of Hartmannsweilerkopf.** In Alsace, after an energetic engagement lasting several days, French troops reach the summit of this important mountain, which is taken from Germans.

British liner Falaba torpedoed to the south of the St. George's Channel by German submarine, and sinks in ten minutes. About 140 survivors picked up; 136 persons missing.

MAR. 28.—Black Sea Fleet bombards the outside forts and batteries of the Bosphorus, on both sides of the Straits.

MAR. 29.—Announced that General von Kluck, the commander of the First German Army, has been slightly wounded by shrapnel.

The War against Drink. Mr. Lloyd George receives a deputation, representative of the leading shipbuilding firms, who urge total prohibition during the war of the sale of liquor.

Great battle on the ice. Germans make prodigious efforts to envelop Russian right wing on the ice of Lake Doussia.

MAR. 30.—Home Secretary appoints a Committee to consider the conditions of retail trade in regard to the further enlistment of men.

French official communiqué states that 700 German bodies have been counted on the scene of the fighting in the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

General Hughes, the Canadian Minister for Defence, announces in Parliament that the Government is prepared to keep 50,000 Canadian troops in the firing-line throughout the war, if necessary.

MAR. 31.—German submarine U28 sinks British steamers Flaminian and Crown of Castile.

War against Drink. King George's letter to Mr. Lloyd George expressing his "deepest concern" at "the grave situation" now existing in our armament factories published. The King adds that, if it is deemed advisable, he is prepared to set the example by giving up all alcoholic liquor himself, and issuing orders against its consumption in the Royal Household.

French airmen successfully bombard the maritime station of Bruges and the aviation camp of Gits.

APRIL 1.—**Moonlight Raids by British Airmen.** Flight-Sub-Lieutenant F. G. Andreae carries out successful air attack on the German submarines which were being constructed at Hoboken, dropping four bombs. Flight-Lieutenant J. P. Wilson attacks two submarines at Zeebrugge. Both these officers start in the moonlight.

Announced that Lord Kitchener has given instructions that during the rest of the war alcoholic drink not to be used in his household.

APRIL 2.—Bulgarian raid into Serbia. Bulgarian irregulars to the number of 2,000, wearing military uniforms, suddenly attack Serbian blockhouse at Volondova. The Government of Bulgaria gives suitable explanation to Serbia.

APRIL 3.—Turkish cruiser Mejidieh strikes a mine near the Russian coast and sinks.

Union Forces seize Warmbad, the southern capital of German South-West Africa.

APRIL 4.—French progress in the Woevre continued, capture of the village of Regnieville reported.

APRIL 5.—Russian Black Sea Fleet fights indecisive action with the Goeben and Breslau.

French take three lines of German trenches to south-east of St. Mihiel.

Russian progress in the Carpathians. Heavy defeat of Austrians at Bartfeld, south of the Dukla Pass.

Reply of the United States Government to the British Note regarding the Allies' reprisals against German trade published by Foreign Office.

Announced that the King has decided no alcoholic liquor shall be consumed in any of his Majesty's households during the war.

APRIL 6.—British mine a trench. Sir John French reports the successful explosion of a mine under the German trenches near La Bassée.

APRIL 7.—On both sides of the loop in their line east of the Meuse, near St. Mihiel, the French make splendid progress.

Austrians forced back across the main range of the Carpathians, and on a wide front forced to retreat twelve to fifteen miles.

DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR

1915

April 8.—By a night attack at Les Eparges, on the Heights of the Meuse, French troops make great progress, despite desperate resistance by the Germans, who leave over 1,000 dead on the field.

April 9.—French capture Les Eparges, an important position dominating the Woevre plain.

April 10.—Victoria Cross granted to Commander Henry Peel Ritchie, Royal Navy, for conspicuous bravery when in command of operations at Dar-es-Salaam.

The Russians report that the enemy's attacks, made in great strength, were repulsed, and that several heights towards the Uzsok Pass have been carried.

April 11.—The German cruiser Kronprinz Wilhelm arrives at Hampton Roads, Virginia.

April 12.—In the direction of Stry Russians repulse attacks on the front, Rosochacy-Orawezyk-Kosziowa-Roriunka, inflicting enormous losses on the enemy.

April 13.—Rear-Admiral Hood's despatch published, describing the work of the Franco-British flotilla in checking the German advance on Calais. A number of officers and men are mentioned for gallantry, or for other exceptional service.

Russian victory near the Uzsok Pass. Announced from Petrograd that after an extremely desperate fight, the heights in the region of the villages of Bukowiec, Beniowa (respectively five and four miles north of the Uzsok Pass), and Wssokonizy fell into our ally's hands, who captured 2,700 prisoners, including 53 officers, a gun, and 20 machine-guns

Committee for Munitions of War.—Appointment of a strong committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Lloyd George, with full powers to deal with the problem of national output of munitions of war.

April 14.—**Zeppelin Raid on Tyneside.** Hostile airship drops bombs on Blyth, Wallsend, and Hebburn. No lives are lost, and little material damage done.

April 15.—**Despatch on Battle of Neuve Chapelle.** Field-Marshal Sir John French's despatch describing in detail this battle (March 10-12), and the combat at St. Eloi (March 14-17), published. The British losses were 12,811 (killed 2,527, wounded 8,533, missing 1,751).

French success near Arras. The whole spur south-east of Notre Dame de Lorette carried with the bayonet by French troops.

Allied squadron of 15 aeroplanes drops bombs with complete success on German military buildings at Ostend.

Announced that Lieut. W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P., a grandson of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, killed in action.

April 16.—**German Air Raid on the English East Coast.** Bombs dropped on Lowestoft and other places.

A German Taube drops bombs on Faversham and Sittingbourne.

April 17.—Victory in Persian Gulf. Officially announced that a severe defeat has been inflicted upon a Turkish force of 15,000 men by the British and Indian troops near Zobier.

Reported that Union troops under Colonel Duncan Mackenzie reached Brakwasser, 120 miles east of Lüderitz Bay, in German South-West Africa.

British Submarine E15 stranded off Kephez Point, in the Dardanelles. Officers and men reported prisoners in Turkey.

British transport Manitou attacked in the Ægean by a Turkish torpedo-boat, which is chased, driven ashore, destroyed, and her crew captured.

April 18.—Heroic feat in Dardanelles. British submarine E15, stranded on April 17, destroyed by picket boats from Triumph and Majestic, in face of heavy Turkish fire, to prevent her falling into hands of enemy.

Notable British Success near Ypres. A successful action, commencing on April 17, culminates in the capture and complete occupation of an important point known as Hill 60, about two miles south of Zillebeke, east of Ypres.

April 19.—French progress in Alsace. Attacks carried out on both banks of the Fecht increases French advance by forcing the enemy to evacuate Eselsbrucke, above Metzeral.

April 20.—Neuve Chapelle V.C.'s. Announced that two men of the Grenadier Guards awarded V.C. for bravery at Neuve Chapelle, also three other V.C. awards for gallantry earlier in the campaign.

Mr. Asquith's Speech on Munitions. The Premier addresses the war workers at Newcastle.

Mr. Lloyd George announces in House of Commons that Lord Kitchener is very gratified by the response which has been made to the appeal to the country, and intimates that the Government considers conscription unnecessary.

Artillery duels on the French front reported. Fifty incendiary shells dropped on Rheims.

1915

April 21.—Announced that Keetmanshoop, a central position in German South-West Africa, has been occupied by the Union forces.

Mr. Lloyd George states in the House of Commons that the British armies now in France are more than six times the six divisions of which the Expeditionary Force was originally composed.

A bold and successful aeroplane attack made on the German airship harbour shed at Ghent.

April 22.—Reported that 20,000 British and French troops landed near Enos, in Thrace.

April 23.—New battle for Calais. Germans launch sudden attack to north of Ypres and make considerable advance, due to use of asphyxiating bombs.

April 24.—**Canadians save the situation.** War Office announces that the fight for the ground between Steenstraate and Langemarck laid bare left of Canadian Division, and four Canadian 4·7 in. guns passed into hands of enemy. Some hours later the Canadians made most brilliant and successful advance, recapturing these guns, and in the official words, "saved the situation."

French and Belgians recover Lizerne, the village on west side of Yser Canal.

April 25.—**Landing at the Dardanelles.** A large allied force successfully lands on the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Bosphorus Forts bombarded by the Russian Black Sea Fleet.

April 26.—Sir John French reports severe fighting north-east of Ypres.

British take the offensive, and make progress near St. Julien. The French retake Het Sas.

British airmen bomb successfully stations and junctions at Tourcoing, Staden, Roubaix, Langemarck, Roulers, Ingelmunster, and Thielt.

In the Vosges the Germans succeed in setting foot on the summit of the Hartmannsweilerkopf.

April 27.—**French recapture summit of Hartmannsweilerkopf,** and advance 200 yards down the eastern slope.

Dardanelles Land Fighting. Announced that after a day's hard fighting in difficult country, troops in the Gallipoli Peninsula under Sir Ian Hamilton made good their footing with the effective help of the Navy.

French official report states that French troops co-operated at Kum Kale, on the Asiatic coast of Dardanelles, occupied the village, and held their ground there, notwithstanding seven counter-attacks delivered by the enemy. They took 500 Turkish prisoners.

Mr. Asquith on Reparation. In House of Commons the Premier states that "when we come to the end of this war we shall not forget this horrible record of calculated cruelty and crime, and we shall hold it to be our duty to exact such reparation against those who are proved to be the guilty agents as it may be possible for us to do."

Lord Kitchener, in House of Lords, also vigorously condemns German conduct in respect of British prisoners.

French armoured cruiser Léon Gambetta sunk by Austrian submarine at entrance to the Otranto Straits. Rear-Admiral Sénès and nearly 600 of crew perish.

April 28.—German offensive definitely stopped. Sir John French announces that allied operations definitely stopped the German attack, and no Germans now west of Yser Canal, except at Steenstraate, where they have established a small bridge-head. In resisting allied counter-attacks, Germans again made use of asphyxiating gases.

April 29.—French, in co-operation with Belgian troops, make progress in Belgium towards the north. On the right bank of the Yser Canal 150 prisoners and two machine-guns taken.

Mr. Lloyd George introduces into House of Commons the Government drink proposals. They include increased taxation of spirits, heavy beers, and wines, and powers to control the sale of intoxicants in certain districts.

April 30.—**Zeppelin raid on the East Coast.** Several incendiary bombs dropped in Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds, doing heavy damage.

May 1.—Announced that allied troops at the Dardanelles have established themselves firmly at three separate points, two on the European and one on the Asiatic coast.

Two German torpedo-boats and one British destroyer sunk off the Dutch coast.

Continued success of General Botha's campaign in German South-West Africa reported. Enemy dispersed near Gibeon and pursued twenty miles.

May 3.—More German attacks at Ypres. Sir John French reports enemy attacked Hill 60, using asphyxiating gas, and near St. Julien.

1915

Reported Russian check. The German headquarters claim to have inflicted a great defeat on the Russians in Western Galicia, and to have pierced "their entire front" and crushed it.

MAY 4.—Sir John French reports the British line in Flanders has been readjusted, and now runs to the west of Zonnebeke. He is of opinion that the enemy has definitely decided to use asphyxiating gas as a normal procedure, and that protests will be useless.

French troops gain ground at Bagatelle, in the Argonne, and push north in the Bois-le-Pretre, on the southern flank of the St. Mihiel wedge.

Allies advance in Gallipoli.

Second War Budget introduced in the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George foreshadows a possible expenditure of £1,132,654,000, but announces no further new taxation.

Heavy Turkish defeat in Persia reported. Russians in the Khoi and Dilman region completely rout enemy after three days' fighting. More than 3,500 Turkish dead found on the battlefield.

MAY 5.—**Renewed Battle for Hill 60.** The Germans obtain a footing under cover of poisonous gases and favoured by weather conditions.

Owing to the great strength of the enemy in Western Galicia some Russian units fall back to the second line.

Reported ultimatum by Japan to China as a result of the irreconcilable attitude adopted by latter since Japan modified certain demands she made in January last.

Heavy Canadian losses. Announced in Parliament that casualties in Princess Patricia's Regiment up to May 2 were 20 officers and 308 other ranks. In the Canadian Division the numbers were: Officers, 232; other ranks, 6,024.

British recapture some of lost trenches on Hill 60, south-east of Ypres.

MAY 6.—Announced that German Commander in South-West Africa admitted in a letter to General Botha that orders had been given to poison wells.

Officially announced that General Botha has occupied the important railway junction of Karibib (German South-West Africa).

Desperate battle in Galicia continues. Russian troops "severely tried owing to the superiority of the enemy's heavy artillery."

MAY 7.—**Lusitania Torpedoed and Sunk.** Giant Cunarder torpedoed by German submarine about ten miles south of Kinsale. 1,134 lives lost.

While operating off Belgian coast the torpedo-boat destroyer Maori strikes a mine two miles north-west of Weilingen Lightship. H.M.S. Crusader lowers her boats to assist in picking up crew of Maori, but owing to enemy's fire has to leave her boats and retire. Crew of Maori and boats' crews of Crusader taken prisoners.

MAY 9.—British forward movement. The First Army attacks the enemy's lines between the Bois Grenier and Festubert, and gains ground south-east towards Fromelles.

Important French advance. Our allies' troops just south of the British lines go forward south of Carency three miles on a front of about five miles.

Capture of Libau, on Baltic coast, by Germans admitted by Russians.

Zeppelin Raid on Southend. Early in morning a Zeppelin attack made on Southend; ninety bombs dropped in the town, and fifty more in the vicinity. One woman killed, and two persons injured.

French gains to north of Arras maintained, notably between Carency and Souchez. Total number of prisoners exceed 3,000.

In the House of Commons Mr. Churchill states that the Admiralty sent a warning to the Lusitania and directions for her course. Both messages were acknowledged, the second message shortly before the attack. No escort was sent.

British in great battle. One of the greatest battles of the war raging about Ypres and down the line. Sir John French reports that enemy, under cover of poisonous gases, made attack east of Ypres in neighbourhood of the Menin road. Our shrapnel inflicted very heavy casualties on the enemy when in massed formation, "literally mowing them down."

MAY 11.—Growing resentment against Germans in Great Britain as a result of the Lusitania outrage. German shops wrecked in London and provinces. Troops called out.

MAY 12.—Sir John French reports the repulse of a German attack east of Ypres. This attack, he pointed out, was the third costly failure experienced by the enemy.

Anti-German riots in London and elsewhere. Many shops wrecked. At Southend military called out.

MAY 13.—Announced that United States has decided to send a Note in severe terms to Germany, demanding that sinking of merchant and passenger vessels shall cease.

Conquest of German South-West Africa. General Botha enters Windhoek at the head of Union forces.

H.M.S. Goliath torpedoed in Dardanelles Straits. Five hundred lives lost. About 20 officers and 160 men saved.

E14 reports sinking of two Turkish gunboats and a transport.

Continued French progress. The whole village of Carency and the wood north of it have been carried by assault.

MAY 14.—Fresh French success south-west of Souchez, and about six miles from the railway centre of Lens.

Italian Cabinet resigns. Many demonstrations in favour of war take place in Italy.

Petrograd, admitting the retirement of the Russian armies in West Galicia, reports that a defensive concentration on the banks of the River San is being carried out.

Kaiser's Garter Banners and Insignia removed from choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Together with the Austrian Emperor and other enemy sovereigns he has been expelled from the Order.

MAY 15.—**United States Note to Germany.** The full text published. It is a strongly-expressed warning against the recurrence of such outrages as the sinking of the Lusitania.

Reported resignation of Lord Fisher, First Sea Lord.

MAY 16.—British break German line. Sir John French reports First Army made successful attack between Richebourg l'Avoué and Festubert (north-west of La Bassée), breaking the enemy's line over the greater part of a two-mile front.

French advance continues.

MAY 17.—Zeppelin raid on Ramsgate, forty or fifty bombs dropped. The aircraft appears later over Dover Harbour.

MAY 18.—Germans bombard Przemysl with intense artillery fire.

Lord Kitchener's Review of War. In House of Lords the Secretary of State for War announces that our troops must be adequately protected from asphyxiating gases by the use of similar methods. He also announces that 300,000 more recruits are required.

MAY 19.—**Political Crisis.** Premier announces that the Government is to be reconstructed.

Government requests stewards of the Jockey Club to suspend all race meetings, with the exception of Newmarket.

MAY 20.—The Italian Chamber gives its approval to the declarations of the Government, which is interpreted as security for the Government and a free hand for the prosecution of war against Austria-Hungary and Germany.

Check to advance of the Austro-German Army from the lines of the Dunajec. The Russians report having fallen back to the defences of the San.

MAY 21.—French victory. An attack by our ally on the southern slopes of Notre Dame de Lorette has brilliant results.

Italy and war. By the enormous majority of 262 votes to 2 Italian Senate passes the Government Bill providing for the measures necessary in the event of war.

MAY 22.—Disaster to British troop train conveying the 7th Royal Scots southwards, which collides with a local train near Gretna, and Scottish express from Euston dashes into mass of debris. Over 200 killed and many injured.

MAY 23.—**Italy Declares War.** Italian Ambassador in Vienna presents a declaration of war against Austria.

End of Volume III.

Date Due

MAR 1 1 1986			
JUN 0 2 2009			

D 522 .H25 v.3
Hammerton, John Alexander 010101 000
The war illustrated album de l
0 1163 0186886 9
TRENT UNIVERSITY

D522 .H25 v. 3
Hammerton, John Alexander
The war illustrated album
de luxe

303466

DATE	ISSUED TO

303466